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THE POWER OF ART

The Power of Art

by

JOHN M. WARBEKE

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P R E F A C E

This book (now published posthumously) is the fruit of my husband's lifelong interest in the arts and his belief in their dynamic power to mold the character of peoples and civilizations. He had a deep conviction that greater emphasis on the arts and aesthetic qualities in our homes, our schools, our churches and other institutions of everyday life might well lead us to a new Golden Age. A short time before his death last summer he committed to my care the manuscript, which he had completed except for the final checking and editing.

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Norah McC. Warbeke

South Hadley, Massachusetts
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N. McC. W.

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I

INTRODUCTION

This book which aims to foster a deeper enjoyment and wider practice of the arts, must take account of the many ideas and judgments which hinder, as well as promote, that understanding and appreciation. If we succeed in our undertaking we shall clearly have to do justice to the facts presented by those who find little in the arts that is worthy of being fostered in civilized society. We shall have to do the same for those who think artistry the most nearly divine of all the gifts bestowed upon men. Both present problems, the friends of art no less than its enemies. So many are the hazy, exaggerated, fragmentary, uncoordinated, irrelevant, self-contradictory, and demonstrably false, ideas and interpretations of art and artists, that it will be well at the very beginning to pass some of the more important of these in review. Only thus can we hope to use even our most fundamental terms with clarity and without connoting by them what is not intended.

Many think of art and artists in terms of an indefeasible aristocracy, brought into being by a kind of fore-ordained, or even a supernatural, fatefulness. Poets are born not made. A cleft as deep as the Grand Canyon and as wide as the Gobi Desert is held to separate ordinary mortals from the inspired geniuses who create immortal works of art. Who would compare common clay with the crystal purity of what went into the making of a Mozart or a Raphael? These elect, of course, are few. Among the many millions who inhabit our globe they can easily be counted on the fingers of your two hands, according to Schopenhauer. Genius inhabits a circle so high in the Empyrean that it is a kind of insolence to aspire in that direction. How pathetic

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and ridiculous the crop of new Spring poets! Great poetry over-
awes us, silences us. The song

that oftentimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn . . .

leaves us speechless, profoundly disinclined to try our hand. So too a Beethoven *Cavatina*, Leonardo's lamented *Last Supper*, or the *Hermes* of Praxiteles. The genius-cult is clearly not an incentive to the wider practice and understanding of the arts. It has affinities with the mystics, who, whether in religion, love, or art, profess to know nothing about it nor whence its power, except that it is God-inspired or beyond all comprehension. But we do not assume that efforts in the direction of an understanding appreciation are foredoomed to failure.

The genius-cult meets with difficulties when linked with the evidence of other, somewhat more naturalistic, but no less fatalistic, interpretations. "Scientific" investigators with their physiological, psychological and even medical apparatus have done scant honor to the sacred precincts. It has been known from of old that they who created great works of art were men of unusual, and sometimes peculiar, exaltation of mind, that at times they seemed to be "beside themselves" with a certain intoxication of life which the Greeks called "rapture," "ecstasy," or "divine madness." Plato, himself a superlative artist, sometimes thought this queer and even unhealthy. In his *Ion*, a skit on the rhapsodes of his day, he raises the question: Are they controlled by their own intelligence or by some outside force? In the *Phaedrus* he does not exclude the possibility that benign, or unfavorable, external agencies might influence human minds in other ways as well. But modern investigators are more inclined to interpret the characters of these unusual men in terms of physiology, psychology, and psychiatry. They weigh brains, measure heads and faces, look into genealogical tables, ferret out stigmata. Francis Galton thought he found earmarks of these wonderful

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men in certain combinations of blood, characters which might be traced in family trees. Some German *Gelehrte* have assumed a correlation between vascular-motor structure and genius. Tall men could not possibly belong to the group because of the strain put upon the heart in nourishing the tall man's brain. Jeannette Marks in *Genius and Disaster* presents a long list of writers (which could easily be supplemented by names of painters, sculptors and musicians) whose misfortune it was to have suffered from pulmonary diseases. She concludes that microbes may be back of literary art. Future investigators may yet compel us to "accept the abnormal, the diseased and the morbid as pace-makers in what we call our best literary achievement." "We are indeed, what our microbes make us, and of genius this is doubly true." "We may trace every good and every evil of genius back to that microbe."

Other profoundly disheartening correlations were by Lombroso found to exist between insanity and genius. Max Nordau in his *Degeneration* resolved nearly all of the modern developments of art known to him into egomanias, hysterias, onomatomanias, lalomanias, masochisms and melancholias. Jacobson maintained, after having "shown up" the ancestry of many noted men, including Emerson and Jonathan Edwards, that unless one finds imbeciles, criminals, illegitimates, suicides and lunatics in the family tree there is little likelihood that artistic or any other kind of genius will be found there. Healthy ancestors and strong physiques help to invalidate any possible claim to genius. Alcoholism, sexual abandon, narcotics and so forth, provide still other theories distinctly unfavorable to a divinely inspired aristocracy of genius. But the microbe and other interpretations are no less fateful, and surely imply that artistry is no happy addition to our social or individual lives.

It will here suffice to show how fragmentary, as well as irrelevant, physiological and medical data are as an account of art or of artists. Not only sick souls, intoxicated ones, and those suffering from pulmonary disease, but fairly healthy ones (like Sophocles,

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Plato, Chaucer, Goethe) as well as sufferers from other diseases such as stomach ulcers (Carlyle) have also created fine literature. Every correlation between a particular disease and some group of writers necessarily leaves out of account the many sufferers who have not expressed themselves in the art. It omits writers who have never suffered from the disease in question. If the latter happens to be infectious, or temporary, still other chance factors appear. Not only have all sorts and conditions of men expressed themselves successfully in artistry, but history shows that the *great* achievements in all the various arts have been predominantly the work of men possessed of mental health and balanced functions. (This, indeed, seems to be conceded by Jeannette Marks.) A list of poets, painters, architects, composers and other artists of the first rank about whom we have records, is also evidence against the bacterial and similar hypotheses. The inadequacy of the medical data becomes manifest when we inquire: What *causal* relationships are indicated by correlations say between tuberculosis "microbes" and the work of Keats, Stevenson, J. J. Rousseau, Jane Austen and others? Just *how* is the microbe responsible for "every good and every evil" in them? Does it *control* the brain? Until we have some evidence which might point to a cause, such coexistences and correlations are quite as irrelevant as those which might be found between the alphabet and artists' names. Assume, for instance, that a far larger number of great names were to be found in the middle portion, say from K to S, could any valid conclusions be drawn as to the causes involved? It is not even a *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* to conclude that bacteria were responsible for "every good and every evil" in the work and character of Stevenson. Might not his tuberculosis have *followed* the strain of severe application to work? Is not the same true of other diseases from which genius (and all other men) suffer—apart from the contagious and inherited ones? If, on the other hand, works of art reflect the minds and character of their creators (which is generally, though not always the case,) there is abundance of evidence to show how

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great masterpieces exhibit extraordinary imagination, profound insight, keenness of perception, balanced judgment, refined discrimination, and strong individuality. They imply physical stamina sufficient to endure long periods of arduous toil. Certainly there is little in these qualities to suggest subhuman causes. The susceptibility of some artists to disease, and the short careers of not a few of them, may also be the results of the severe strain which great artistic creativity entails.

There are many other negative judgments about artists current amongst us. How many parents resent, and try to prevent, a son's resolution to become a sculptor or a musician! The latter and their ilk are often thought to be not only queer, unsociable, irresponsible, crackpots and what-nots, but inclined to all forms of excess and immorality. They are held to forget their common responsibilities and to give themselves up to an ivory-tower life of selfish indulgence and pleasure. They are rarely good citizens, dependable, regular in their habits, and possessed of a decent respect for the opinions of their fellow-men. They indulge in "freak" innovations, of dress, of ideas, or of both. They are frequently sentimentalists, naïvely luxuriating in feelings which men generally repress in themselves. They are all too often in need of eleemosynary support because of their general lack of common sense, especially in the use of money. They "rub" people the wrong way. They are more likely to shock their neighbors than to do the "regular" thing—and then to persist in their foolishness despite all that friends, or policemen, may do to commend established conventions. In short they are a self-willed, unticketed lot who too often emulate the ways of mentally unbalanced people. Such qualities, especially when combined with undue self-importance, make artists quite unfit for human society.

It would be possible to argue in their defense that many idiosyncrasies, or worse evils, might be condoned in view of the boon which artistry confers upon us. Such a conclusion, however, since it depends upon a major premise unacceptable to St.

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Paul and the Puritans not only, but to multitudes of others, might not carry conviction here—though we hope it may at the end of the book. The arts are not commonly accepted as indispensable boons either in our everyday life or in our schools and colleges, which point the way to a better life. We shall here have recourse to other evidence which is at once more direct and not so dependent upon previous choices.

Let it be admitted (as we did with the facts upon which the subhuman interpretations were based) that there have been, and are, unusual, perverse, queer, and sometimes immoral, characters among artists. All of the charges listed above, from unconventionality to seeming madness of behavior, or actual insanity, could be substantiated by examples. The question, however, presents itself: Are such facts peculiar to artists, or do they also appear in the lives and characters of other men in other vocations—among the saints for example? One who is familiar with the lives of the saints, early or late, can easily draw up a list of unusual, perverse, unconventional, and sometimes immoral characters amongst them. Many religious leaders and devotees have behaved with at least as great a resemblance to aberrations of mind as has been exhibited in the lives of artists. From great founders of religions themselves to the holy men of Benares and Negro revivalists on the Mississippi, common sense, respect for customs, standards, traditions of their fellows, and patterns of behavior growing out of them, have been by no means conspicuous.

This parallel exists for specific characters, such as excessive preoccupation with the problems of an art, or withdrawal from other human interests, in order to carry out a creative project. Have we not heard of this among scientists and scholars in all the branches of learning? To interpret such motives as anti-social, selfish and narrow, does scant honor to the concentration and devotion without which nothing significant is accomplished in any field. To argue lack of human sympathy on the basis of such motives flies in the face of most elementary experience—

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and especially aesthetic experience, for nothing elicits a greater desire to *share* among humankind than the realization of a thing of beauty whether in creation or appreciation of it. Intense enjoyment of an art, say music, by a group of people probably does as much as any other interest to promote expansiveness of spirit, common feelings of sympathy, sometimes even of intimacy, and the desire to communicate as one might in holiday mood. That artists are often enough opaque to political, economic, or scientific thought and discussion, has its parallel in the far more characteristic opaqueness of economists, politicians and scientists to the humane interests of the arts. It should also be noted how among artists not only everyday interests and experiences (to which their works, from poetry around the circle to painting, are likely to give expression) but the deeper matters of human history, thought, attitudes, characters, and aspirations, are generally close to their minds. No one can long frequent the society of artists without realizing how peculiarly interesting and vital, broad-minded and humanly comprehensive their conversations are.

Whether or not they are correctly described as sentimentalists depends upon what one means by sentimentality. Artists express their feelings in their work as the great majority of men do not, and cannot. Often with the naïveté of a child they utter sentiments which the conventions of society repress among grownups. They feel not only with greater intensity but about far more items of experience than do most men. Small matters, like a daisy or a daffodil, can occupy their attention for a whole day and induce objects of imagination pregnant in their turn with endless chains of emotions. Consider Robert Herrick's,

Fair daffodils we weep to see
You haste away so soon. . . .

The same is true of Mona Lisa's eyes, or of seemingly apocalyptic chords of music in the *Eroica*. No doubt at all, artists

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are often overwhelmed by what many excellent citizens regard as wholly trivial matters—also perhaps as blameworthy matters if the artist in question failed in some common duty. This sometimes makes them appear childish, or even deficient in intellectual acumen, by a seemingly overflowing plethora of uncanalized emotions.

This is not the place to consider as we later must the feelings and the intellectual character of artists. It should suffice here to point out that artistry is far from being an expression of uncontrolled emotions. To express emotions of any kind or to communicate certain ones by contagion (which Tolstoi once thought the essence of the matter) can be as remote from artistry as the most banal and characterless anarchy itself. Many qualities, as we shall shortly see, enter into the character of a work of art. Order, rhythm, meaning, charm of sense, restraint, unity, and a long array of others, alone make the expression of any emotion possible as art. So that he who overindulges or exploits his emotions—which is one definition of a sentimentalist—may be as remote as possible from being an artist. Even when, as with Romanticists and “Dionysians,” a greater profuseness and less restraint of feeling characterize their work as compared with Classicists, the qualities common to all the arts (changing in degree and emphasis, sometimes distinctive in kind for particular ones) are still very much in evidence. They are indeed, as indispensable as the framework and vital organs are to a human body. The failing in question is assuredly not characteristic of artists as artists, and is as widespread as humanity itself. If we understand by sentimentalist one who gives expression to false emotions, pretense of feeling when none is actually felt, then once more the artist as such is not one of them. Nothing more unmistakably and immediately damns any of his works than overt falsity of sentiment.

Whenever men give expression to their feelings moral issues may be involved, whether the special matter which arouses these feelings be called good or bad in itself. We judge that to be

good which enhances and enriches human life; and whatever thwarts and impoverishes it we call evil. Artists, to whom "nothing human is alien," and whose life of feeling and imagination is so much richer and fuller than that of most men, thus wield exceptional powers for good or for evil. They are a possible danger to many people especially when, with the charms of artistry, they deal with matter which itself upsets the self-control of young, or even of mature minds if they are deficient in the power of disinterested contemplation. Injurious passions, even motives and actions destructive to themselves or to others may then be aroused. The very technique of an artist may determine whether his matter have beneficent or deleterious results. These consequences, moreover, may be very different for different minds and even for the same mind on different occasions. The many aspects of this subject must await discussion in a later chapter. Here we can only note that as a group of men, artists deal with matters of great import to the character of all who come into contact with their works whether intelligently or otherwise. No artist can take refuge in "art for art's sake" if that means ignoring all other values, including distinctions of good and evil, for those of artistry. They and their works are inevitably judged in relation to the whole group of values which appear in human life, and of which they constitute one. The whole course of this book is an apologia for the arts and especially in their relationships to other values. We shall have to record instances of negative and sometimes destructive consequences of the arts upon human life. But these are far from being characteristic, as we shall see from much evidence. Though artists have sometimes been malicious, even murderous (Cellini), and restless in the pursuit of physical pleasures, it will clearly emerge in the sequel that as a group they justify the Chinese saying that "artists of distinction are men of distinguished mind and character." When they go wrong this appears to be as little the cause (or effect) of their artistry as the latter is effect (or cause) of tuberculosis. Most easily re-

futed is the charge that they are characteristically selfish pleasure-seekers—unless we have to assume that all forms of pleasure including those described by Plato as “pure,” devoid of both cravings and deleterious after-effects, are morally reprehensible!

In this connection it behooves us to say a word concerning the title of our book. One might assume (as perhaps the majority of men who do not condemn the arts do assume) that, in some way or other, they serve as useful tools for the attainment of ulterior purposes. “Power” might suggest such a thesis. And it must be made clear from the beginning that no such “instrumental” interpretation of the arts is here intended. Some plausibility for the view that they are ancillary to other, and intrinsic, ends, is provided by the close association historically of religion with the origins of the arts, all the way from music and dancing to sculpture and poetry. The persistent use of some of them by causes ranging from ideological propaganda to economic gain through singing the praises of soap or shoe polish, also exhibits this practical power. The conviction that the *raison d’être*, the very essence and criterion of a work of art, lies in its service to good ends, has dominated the thought of many people. Among Anglo-Saxons, John Ruskin was perhaps the most characteristic and influential exponent of the idea. The arts have three and only three functions, he maintained in his *Oxford Lectures*, namely, “to enforce the religious sentiments of men, to perfect their ethical state, and to do them material service.” The last of these seems to include economic gain among the functions of art. The instrumental view is often held even by those who deny that its functions are good. Puritans, for example, who describe them as the devices of the Devil, tacitly assume it in repudiating at least two of Ruskin’s functions. Sometimes the good causes which genuine, or true, art is said to serve are made very specific, thus limiting its functions to a narrow range. For example, Count Leo Tolstoi, spokesman of numerous so-called Christian Communist followers, concludes in *What is Art?* that only works which express and honor certain

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ideas concerning the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man are really art. Beauty is no criterion whatsoever. Beauty, on the contrary, is a quality of false art, it expresses merely the gratification of sense-pleasure for unjust and irreligious people of the upper classes whose power and pride repudiate ideas of common brotherhood. Multitudes of sonatas, poems, paintings, sculptured works, and especially operas, fail to meet the test of Tolstoi's ideal of service and are therefore excluded from the realm of art. Soviet Russia provides an even more striking example of utilitarian judgment and use of the arts—for objectives somewhat different from those of Tolstoi. The variety of these objectives itself seems to cast doubt on the validity of such judgments. But there are better reasons why we should not look to them for criteria of art.

As will frequently appear in the sequel there is a great difference between making the furtherance of human good a *criterion*, the basis of judgment by which the qualities of a work of art are said to be measured, and a description of the human good (or evil) which is found to flow from it. We learn little about the real nature of thunderstorms by measuring their beneficial (or sometimes destructive) effects. Or, to choose an example from our minds: the qualities and nature of love cannot be judged or measured by the advantages or disadvantages which might flow from it. Social, financial or other "goods" which might follow a certain marriage throw no light on the character and value of the love involved. Love, we say, like religion, is intrinsic, and not to be judged by its instrumental results. Making such results into motives brings this out even more clearly. Imagine a declaration of love in terms of the lady's money or social position; or a confession of faith in terms of anticipated professional success as a dentist among the clientele of the church! Yet it is possible to describe and measure the advantages of love, religion and other intrinsic values as contributing to other human goods (or evils). So in this book we hope to make the wonderful benefits (and sometimes moral disadvan-

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tages) of the arts apparent to our readers. But such results are no more to be interpreted as criteria of the arts themselves than they are of religious belief or of scientific truth. This may seem paradoxical to some (as it did to Immanuel Kant). Certain forms of art are unquestionably of first importance as determining the quality of our existence. They give character to our man-made environment. They give character to our language, our thought, our feelings, even the movements of our muscles and the most intimate aspirations of our minds. They save us from apathetic subsistence, the mechanisms, bareness, boredom, insufferable futility, empty dullness, chaotic formlessness, and many other evils which life exhibits when freed from all aesthetic experience. Yet none of these results serve to tell us what art is, or give us a yardstick by which to measure the qualities and characters of a given poem or painting. One has, indeed, to dispense with the very motive of striving for such results not only in the creation but in the enjoyment of a work of art. The seeming paradox exists elsewhere. "To get pleasure, we must forget it." Later we hope to clarify this. Here we have merely tried to explain what is meant by power as an attribute of the arts.

The other term in the title is no less in need of explanation. So vague, confusing, misleading, and even contradictory is our use of language that we often need to explain what we mean by certain fundamental terms if we are to say anything at all intelligible or significant. One of the most remarkable examples of confusion arising from the variable and deceptive use of words is afforded by some thought about "art." There are, first of all, so many "arts" which have little or nothing in common, arts of farming, watchmaking, navigation, teaching, medicine, walking, psychoanalysis, steelmaking, and the "gentle art of making enemies." Almost any undertaking done with a measure of skill may thus be designated as an art. This use of the term is reflected in a great many general conclusions. For example, a recent writer bids us open our eyes to the fact that

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the arts are almost ubiquitous. Far from being limited by the four walls of museums, they manifest their presence in finely clipped lawns, in the use of lipstick, the tinting of nails, and choice of haircuts. It may be that some of these—perhaps shoemaking and horsebreeding—bear a significant relation to “beauty” as well as to “skill.” But many visitors to museums of “fine” art, as well as M. Ducasse, have asked the rhetorical question: “What has beauty to do with art?” In “modern” museums the question not infrequently becomes: “What has art to do with skill?” Is it not an expression of the “stream of consciousness,” any activity recorded in some medium? This universality, however, is denied by others who find the arts expressions of what is “characteristic,” “striking,” or “unusual,” what has “significant form,” “communicates contagious emotions,” or “pleases by charming the senses” and so forth. Even philosophers have involved themselves in baffling confusions by a loose use of terms. Thus Benedetto Croce (in his *Aesthetic*) designates “successful intuition” as the common denominator both of all the various fine arts and of “beauty.” Such intuitions are very common among men. They can be expressed in our minds without being communicated or embodied in a work of art. The intuitions of an artist do not differ qualitatively from those of “ordinary” men. Anyone who enjoys “the impression of a moonlight scene” or any other perception “imaginatively” experienced, that is without distinguishing “real” from “unreal,” or “true” from “false,” in what is sensed, realizes what an intuition is. It is “almost synonymous” with “vision,” “fancy,” “contemplation,” “imagination,” “pattern,” “representation” and the like. By these tokens both “beauty” and “art” become far more ubiquitous than cooking, dressmaking, moneymaking and the rest of the “skills.” Croce describes intuition as a cognitive, or knowing, process in which the distinction between real and fictitious, true and false, do not yet appear. But what shall be said then of the many who have found profound reve-

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lations of truth and reality in masterpieces of art?

If any new light is to be gained, or even self-consistency attained, we shall clearly be obliged to say at the very beginning what we mean by these fundamental terms. So we shall endeavor in our next chapter to find and use a common denominator by which they may be given not only more specific meaning but also related one to another. Skill, intuition, significant form, pleasure, imagination, charm of sense, contemplation, various sentiments, and numerous other functions, or qualities, may find expression in the experience both of art and of beauty. This suggests that a similar experience might be found by which analysis and differentiation as well as a more adequate interpretation of the arts and their relationships to civilization could be made. Such fundamental, and elemental, experiences in terms of which the complex ones of art, beauty, and their cognates, become more intelligible as well as linked together, are found in simple aesthetic qualities.

II

AESTHETIC QUALITIES AND THE ARTS

A winding mountain road in New England, whose perspectives change in endless variety; another running due north in a checkerboard of pastures and grains (set off every four miles by sixteen feet to allow for the curvature of the earth) through the old Northwest Survey; a quick, elastic, walker, lithe and graceful; another with heavy tread awkward and waddling; a voice whose every syllable charms; another harsh, raucous and deep, but poignant; a speech and language of winged words, original, fresh, apt; another factual, clear, accurate, devoid of any appeal to imagination or feeling; a sky overcast, threatening, dramatic; another vivid blue, accentuated by paper-white clouds; a formless, pretentious house, not at home in the landscape; another that welcomes you, belongs there and intrigues your eyes by harmonious lines—all these point to what we mean when we speak of aesthetic qualities.

It is not easy to find a single experience of any sort which is totally devoid of them. Sensations of color exhibit them singly and collectively; so too the shapes of things—the truncated leaves of tulip-trees, or the fan-shaped ones of the ginkgo. We perceive them in observing the structure of anything, as hard or soft to one's touch; fragrant and malodorous smells exhibit them; whether we look through microscopes or telescopes we find them there. The relations to one another of objects in space present a variety of them. All the tones and noises we hear whether they be harsh as those of a boiler-mill, or gentle as the summer brooks, derive their character from them. All that

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we do and say, whether it be no more than to walk across a room or to utter the syllable, "Om," gives expression to or embodies, numerous qualities which are properly called aesthetic. Fitness, sweetness, monotony, richness, heaviness, permanence, delicacy, poverty, balance, severity, clarity, originality, smoothness, sentimentality, strength, genuineness, poignancy, redundancy, unity, and a long array of other terms are used to designate them. Our very bodies and inmost characters in every function are blest or cursed in the possession of them. The free spontaneous minds of some men delight us endlessly by their vivid, apt and coherent ideas. Others leave us cold by anything they say. The very turn of a hand or a twinkle of an eye may abound with them. The students of Woodrow Wilson learned to love excellence by his masterly, spontaneously dramatic, wholly natural, picturesque and vital presentation of his subject, in language which reverberated in memory as a poem might. His influence expressed itself not only in "nice" logic and vivid insight by language perfectly molded to his purposes, but also in his motions, in the severe but poignantly humane lines of his far-from-handsome face, in the grandeur of his presence which had something of the quality of a mountain outlook.

To many people the discovery that aesthetic qualities are so nearly ubiquitous, and at the same time so near the heart of things as a basis for our satisfactions and dissatisfactions, comes with no little surprise. Have we not, indeed, generally assumed that the word "aesthetic" appertains to art museums, opera and such-like rare, expensive and delicate matters which most of us manage to get on without? Has it not commonly served to conjure up Bohemian exotics, decadents, queer and impracticable people, from those who like Oscar Wilde wear sunflowers on their breasts, and the empty-headed tenor trilling along on high C's, to the lady in blue, who built a blue house, read Euphues devotedly, and painfully rebelled against the all too common green of nature? None of these can be gainsaid. They too

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exhibit aesthetic qualities. We shall have to recognize their many kinds, positive and negative, "regular" and "unticketed," pleasant and unpleasant, those experienced in health and in disease. For here as elsewhere in human experience we are subject to many aberrations. We suffer not only from afflictions of the stomach, defects of will, distorted instincts, and fallacies of reason. We give birth to aesthetic monsters which seem to bear no relationship or kindred to anything above, below or upon the earth.

For worse then, as well as for better, aesthetic qualities are woven into the fabric of our daily lives and help to give them interest, value and character. We realize this most convincingly when we try to imagine what life would be for us if we could eliminate every vestige of aesthetic experience from it. We cannot even approximate such a description for even the barest physical existence would exhibit certain aesthetic qualities. But let us try to imagine a life in which our environment had nothing that could please our senses. Colors would not only have become completely indifferent to us either singly or together, there would no longer *be* any colors for us. There could be no spatial designs, no notes or sequences of notes, no evidence of order or purpose, and of course no satisfaction even in the slightest vestige of them. If we listened to voices at all, or used our own, this would be exclusively for so-called "practical" purposes: grunting warnings, crying for food, battle calls, and the like. It could hardly be even so much as sharing totally indifferent, "cold," facts. Certainly there could be no conversation in the sense of enjoying each other's ideas and sentiments. Even our most practical grunts, however, among the infrequent communications of that primitive life, would exhibit some of the qualities we are trying to eliminate. Consider the expressiveness of our wordless expletives—which seem to be an inheritance from earlier days. Our clothes could have no style, or recognizable texture. What possible design could they have? Our houses

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would be without shape. So far as such a thing is possible they would have to be formless, colorless, shelters devoid of anything within or without to enlist interest, wholly indifferent for visual imagination and whatever feeling might flow from it. They could have no perspectives; nor could they fit into surrounding nature. Nothing whatsoever, anywhere, could attract by its movements, form, or comeliness. We should find not the slightest delight in the activities of our own, or of other people's minds. No one would write, for himself or for others, tales, histories, descriptions, or any other literature which could bring the slightest satisfaction to anyone.

History too, gives evidence of how important for the record of a people its aesthetic life is. Our knowledge of them is largely linked with what has come down to us through their arts. How little we should know of Seti's day in ancient Egypt if the many expressions of imagination and feeling in marble, alabaster, granite and on paper, had not survived for the record! How little we should have known of Greek life and ideas in Homer's day without his poems! Even the Periclean Age, divested of its arts and all that aesthetic experience there implied by way of human perfectibility, would have had little significance for us. It is no less true of current history. What matter to us or to posterity, a Siberia overflowing with granaries, warehouses and tractors, possessing the longest railroads in the world, most numerous trucks and airplanes, with a record of undefeated armies to boot, if there were nothing in all that wealth to contemplate for its own sake, to enlist imagination and feeling for something perceived by one or more of our senses? The very motive of history might disappear, in so far as it is based on interest in human life as an end in itself, or provides vision and incentive toward its greater excellence and happiness. For imagination and feeling rather than indifferent facts (howsoever accurate or objectively scientific) determine the character of human life. As R. B. Perry once said, the best index of our

remove from savagery is to be found in the development of the arts amongst us. An even better index (because more inclusive) is the degree to which we realize and enjoy aesthetic experience. Aesthetic qualities are found in many places besides the arts. If some men have existed with slight inspiration from the arts, they never, so far as we know, have lacked appreciation of aesthetic qualities. The complete absence of these would imply so profound a degradation that life itself would have lost its human character.

The widespread possibilities of enhancing and extending the experience of aesthetic qualities promise much toward the enrichment of human life everywhere. Their enjoyment is not the prerogative of a few—though it is widely assumed that only wealthy men have the privilege of the arts. Poor as well as rich, young and old, workers of hand and of brain, the powerful and the weak, even the diseased, may know the satisfaction of their presence—in varying degrees to be sure, but none the less vitally. Sometimes the people of poverty enjoy them far more abundantly than the inwardly impoverished rich. From the unskilled laborer who finds scope for a little imagination, some awareness and satisfaction of excellence in his work, to the great composer “who lives the life of the gods” as Schopenhauer once said, the whole prospect of human life gains something of the quality of a golden voyage of discovery when once we realize the full meaning of aesthetic experience. Its presence means new interest in everything we do, in every object with which we come into contact, in every aspect of our world. It is our consolation in the depths, as well as our most lasting inspiration and joy on the heights of life.

A more specific examination of particular aesthetic qualities easily raises questions, however, as to what possible use might be made of them in the interpretation of the arts, or of other parts of our aesthetic experience. They are, in the first place, so innumerable and of many different kinds. For example, each

of the various tints and saturations of the color red presents its own distinctive aesthetic quality. Any two or more colors in juxtaposition also exhibit an immense variety of them. Language itself has words for only an infinitesimal fraction of them. The tints of the spectrum have very few names. How often are we not obliged to call to our aid the names of objects said to "have" them—such as "lemon-yellow" or "robin's-egg blue"! Or we have recourse to pointing: "That is it!" Pointing is in fact our ultimate resource in trying to communicate what we mean by specific aesthetic qualities. At first thought this appears to cast doubt on any effort to interpret the arts in terms of language. What shall we do with these multitudinous individual qualities of perception which we experience not only in works of art but in the changing illumination of a landscape and the shadows of thought and feeling upon a human face? Since language lacks even words for them are we not constrained to adopt the mystic's point of view: that such things can only be immediately, directly, experienced, and that language is futile to interpret them?

Even more formidable objections might easily be presented by any competent skeptic who should point out that, even where words are available, their use is constantly conditioned by still other factors associated with them and by which they may vary in meaning on almost any occasion. The inflection of one's voice, the context in which a word is used, the attitude of the reader or hearer, and many other factors, some of which are again aesthetic qualities, conspire to condition not only the meaning of a term but the clause or proposition in which it occurs. Consider with how many implications, ranging all the way from the trivially ridiculous to the sublimely tragical, Shakespeare's line

To be, or not to be, that is the question
can be expressed! Gorgias, the most nearly complete skeptic of ancient days, held any real communication to be impossible

for such reasons. We may note, however, in reply, that even Gorgias succeeded in communicating knowledge of this important limitation of language. Many other skeptics have written books about their conclusions. Such data argue not against the possibility of knowledge and its communication, but for care and the greatest possible accuracy in the use of one's terms and inferences.

The word "aesthetic" itself, even more than "art," or "beauty," is one whose various connotations and associations of ideas easily lead to confusion of thought, unless it is used with a clear and definite meaning. We have already noted one curiously destructive use of the term. Here it devolves upon us to find, if possible, what the various aesthetic qualities to which we have pointed, and shall point, have in common by virtue of which we call them "aesthetic." When we speak of the balance of colors in a painting, the mellowness of certain music, or the sweetness of honey we refer to *perceived* experience. For this reason Immanuel Kant used the term "aesthetic" to designate in general whatever experiences come to us through our senses. This, which is in fact the root meaning of the word, he used quite consistently in his great critiques of the knowledge process. But when we ask: Are all aesthetic qualities *sensory*? we quickly see that the use of the term to connote qualities derived from sense-perception does not include many derived from ideas and feelings—such as suitability, monotony, vivacity and many others which are not to be traced to sense-perception. On the other hand many qualities perceived by our senses may lack aesthetic character altogether: Among these, for example, sensations of hunger, pain, nausea, dizziness and most of our visual perceptions when we drive a motor car through traffic. Purely "practical" perceptions, those, for example, which guide us directly to the satisfaction of our physical needs, are nearly always non-aesthetic. The experience of any quality called aesthetic means attention directed to the perception itself for its

own sake. It implies a contemplative attitude. But even this is not uniquely distinctive of aesthetic experience because it is also true of certain scientific perceptions—for example, psychological observations in a laboratory. The experience of any aesthetic quality is however correctly described as contemplative.

Hedonists have tried to interpret all of our aesthetic experience in terms of pleasure. They frankly characterize art enjoyment as satisfaction, contemplatively, of all that Tolstoi condemned. Curiously enough they seem to have the support of St. Thomas in his famous definition: *id cuius ipsa apprehensio placet*. "That whose very contemplation pleases" is surely descriptive of our experience of a work of art. But the great difficulty of all who try to interpret aesthetic experience in general as pleasurable is the unmistakable fact that many aesthetic qualities, such as those of certain raucous and strident orchestral instruments, or of the painful awareness of impending doom in a tragedy are far from being pleasurable in themselves. When correlated with other qualities in some great work of art the experience of them together is surely pleasurable in the clearest sense of that word. Many aspects of the hedonist interpretation must await later discussion. Here it is important to note that aesthetic *qualities* are both pleasant and unpleasant. For that reason, they cannot be described, much less defined, in terms of pleasure. The differences between our experience of them and that of a work of art also points to the necessity of distinguishing clearly between these as well.

Thus not only sense-perception but other functions of our minds, even inferences and expressions of will, can exhibit aesthetic qualities. These are not to be described as merely sensory (aesthesia) any more than they are forms of pleasure. Some writers again have pointed out the disinterestedness of art-experience and contrasted it with the "selfishness" of pleasure. We shall indeed again and again find enjoyment of the arts to be one of our most disinterested experiences, most nearly free from

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selfish and external advantages. But many other activities are enjoyed for their own sakes. A moral decision in quest of truth may be quite disinterested without thereby attaining aesthetic quality. More distinctive of the latter is the character given to a mental function by its link with other functions. A familiar example of this is the transformation of a given sensation into a cognitive act of perception by linking the sense stimulus with those of other senses as well as with remembered stimuli. The aesthetic quality of an experience depends upon its link with active imagination, and through it with feeling. When we perceive a landscape (or some painting) as having say the feathery softness of Corot, much more than cognition, the awareness of certain shapes, objects, colors and their relations is involved. Creative imagination transforms and enhances the scene by imagery, new perceptions and intuitions. And thus only does feeling come to its own, the response from within which characterizes not only our experience of a work of art but that of simple aesthetic qualities. When we perceive the color red, for example, as "warm" and "vibrant," or scarlet as "livid" and "blood-like," imagination charged with feelings of the past and present, makes the realization of these aesthetic qualities possible. Imagination, the active, creative building up of new structures chiefly by associated imagery (from all of our senses) but also through associated ideas, insights, intuitions, is the basis of feeling. Where imagination is absent there is no feeling. Let him who doubts this try to feel the sentiment of the 23rd Psalm with his mind as nearly free from imagery as he can make it. The reason why some people are dull, impassive, almost devoid of feeling, is lack of imagination. That is why even certain works of art which leave little or nothing to the imaginations of most beholders, leave them "cold," as well as with little enjoyment (or even awareness) of aesthetic qualities. We mean by "aesthetic" then, characters which many of our experiences gain by being linked with active imagination and the feelings which

flow from it. Imagination always involves sense-imagery which may also be associated with intuitions or ideas. The feelings being contemplative and not practical are never violent. Most of them, but not all, are pleasant.

Perhaps the chief advantage of an effort to describe aesthetic qualities clearly as a whole, lies in the realization of their great number and variety. To appreciate them individually we still must have recourse to "pointing." Their relativity (as varying in the experiences of different people) and the description of them in terms of mental functions call for a word of explanation before we undertake to classify them and to show how they are related to works of art and beauty. One might infer from our description that aesthetic qualities are "states of mind" to which perhaps nothing in the "external world" corresponds. That we have also associated them with a boiler-mill and a landscape might then seem to involve ambiguity. In a later chapter these relationships must be explored. But it will here suffice to bear in mind that everything we experience of what we call the "outside world"—all things tangible, extended, audible, odorous, warm or cold, heavy, resistant, colored, painful, transparent, moving, or having any other quality, are first of all mental states. "Reality" as well as "appearances" are "states of mind." It is only by *inferring* from them (whether immediately in perception, or less directly by concepts) that we learn of anything "out there." The fact that our every-day habitual conclusions concerning the world about us seem to be the most obvious and secure of all our inferences, easily makes us forget that they are mental products at all. It will perhaps relieve us from the charge of ambiguity to note that there are very good reasons to infer that many aesthetic qualities have strong claims for recognition in the external world, quite as strong as others which have been called "primary." The actual design and arrangement of masses in a landscape are at least as "real" as the masses themselves. Both are subject to "appearances"; both are in constant change.

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If aesthetic qualities can be classified and related to our experiences of "beauty" and "works of art," a means should be provided to avoid the confusions which arise from identifying these three terms with one another. This occurs when single color-qualities pass for examples of "beauty," and linear designs on dress-goods or wall-paper are designated as "art" designs. Such language is not peculiar to advertisers. It occurs among art critics and writers on aesthetics. Sometimes it passes, rather vaguely, as poetic license. For example, when an American poet wrote: "Euclid looked on Beauty bare," which seems to mean that he saw her in her actual, unadorned, essential reality in geometric figures—perhaps also in clear-cut, refined demonstrations. The most common examples of this confusion of aesthetic qualities with "works of art" occur in the hundreds of manufactured articles, from shoes to motorcars, which are thus designated. Sometimes artists themselves provide us with examples of this when (as with certain Imagists) poetry is identified with charming qualities of sense-imagery, all other qualities being redundant or non-essential. So also Expressionists in painting, who conceive of their art as giving expression to the qualities of lines and colors abstractly, that is, without representation (perceived or imagined), without design and perspective, and with none of the associations of ideas or of feelings, which might accompany even the suggestion of an object. As we shall shortly see, complete abstraction, or even concern with one class or group of aesthetic qualities, is impossible in a work of art. Most artists realize this intuitively. But some by their emphasis upon certain qualities easily lead the public and even critics to assume that these are the heart and essence of their works.

It could hardly be open to question that aesthetic qualities enter into the warp and woof of both art and beauty. Can the latter be discriminated by the kinds and groups of them which they exhibit? Although the spontaneously free, intuitive, character of the artist's choices often obscures the fact, he clearly

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makes selection, from an indefinitely great number of possible aesthetic qualities, of those which comport with his purpose and satisfy the conditions governing his art. The composer, making use of twelve notes out of a possible five hundred and twelve between middle C and C above it, limits himself to certain tone-qualities (of which each note, singly and combined with others, has an immense number) for the sake of coherence, meaningfulness, incisiveness, balance or other qualities. Fra Angelico in his visions of heavenly blessedness and unalloyed sweetness, naturally excluded harsh lines and every tinge of cubistic angularity that might have presented itself to his mind. Velasquez might have painted the inner weaknesses, self-glorification, and futility of the Spanish court in satirical lines and attitudes which would have elicited contempt. But he knew that artistry presupposes understanding sympathy and (probably without any thought about it) excluded from most of his work whatever qualities might, either in perception or imagination, arouse negative feelings and attitudes. Whether all aesthetic qualities, including the ugly and extremely nerve-racking, can be made available by the artist's alchemy is a central problem concerning modern art. Justice to its claims demands that we consider the most distressing, disorganized, irrational, disgustingly erotic, wildly emotional and abstract characters as well as the serene restraint, balance, sensuous charm, coherence and meaningfulness presented in our experience of other works.

To find a basis, if possible, for the classification of aesthetic qualities, let us examine several universally recognized and familiar works of art to see if there are not groups of such qualities which have common earmarks. The thirteen figures in Leonardo's lamented *Last Supper* in their complex variety, individuality and widely contrasting characters are linked together not only dramatically in action, but by all the lines and what we know of the artist's colors. The harsh and rugged lines of Judas are almost in juxtaposition with the exquisitely delicate ones of John. The choleric Peter and the excitement mediated for our

imaginations and feelings by his attitude of resolute anger contrasts sharply with the placid and somewhat flaccid assurance of the optimist Jude, as well as with the tearful despair of the disciple whom Jesus loved. The records point to no less remarkable contrasts of color harmonized and brought into unity as magically as are all the lines of the design which lead one's attention back to the central figure from every side. Here in the sustained assurance and understanding sympathy of his gentle face, and attitudes of body also expressing self-sacrifice, one realizes the central meaning of the piece. He has just said something of the utmost importance for himself, for the twelve and for humanity, which grips the attention of the disciples, dominating all their thought and motives. The widely different, complex, and at the same time spontaneous, responses to his words (which probably were: "One of you will betray me") are also linked together by the bodily position and attitudes of the twelve. One may not be immediately conscious of the four groupings of three each. This too enhances the coordination as well as the individualization of the figures—as will easily be appreciated if one recalls the monotonous rows of unnaturally pious, unindividualized, guests which appeared in some other Last Suppers where nothing in particular seems to have happened. So concentrated and yet so natural are both the spiritual penetration and the suggested action that one is oblivious of the environment, even of the landscape depicted through the opening in the wall beyond.

Michelangelo's *Pietà* is also rich in its appeal to complex and contrasting emotions. A dead body (especially a rigid one such as appears in the *Pietà* of St. Elizabeth's church in Marburg, or a similar figure both very large and rigid in the Breslau Museum *Pietà*) is naturally an object of revulsion. Michelangelo makes use of no such qualities to express his intuition and feeling. His Christ is made smaller than a normal man (relatively to Mary) and suffering or death are only suggested in unimportant details. Had Mary been endowed with supernatural strength,

the support of a grown man on her lap and right arm might have been made an easy task. But that would have been at expense of the spiritual character of the piece. Mary is far from muscular, though her lithe body exhibits no effort or strain. Her lap is indeed somewhat larger than normal and the massive folds of the draperies suggest power. But she is above all a woman of exquisite refinement, intellectual penetration, and serene self-control. She holds the body of her son with perfect poise. The profound emotions which express themselves not only in her face but in the lines of her body, are as restrained as they were in the great age of Greek sculpture. Nor are the pain, despair and terror depicted in the literary accounts of the Crucifixion, expressed in the face and body of the Christ. He is still graceful, firm, unsubdued. One might easily fancy that the figure is a symbol of life in conquest over death. Except perhaps for the slight exaggeration in the folds of the drapery and certain angularities in the rear near the plate, strength and serenity inwardly and outwardly are united by exquisite restraint, and give expression to the mother's sorrow, tenderness, and natural piety, far more poignantly than any details of realism might. Something of this refinement is, of course, mediated by the purity of the marble itself. The unity of the piece is also heightened by the rhythmic and yet perfectly natural coordinations of masses into a patterned whole whose parts belong together by a kind of inevitable fitness, balance and "justice" each to each. Many specific forms of harmony might be traced in the mutually and collectively consistent lines, planes, and surfaces of the statue which also heighten the satisfaction of imagination and feeling.

Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* is characterized by a great wealth of sense-imagery, chiefly of sight, but also of hearing, touch, warmth, pain, cold, and smell. How many are the pictures which intrigue imagination, from the lowing herd upon the lea and ivy-mantled tower, to the epitaph of one "marked by Melancholy for her own"! Unheard sounds

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too—the curfew, the moping owl, the drowsy tinkling of the folds, the dirge on the church-way path. There is warmth to one's skin from the blazing hearth, one is caressed by the touch of the breeze or the imaged fragrance of “incense-bearing morn.” All these contribute to the central intuition of the poem as many other forms of imagery could not, for example: sights and sounds from an athletic contest. The language of Gray also serves, with all its associations, to heighten our feeling for what he imagines. It is charming in its lilt, the sounds of the words and syllables in their contrasts and euphony. This fitness of sounds and sequences is as natural as it is spontaneous. One is not aware of any “striving for effects” here, or in any single rhyme of the poem. The pattern of the rhythm is no less easy. It meets the expectations of the ear with exquisite sense of order but with sufficient initiative and independence to avoid any sense of mechanical necessity. The unity to which sense-imagery, lilt and pattern contribute is further exhibited in the dominance of resignation with its attendant sympathy, serenity and generosity of spirit, which are also heightened in the overcoming of their opposites. The intuitions expressed in the piece are, without exception, caught up in a unity of ideas which makes every one, even every phrase, indispensable. No verse, no line, no word, seems “padded,” or redundant to the whole.

Some great musical composition would further augment our catalogue. But, however widely we extended the series, we should find that aesthetic qualities can be classified under three main heads. Under the first group we include all those which characterize sensations and imagery as such. The qualities of tones, tastes, odors, organic sensations, pains, touch, warm and cold, muscular strain, equilibrium, colors,—all the many distinct characters they have for us, both in immediate experience of them and as recalled imagery are properly grouped together as sensuous. They are indispensable to all art experience, as we quickly realize when we try to imagine any of the arts completely devoid of them. “Unheard melodies” are heard inwardly.

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What paintings could there be for the blind? "Abstract" art is indeed weaker than other forms in sensuous qualities. But even Kandinsky would have you enjoy his nonrepresentational lines and colors; or Archipenko, his angular and far from human shapes. Poetry seems to have the widest potential range of imagery, providing us not only with mental pictures and the charm of auditory imagery but that derived from all the rest of our senses, including the "organic" ones, even to hunger, nausea, dizziness, "the weariness, the fever, and the fret." Painting, however, is a close second in conjuring up sense images. It can tell of the "last sigh heaved" and the "coffin waiting beside the bed" as well as elicit the taste of

A draft of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth.

In all this rich variety the senses of hearing and sight are not only preeminent. They are the ones by which all of the arts are made possible. If we lacked these two senses there would be no arts, howsoever rich and meaningful our other senses and their imagery might be. We can never hope to enjoy "sonatas," "romances," "compositions" or "works" of any sort based, for example, upon odors, even though their associations are often very important for imagination. Why tastes, smells, temperatures, pains and other organic sensations have no arts based upon them, and never can have, will soon be apparent. Here we note how in all their rich variety and degrees of importance sensuous qualities form a distinct group and enter into our experience of these works of art.

Another group of qualities found in the *Last Supper*, the *Pietà*, and the *Elegy* may be called *cognitive*. There are meanings here, insights, ideas, intuitions, interpretations, both overt and implicit, as, for example, in the perception of an *object* through the various sensuous qualities experienced. "Cognitive" must, of course, be understood to include many more meanings than can

be expressed in language. We all know that a movement of the hand, or of the eye, a curl of lip or line of brow, can often be more meaningful, as well as poignant, and sometimes more accurate, than word of mouth. Yet many of us habitually limit "meaning" and "cognition" to what can be expressed in words. From this comes a great deal of misapprehension of the arts. Less of poetry (so long as it is intelligible) than of the other arts. No one probably will deny that the *Elegy* is rich in meanings and gives us sympathetic insight into human experience, character, and destiny. Its language is "definite" and "commonly understood." But not a few may hold that what has been said about the *Last Supper* and the *Pietà* is merely "subjective reactions," interpretations which may vary for every individual who experiences them. How then, can one speak of common and objective meanings in these works? Firstly it should be noted (as we did in the *Introduction*) that verbal meanings are also subject to individual interpretation. The *Elegy* probably means more to one who has seen much of life and sympathized with his fellows, than to a superficial and unreflective person. The *Last Supper* can doubtless be interpreted in various ways according to whether it is done by a cynic, a saint or an abstractionist. The background of our past experiences determines not only the range and significance of our ideas but even the character of our simplest perceptions. "We see the world not as it is, but as *we* are." If we were aware, then, of no more than the *perceived* figures in the Leonardo, we should be making an incipient interpretation. As we realize more and more of their characters and relationships especially to the central one, they attain more and more cognitive character, by correlation with our varying backgrounds of memory and imagination. "*Wer vieles bringt, wird manchem etwas bringen.*" The real question then, concerns not the presence, but the nature of our interpretations, meanings, insights, when we experience a work of art.

That our meanings do not always concern reality, what we take to be the actual world of facts and events, is evident from

our examples. Jesus may have been a very different type of man from those presented by Leonardo and Michelangelo. So too every one of the twelve, and Mary. The Supper quite certainly did not take place as here depicted. The dead Christ surely never lay on Mary's lap. How much "truth," "actuality," "reality," the various forms of art aim to present can hardly be discussed until we consider the meaning of truth itself in the chapter on Philosophy and Art. But we should note here that there are various kinds of truth. Our artists clearly had no intention of giving expression to "scientific" truth—records as nearly as possible exact representations in every detail of the appearance, precise expressions, clothes, and the rest, at a certain moment of time. Even if such realism had been possible, based upon the most careful records, logical inferences, and other sources of knowledge, it would not contribute to aesthetic experience if there were no appeal to free imagination and the feelings which grow out of it. Scientific truth severely avoids "personal equations," emotions and all "additions" of free imagination—data not vouched for by adequate knowledge. But how can the imagined figures, their relationships, attitudes and feelings of a certain moment be called "true" at all, if there be no adequate records, or other data, for what Leonardo and Michelangelo depicted? The answer is: There is another kind of truth in realizing the significance of an event as example of sublime devotion and sacrifice even for faithless and perfidious friends, one of whom denied him; or in gaining new insight into human character by the dramatic contrasts of vivid personalities facing a tragic situation without recourse; or in knowing the meaning of human sympathy even for a Judas caught in the net of circumstance. Could a more genuinely "real" or "true" embodiment of the meaning of maternal tenderness and loving pity, as well as of many other qualities in the *Pietà* be conceived? If so, it will be attained not by precise records, "objective data" and inference, but by greater consistency and coherence of free and vital imagination directly feeling the essential quality of such

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experiences. "Aesthetic" differs from "scientific" truth then, both in method and in content. In general its truth is one of immediate insight rather than by mathematical or other proof by logic and the evidence of exact data. Its content reveals the inner significance of things and events, in terms of our direct experience of them (as well as of ourselves) made vital by free imagination and appropriate feelings. Aesthetic truth can expand and enhance any experience for us, including that of scientific truth.

Many do not recognize aesthetic truth because of the assumptions that scientific truth is the standard type and that it must be expressed by symbols of the utmost exactness. The limitations of this point of view are exhibited in the many truths of first-rate importance set forth in the intuitions of the *Elegy* which defy any effort to translate them into scientific data and logical demonstration. How should one prove that

E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires,

or that

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!

Yet who in the wide world doubts the truth of Gray's intuitions concerning human ambition and human glory? Or of beauty undiscovered and forever lost? Any proof from "pointer-readings" or by mathematical inference would be wholly irrelevant. The many concrete instances enumerated by the poet are very far from being inductive evidence. Time is transcended in these intuitions just as a portrait painter depicts the character of his subject rather than his attitude at a given moment or a single passing expression. How nearly useless for him the most complete set of exact physical measurements and of composite photographs would be! On

the other hand aesthetic truth inevitably expresses the "personal equation" of the artist. A cynical portrait painter might construe an intelligent, refined and mentally poised subject into a stupid poseur and unbalanced sentimentalist. The soul of a poet or painter can make the same landscape solemn or gay to accord with his intentions. This "subjective" truth, which is true in the sense of being an honest and coherent expression of what the artist means to convey of his inner experience, is not dependent upon scientific truth, and yet belongs to the general class of truths.

Meaningfulness, or the sum-total of qualities contributing to the significance of a work of art for perception, intuition and feeling, is thus far more inclusive than objective truth. Aristotle held that poetry is sometimes more philosophical than philosophy itself. Surely it gives us at times our most penetrating knowledge of the "real" world. The non-verbal arts also provide knowledge by direct perception which is no less true because expressed in some medium other than speech. But meaningfulness in the works we have examined manifestly implies significance for imagination and the inner experiences which accompany it. The distinctive qualities of aesthetic meaningfulness are not "intellectual," in the sense of knowing for its own sake. On the contrary, they help to overcome the abstractness of "pure" knowledge. The mind exercises a far wider range of functions in aesthetic experience than in the knowing process. Cognition is always present though it be no more than as perception. But it takes its place among other interests and activities, often with a subordinate rôle. Its meaningfulness is, indeed, primarily one for imagination and feeling.

Aesthetic experience may also involve formal qualities. They are exhibited in the rhythm, meter, rhyme of the *Elegy*—which also has a unity in which no word, no idea, no figure of speech, is redundant. It has variety and contrasts which do no violence to this unity, or to the free initiative and spontaneity of rhythm

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within the accepted design of the poem. The *Last Supper* had extraordinary linear perspective, a balance of volumes and weights nicely coordinated to the design as a whole. Illumination and contrasts of light and shade, though strong, were not exaggerated. The rhythms of lines and masses, though within the framework of an almost mathematically exact design, were yet as free and spontaneous as those of the *Elegy*. Vivid dramatic action in the lines and modeling of some figures contrasted markedly with the placid softness of others, but in a way which avoided violence of emotions no less than inanity. Either of these extremes would have destroyed the contemplative spirit of the work. The *Pietà* also exhibits a great number of formal qualities. A few of the more important ones are, balance and proportion of masses, limitation and simplification of planes in the interest of a unified design, harmonious interrelationships of lines and their rhythms as seen from any angle, and surfaces (rough or polished) such as support the Artist's intuitions of character. Perhaps the definite scale, correct pitch, harmonious and contrapuntal relationships, suspensions, resolutions, phrases, time, as well as rhythm and other qualities already mentioned which characterize a musical composition, might even more strikingly have illustrated the presence of formal qualities in a work of art. The few examples cited, however, will suffice to show their importance. The formal group is indeed often regarded as the sole criterion of works of art.

If the three groups of qualities which characterize our acknowledged masterpieces could be said to belong to every work of art, we should have a standard of reference which might be of great service not only in helping to define our meaning when we speak of such a work, but also in making our criticism of it more explicit as well as more charitable. The test would seem to lie in the discovery, if possible, of acknowledged works of art which lack one or more of these three groups of qualities. Habits of language are, of course, confusing in any effort toward clarity and precision. As we have noted before, the terms "art" and

"beauty" in common parlance cover many and contradictory meanings. But if we now tentatively define a work of art as the expression in a suitable medium of intuitions involving the exercise of imagination and feeling and characterized by sensuous, cognitive or meaningful, and formal qualities combined in a way to give us disinterested satisfaction in its contemplation, we shall find that it embraces the great bulk of generally acknowledged masterpieces. Which of the great poems in our literary heritage is totally devoid of meaning, or of sense-appeal, or of form? How many paintings, pieces of architecture, or sculpture, which figure in the history of these arts can be said to lack any one of these groups? True that some modern pictures are said to be "purely decorative," intended to be pleasing harmonies of lines and colors which express nothing by way of insight into the meaning or nature of anything. Many of these are reactions against story-telling and moralizing pictures in which meaningfulness was made the central, and sometimes the sole, criterion of excellence. But a similar exaggeration is shown in the works of painters who think exclusively in terms of formal qualities and the technical means of attaining them. This would also be true of those who might hold that sensuous qualities, the charm of colors in unarranged and meaningless medleys of tints thrown together on a canvas by chance, constitute the sole criterion of painting. If and when such examples appear we shall surely have to deny the claim. We should have to do the same for works of "pure" meaningfulness "abstracted" from all charm of sense and from every formal quality. Both of these programs are quite inconceivable. Our current examples of "abstract," "non-representational" and meaningless pictures aim to make formal qualities the essence of the matter. But they rarely avoid sensuous charm. And so natural is it for the human mind to perceive or imagine objects when sensing lines combined with colors anywhere, that when a painter succeeds in thwarting such perception by avoiding representation altogether in his picture, we are baffled and ill at ease, somewhat as we are in confronting a

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wholly irrational situation. No one can deny, of course, the possibility that human minds might in future find satisfactions in baffling, meaningless and irrational experiences. But so far the history of art, and what we know of normal human psychology give little warrant for its likelihood.

The triune character of which we speak does not, of course, imply that the various arts have the same sensuous, cognitive or formal qualities. Rhythm, for example, which seems to be a universal quality in the arts, has many varieties both spatial and temporal. A special rhythm may, indeed, be distinctive of a special work. But some sort of recurrent pattern is present in all of them. So it is with meanings as well. Those expressed in a sculptured face, or in a musical composition, may be far beyond the power of words to express. The assumption that all real meanings can be conveyed by words is one of the greatest barriers to an understanding of the arts. With some people, for instance, it leads to a denial that music has any meaning at all, —as though an *Etude* of Czerny were as significant for our perception, imagination and feeling as a Brahms *Intermezzo*—assuming both were played with equal skill, rich tone-color, and formal perfection! The full answer to those who deny the meaningfulness of certain arts can only be given in chapters devoted to these individual arts. But we can confidently say that with meaningfulness so manifest in several of the arts it is more than likely that, in some form, we shall meet with it in the rest. Just as one who knows poetry will hardly be deceived by nonsense syllables, howsoever charming their lilt and perfect their rhyme, rhythm and the rest, so merely charming sounds skillfully blended together with all possible formal qualities will never pass as music to one who understands it. It is more than likely that he who fails to “get” the sonata, or pieces of sculpture, misses the meaning of it, and that so long as no one “gets” a meaning the experience is not yet that of a work of art. The proof of this must await further evidence.

How the three groups of qualities are related to one another,

and often interdependent, is also important here. In many works and in all the arts sensuous charm is directly dependent upon the formal qualities chosen by the artist. Meanings are made clearer (sometimes less clear) by rhythms or accents, as in verse. Defect in a single essential quality can mar, even destroy, a work as a whole. For example, a singer may have rich tone quality, faultless technique, fine understanding and deep feeling, perfection of form with respect to all but one quality, and yet be a failure—if her pitch is badly off key. Tone quality, meanings, rhythm, unity and the rest become the victims of mere sharpness or flatness. The same result would follow from a “screech”—merely the impossibility of controlling certain upper partials in her voice. Perhaps the saddest of such “hidden wants” is the employment of all the technical resources of the art by a voice of superlative quality—which, however, has nothing to say. Longinus in ancient day thought lapses in technique to be far less serious than want of meaning. In general, however, technique is ancillary to the expression of meaning. When it obtrudes itself (linked as it commonly is with personal vanity and “striving for effects”) it can easily be destructive. Yet all this implies no derogation of technique as means to an end. Perfection of form is everywhere the goal. And its demands are not seventy or ninety, but one hundred percent. Technique, however, as Heraclitus long ago observed, hides itself in great art. As an organism requires the coordination of its members and their individual subordination to the whole, so a work of art implies accommodation of the three groups of qualities one to another. Both the undue dominance, and the absence of sensuous charm are serious defects. Clive Bell’s definition of art in terms of “significant form” ignores sensuous qualities, without which a work might be completely devoid of appeal to imagination and feeling, as abstract as an algebraic equation.

If our analysis omits no important items and adequately describes aesthetic experience, it should help us avoid the confusion

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and fallacies arising from identifying the arts with skills, such as cookery, "gold-digging" and horse-training. It should help us realize that even the most exacting skill required by the arts can, by the obtrusion of technique, be negative and destructive to them. We should see that if works of art are complex organisms, they, and our experience of them, can hardly be described as "essentially" one or another of their simpler elements, qualities or functions. It is certainly not false to describe the experience of a work of art as communication of emotions (Tolstoi), but it is wholly inadequate because of its omission of other essential factors. "Confused cognition" (Leibniz) sometimes occurs in that experience; but so too "immediate, sensuous, objective knowledge" (Hegel). Sometimes "wish fulfillment" (Parker) "a desire of the will to transform the world by imagination" (Nietzsche) or "participation in divine knowledge" (Plotinus) or "the expression of conformity between the soul and nature" (Aquinas) manifest themselves as parts or aspects of aesthetic experience. Croce was surely correct in describing it as intuition; but with equal certainty not all intuitions are art and more than immediate cognition is involved in aesthetic intuition. Play, the overflow of physical and mental energy which Spencer found characteristic of the creation and enjoyment of works of art, clearly manifests itself in some of these experiences. But even if it did in all of them, how far from adequately would it describe say that of Titian's *Portrait of Charles V*! Many another correct but inadequate and partial description, all the way from Plato's "Imitation of the Good" to Schopenhauer's "Objectification (realization by sensuous means) of the Platonic Ideas" (mind-like forces in the universe), the "self-objectification" of Lipps and Santayana's "objectification of pleasure," might be passed in review. But they would here yield no new point.

A comprehensive description should also help us avoid the common fallacy of taking a part for the whole. We should no longer regard a single aesthetic quality, or a miscellaneous con-

geries of them, as a work of art. The line drawn by a definition which recognizes sensuous, cognitive and formal qualities as essential also provides us with the means of distinguishing between a work of art and one of beauty. The very common identification of art with beauty is an arbitrary, *a priori*, assumption which sometimes involves the identification of ugliness with beauty. Simple empirical analysis shows us that ugliness in works of art manifests itself in one or more of such items as unpleasant sensuous qualities, conflicting meanings, mechanized rhythms, lack of unity, or of variety and so forth. Many paintings, dramas, pieces of architecture, and of music, exhibit such wants and are therefore not works of perfect beauty. Beauty in a work of art means perfection in all the qualities which enter into it. These vary, of course, with the different arts, as well as within the particular arts themselves. But sensuous, cognitive and formal groups of them are always represented. That our judgments often differ about the perfection of these qualities does not alter the basis of judgment itself. We all judge in the light of what we think perfection is, whether, in accordance with our aesthetic development, we judge expertly or crudely. The identification of works of art, including the ugly ones, with works of beauty is surely crude confusion. A study of aesthetic qualities in itself goes far toward overcoming this and other arbitrary and paralyzing assumptions which bedevil our interpretations of the arts.

With it should also come greater justice in criticism. How often are not wholly irrelevant matters made the basis for judgment of works of art! It may be very interesting to learn about an artist that "he labored here under the influence of *Wanderlust*, and also betrayed his deep religiosity." We may enjoy the description of some of Chassériau's women as "carrying the blood of the tropics in their veins" and "suited to the imagery of Solomon's Song," "like a part of nature, like ripe grapes, heavy and luxuriant," an "indescribable dusky beauty, a primitive and elemental enticement." We may see (and hear) more than we

did before, after learning that the later figures of Puvis de Chavannes are "loosened and scattered, so that they play the part of a melody reiterated against the continuous landscape." But if and when isolated qualities, or perhaps those of a single group, are made the criterion of judgment, criticism runs the risk of unfairness,—and even blindness to the purpose and character of a work of art. More comprehensive analysis of art-experience in its various forms will also bring greater justice to the many "isms" of modern art, as well as help to discover a few of their hidden wants. Above all it should lead to a greater enjoyment of aesthetic qualities wherever found, once they are freed from the dogmatic assumption that they are always manifestations of art and beauty.

III

HUMAN MINDS IN AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE

A man at work in his garden is not likely to be conscious of labor laws even though they established a ten or a twelve hour day. He will probably be oblivious of time somewhat as Michelangelo was in painting the Sistine ceiling lying on his back and quite unmindful of his sore muscles. Even men for whom there is nothing intriguing about work often experience a change of heart when given opportunity to express themselves in aesthetic terms. For example, the tramps who were invited by William Morris to join him in certain of his undertakings at London and Kelmscott found work more seductive than idleness, and a cure for their discontent. How important such joy in labor might become for modern industry will appear in the sequel. Here let us note first of all how closely pleasure is linked with aesthetic experience not only in the creation or appreciation of a work of art but in the awareness of a single aesthetic quality from among the multitude of them. There are, as we have seen, many unpleasant ones—rasping noises, garish colors, ungainly shapes, awkward and ungraceful movements. Their importance is not lessened by describing them as “negative.” They are properly classified in this way by measuring them on some scale, such as that of ethical advantage (good) or that of pleasantness. On the latter scale there are not a few negative aesthetic qualities. But the artist, “gilding pale streams by heavenly alchemy,” can transmute these negative items into the gold of aesthetic pleasure. The sight of a decrepit old woman is never agreeable in itself,

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divested of such associations as feelings of pity or ideas of duty. Nor is the sight of a corpse. Yet Rembrandt had special satisfaction in painting subjects such as these. And his works are sources of intense pleasure to those who understand them. The great Crucifixions present even more striking examples. It is probable, indeed, that few, if any works of art are totally free from aesthetic qualities which in isolation would be unpleasant. Not even Angelico or Gozzoli who seem to have aimed for such a goal, quite attain it. However many the unpleasant qualities which artists incorporate, they blend and transform them so that as a whole their work, when successful, becomes not an aggregate, or summation, but a compound, a new creation of positive pleasure. This is true of the "sweetest songs that tell of saddest thought" as well as of tragedies built of fearful actions and events. When artists fail, one of the chief reasons is the absence of aesthetic pleasure in their work. G. B. Shaw's title, "*Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*" is clearly a misnomer, unless he intended to publish plays intentionally lacking in artistry.

But we must be on guard against turning the proposition, "Art is a pleasure-experience" into "Pleasure-experience is art under certain conditions." This description made by some hedonists grows out of the close relationship between art-experience and pleasure. A few writers have thought that art, and even beauty, could be defined in terms of pleasure. G. Santayana in his early book, *The Sense of Beauty* (p. 49), gives us the following definition: "Beauty is pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing. . . . It is pleasure objectified." This "objectification of pleasure" is unconscious, a projection (somehow without our knowing it) of our feelings of pleasure into objects which by that process become beautiful to us.

The correctness of such a description depends upon what we mean by art and beauty, as well as by pleasure. Moreover (as in the case of numerous aesthetic qualities) we can only *point*,

or provide other perceptual data and say: "That is what I mean." It is impossible to describe, much less define, the taste of caviar, or of marzipan. We can only list similarities or contrasts with other tastes: salt, sweet, nutty, fishy and the like. Yet certain conclusions about pleasures are also possible: Soft soap added to caviar or marzipan destroys their pleasantness. We can organize them into groups, as we did with aesthetic qualities. Plato in the *Philebus*, for example, after referring "unconscious" pleasures to oysters, classifies the conscious ones in various ways. There are some which are amenable to measure, balance, and form, while others are unlimited, knowing no bounds. There are healthy and morbid ones, the latter often being of great intensity. Some refer primarily to the body; others to the mind. Some alternate between mind and body. There are the "mixed" sorts: those of "anger, fear, desire, sorrow, loss, emulation, envy and the like" in which unpleasantness, and even pain, commingles with the pleasure. As to degrees of pleasure, those are usually most intense which depend upon antecedent craving or want, for instance, intoxication. There are also "those of which the want is painless and unconscious and of which the fruition is palpable to sense, and pleasant, and unalloyed with pain." These are the "pure" pleasures having neither antecedent cravings nor deleterious aftereffects. Their best examples are provided by the enjoyment of beauty.

One could make other classifications. But that is not our problem. The question is: Granted the contrasting varieties of pleasure, can all of them, "unconsciously objectified" or under other conditions, be defined as beauty? Do all forms of pleasure satisfy the Santayana formula? Curiously enough he later excludes those pleasures which are linked to physical gratifications whereby the definition urgently calls for addition of the following italicized words: "Beauty is [*a certain kind of*] pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing." But even among those linked with mental satisfactions further distinctions must be made. Our

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pleasure in anger and malice (which Plato observed may be "sweeter than honey") might be well "objectified" in little bombs "magnificently" destructive to a whole city and yet lack say the formal qualities by which we attain any experience of beauty. Even simpler examples show how inadequate is the hedonist's description. Moods, pleasant as well as unpleasant, sometimes related to our digestions, color all our feelings and attitudes for days at a time—sometimes quite unconsciously too. We "objectify," project such feelings into surrounding objects (animate and inanimate) making them take on something of our gloom, resentment or possibly sparkling gaiety. But does the objectification unconsciously of our intensest pleasure transform a hairy, misshapen Sally of our alley into an Aphrodite? Self-delusion lurks around the corner in all such "experiences" of "beauty." Could one even roughly measure the degree of it by the intensity of the pleasures "objectified" (disregarding for the argument, any possible surplus of miserable after-effects)? "Objectification" as we shall later see, does not apply to the pleasures of music. To describe the experience of beauty as in essence pleasure (whether objectified or not) is to ignore the widely contrasting kinds of pleasure as well as the antecedent factors (e.g., formal qualities) upon which the distinctive pleasures called aesthetic depend.

Other qualities characteristic of aesthetic pleasure in any profound realization of beauty are an inner harmony and integration of one's self. Not only does the warfare of dissident emotions tend to disappear, we can be relieved from many and insistent cravings. We can even forget the "wheel of Ixion" which because of our desires and dependence upon external things, rolls along relentlessly hour by hour. This is true not only in the enjoyment of a great work of art, for example, a symphony. A single chord attended to momentarily in the hectic din of a street, or a rainbow appearing in a hurricane, may, albeit in small measure, lend something of the same inner peace and freedom. Like the smile of a friend in our distress even single

aesthetic qualities can help bring clarity, poise and self-possession—which clearly again do not belong to pleasures of the craving kind. We must be on guard, however, against Plato's mistake of describing all aesthetic experience as "limited," that is, marked by order, rhythm, proportion, and so forth, the qualities we call formal in a work of art. For in our experience of sublimity, as when the magnificence of the starry heavens overwhelms us, it is precisely the absence of such limits which inspires and overawes us. Our imaginations grapple with the boundlessness of space, or with the inevitable and immeasurable power of the cosmos. If the stars were all arranged on a regular geometric plan, as though on some stellar checkerboard, or if we could measure or control their energy we should not find sublimity there. It is in the transcending of our comprehending perception and mensuration, that we enjoy this kind of aesthetic quality. In the experience of sublimity we also identify ourselves somehow with the boundlessness we intuit, and thereby expand our inner selves and their freedom—although at some expense to our inner unity and harmony. In Plato's day the arts were dominantly expressions of the quest for beauty. That motive, so gloriously embodied in fifth century Greek architecture, poetry, sculpture and fragments of other arts that have come down to us, implies perfection of rhythm, balance, unity and other formal qualities—which Plato described as "limits." But there are also varieties of aesthetic experience which are "unlimited." The history of the arts presents much besides examples of beauty. The Golden Age of Greece gave expression to not a little of what Nietzsche called the "Dionysian" along with the formally perfect and restrained motive of Apolline art. Character (at some expense of form), as well as sublimity found utterance in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. They were embodied in the *Zeus* of Phidias. We may in the end agree that the greatest art presents a synthesis of "Dionysian" inspiration with "Apolline" restraint (as in both the masterpieces just mentioned). But we must not lose sight of

the fact that they can be, and in the history of art have been, antithetical to one another. Even ugliness, as we noted before, has its claims in aesthetic experience since many aesthetic qualities are negative. But (to the greater glory of civilization and more abundant human happiness) they have rarely predominated.

Another remarkable aspect of aesthetic experience throughout the range of positive aesthetic qualities, is its non-competitive, unselfish, character. When you enjoy a fine sunset you cast about to see if there aren't others around who have not yet become aware of it. A thing of beauty can at times work wonders in breaking down human barriers—racial, political, religious; business competition and even social traditions. I have seen a long and bitter personal antagonism completely overcome by a great rendition of Schubert's quartet, *Der Tod und das Mädchen*. Even a tiny thing like the song of a hermit thrush can awaken a little measure of social sympathy. The poet, and all other artists, are exceedingly unhappy when others fail to enjoy their works. What is true of the creators, is also in lesser degree the case with appreciators of the arts and even of aesthetic qualities.

At this point some readers might be inclined to cite the rivalries of artists, the proverbial vanity of singers, the lust for money exhibited by certain great architects, as evidence against the non-competitive character of aesthetic experience. The murderous assaults of a Cellini upon his rivals assuredly do not exhibit a disinterested desire to share his creations with other men. But we should be deceiving ourselves if we assumed that everything which enters into the minds of artists is aesthetic experience. Just as we noted the existence of other than aesthetic pleasures, so we must here distinguish between a variety of motives—economic, religious, moral and others which also appear in the minds of artists. They suffer the passions for power, fame and possessions, as well as angers that blind, and fears that agonize, others of the human species. This does not

argue the identity of fears and angers with aesthetic experience any more than the fact that Browning was a poet proves that everything he wrote was poetry. A little analysis shows that urgent angers or lusts while they last, are antithetical both to our creativity and to appreciation. All violent emotions render impossible the contemplative attitude. Few of us would be deceived by the ostensibly religious character of the dentist mentioned above, who joined church that he might profit by the teeth of the fellow-parishioners. But it is a very common fallacy to confuse not only moral but even economic motives and values, with aesthetic ones. A college professor, not long ago condemned "art" as "bunk." The reason was that so many paintings exhibit wide price-fluctuations—a work on sale for a thousand today might—by say the identification of certain finger-prints, or a signature—be sold for a hundred thousand tomorrow!

If we avoid such fallacies, we easily see that the presence of acquisitiveness, or of other powerful passions in artists, only makes the power of artistry more remarkable in rendering such passions innocuous while it dominates their minds. This is not to deny the fact, which the Chinese long observed, that profound experience of the heights and depths of human life, and with it nobility of character, are requisite for the creation of great art. These relationships (and the exceptions which also raise problems) must later be explored. Here we note only that aesthetic experience is generally accompanied by some measure of generous, disinterested, unselfish, socially-minded feelings and attitudes. It is not by chance that our arts are called liberal. Plato was surely not in error when he described the "pure" pleasures of beauty—and even what we have called enjoyment of aesthetic qualities—as primary factors in determining the life and character of a people, or an individual.

Once we realize that aesthetic experience is *one* of the kinds of pleasure, *one* value among others, *one* of the non-competitive expressions of human minds, we also see why it is not forthwith

to be identified with other kinds of social experience. The search for truth is no less disinterested, and non-competitive. We have the same desire to share a discovery in "pure" science that we do in some discovery of beauty. To a lesser degree this also seems to be true of vital religious experience. But such facts do not argue that "Beauty is truth," or that certain music and religion are identical. Just as there are kinds of pleasure which are mutually exclusive, or even antagonistic one to another, so even non-competitive interests can be antithetical to one another, as, for example, artistic intuition to scientific description, or dance and scherzo movements to a religious service. A large portion of important truth (economic, historic, scientific, philosophic) rejects any marriage with beauty, though it nearly always comes endowed with aesthetic qualities—coherence, economy of means, comprehensiveness, sometimes with negative ones such as repetitiousness, abstractness, monotony.

The contemplative attitude characteristic of aesthetic experience can best be described by some contrasts with what we commonly call "practical" activity. There are writers who deny that there is any fundamental difference between looking at a picture, reading a poem, or listening to music, and, say, putting on one's clothes in the morning or hurrying to catch a train. The difference is said to be merely one of greater complexity and degree of unity. The activity of making or enjoying a work of art is more complex and more unified when successful. . . . The fundamental error here derives from a small measure of truth. There is a small area of common ground for practical and contemplative forms of activity. But in general they are antagonistic one to the other and mutually exclusive. When we are attentively busy with our hands and eyes in guiding a motor car we cannot "forget ourselves" in the enjoyment of a landscape, or of music. Practical activity implies an external objective to be attained by mental concentration and habit, and generally through physical exertion. The mind is made ancillary to characteristically external purposes or demands. In contemplation

external things become means to the end of the mind's own free activity and enjoyment of them. So great is this contrast that Benedetto Croce in his *Aesthetic* tries to establish the complete independence of aesthetic experience (intuition) from action (will). He maintains that even the painter's application of oils to a canvas is a "practical" action of will and muscle, and hence not aesthetic activity. The inner, "spiritual," fact (intuition) not only precedes such activity but is completely severed from it and alone possesses aesthetic character. The expressive elaboration of impressions inwardly is said to complete the essential aesthetic fact. If we stretch out our hands to play the piano, or take up brush and chisel, we add an external practical fact which is no longer aesthetic. (p. 50, 51)

So radical a bifurcation of our activities is the converse error of failing to note essential or characteristic differences. Mental activity is very different from muscular motion. Successful intuition which resulted in some of the "best" poems of Goethe (never published by him, or recorded, save in his own mind) is surely a very different process from digging potatoes. The spontaneous insight characteristic of aesthetic creativity must be distinguished from wilful determination to make a poem or symphony, as well as from the process of drawing elaborate conclusions by logical inferences. But we are psycho-physical organisms; and we know of no mental activity completely cut off from relation to a body. Our various functions—howsoever greatly they may contrast with one another, are not only organically interrelated but, in not a few instances, interdependent. Croce himself realizes this when he shows how the activity called intuition in some measure interpenetrates logical inference and even the activity of our wills. But he endeavors to save the "spirit" and "spiritual" activity from all contact with "matter." Even sensory activity as involving the mechanisms of matter is not "spiritual" and, of course, not aesthetic. Intuition comes only by the inner elaborations and insights of the mind itself. . . . It is not difficult to show, however, even by Croce's simplest

examples of intuition, that physical activity of some sort often accompanies it. For instance, his "intuition of a lake in the moonlight" surely involves "spiritual" activity; but the very perception could not take place without movements of the interior and exterior muscles of the eyes. Examples need hardly be multiplied. As we shall shortly see, the physical activity involved in putting pen to paper, or brush to canvas, may as the work progresses clarify and help to bring out the intuition itself. Witness the many sketches for Beethoven's compositions, which were surely not without significance to him in the completion of his final scores. The complete segregation of physical activities from aesthetic life would also exclude intuitions derived from kinaesthetic perceptions (which depend upon prior movements of our muscles). This would foredoom, *a priori*, any aesthetic experience by the dancer.

While there are many important contrasts, then, between contemplation and our various practical and physical activities, they are also related to one another and in part interdependent. The antithesis is generally fundamental: one cannot enjoy, much less create, a work of art while actively engaged in steering through traffic. The contemplative life is not fostered by baggage-arrangements when hurrying for a train. But while many (perhaps most) physical activities strongly inhibit contemplation, there are some, such as walking, which may interfere only slightly. Others such as the skillful playing of a musical instrument actually are of positive aid to one's aesthetic intuition. The evidence for "spiritual" activity in one's muscles while rendering a composition may indeed surprise the performer himself. Habit, of course, plays an important role. But the intuition is expressed both in the action of physical performance and in the performer's mind. Idealists (like Croce and Gentile) often overlook the fact that our mental life, even to its highest "spirituality," is linked with bodily functions—digestion, vascular-motor activity, even the exercise of voluntary muscles. And although a

marked, and sometimes radical, contrast exists between physical activities and "inner" contemplation, including aesthetic intuition, it is also a fortunate fact that not a few even of our practical activities afford opportunities for the expression and enjoyment of aesthetic qualities. Where the arts, and especially beautiful arts, may not be welcome or at home, aesthetic qualities may enter in, transforming a drear mechanic task, it may be, into a labor of love.

We may describe aesthetic experience as indefeasibly an *activity*. There are some who, because of the contrast between most external actions and contemplation, think of it as passive—something is done *to* you or *for* you by a work of art which you "absorb" or at best "drink in." Sometimes it is described as "subconscious" or even "unconscious." But the sequel will make it abundantly clear that aesthetic quality is always experienced as activity, and that passivity is an indication of its absence. Wholly mechanical actions, such as reflexes, and unconscious instinctive processes clearly have no aesthetic quality for the agent. Habitual action—a *learned* form of behavior which has become automatic—throws interesting light upon aesthetic experience. Every form of mental and physical activity tends to repeat itself. Acts of imagination, ideas entertained, decisions reached, all tend to recur. So too our aesthetic intuitions, feelings, and attitudes. (The fact is of utmost importance in our aesthetic education—just as it is in moral training.) Here we note that habit also assists the contemplative attitude by freeing the mind from preoccupation with physical and mental means used for its ends. For example, in playing the piano, if the technique of the composition is so well "in hand" that it does not call for conscious attention to the keyboard, one can more easily give expression to his own and the composer's intuitions. Spontaneity, which is so characteristic of aesthetic activity, depends upon this background of habitual responses—both physical and mental—which help to make possible the freedom and scope of

great intuitions. Despite its affinity to mechanisms, habit is thus (positively and negatively) related to aesthetic activity.

We may describe as aesthetically negative for the agent all acts characterized by unmitigated dullness, lack of motivation or stupidity. Also those (both physical and mental) experienced as extreme pain, uncontrolled lust or intense shame. All forms of violent activity, also those which imply inner division and negative or destructive attitudes of mind, are in strong contrast to activities experienced as aesthetic by the agent. One reason why many are thus lacking is because they express a narrow preoccupation with a petty self. For a positive, sympathetic, rational attitude is characteristic of experiencing anything aesthetically whether it be an art or some positive aesthetic qualities. The latter usually only in lesser degree; but the mind incorporates more widely, intimately and significantly from its environment than is the case in mere perception, making it as it were, part of an enlarged selfhood. This is not wholly figurative language. The logician, Überweg, held that every perceptual process, even when a mind sees a distant star, includes an act of appropriation. At any rate it is far less figurative to say that this takes place in aesthetic appreciation than to attribute it to "cold" perception. In a literal sense it may be said that a measure of our selfhood (as mean-spirited or great-spirited, selfish or unselfish, sympathetic or unsympathetic), is to be found in the kind of causes, interests, objects, with which we identify ourselves. This appropriation may take the form of practical action, as when we work for local causes or world peace. There are, indeed, several kinds. One of the most potent of these is aesthetic contemplation, which, despite a certain practical aloofness, identifies us with our environment on a high plane, meaningfully, sympathetically, reflectively, and often intimately.

Another characteristic quality, or aspect, of art-experience is its purposiveness. This is evidenced by every discovery of an artist's intentions: his selections, the unity, rhythm and other

formal qualities, sometimes, alas for his artistry, by political, religious, or other propaganda, in the ideas and intuitions expressed. Yet, as we have seen, the purposiveness of artists is a spontaneous, rather than a deliberate, one. This is also true of those who enjoy the arts. We do not *get* the poem if we read it with *intention* of broadening our sympathies, of bringing ourselves exaltation of mind, or of inducing freedom from passion and care. If this seem paradoxical (and even a Paul Shorey described it as "a purpose which is not a purpose") the apparent contradiction is really a linguistic difficulty in our effort to analyze a complex experience. The facts are clear enough. The self-conscious dancer deliberately aiming for grace in each motion fails pitifully to attain it. So too the Pharisee continually declaring his righteous purposes, and the scholar ever conscious of his scholarship. The things we humans value most—honor, religion, love, good character, friendship, enjoyment of the arts, and other sources of happiness—are not attained by direct deliberate volition of them. And yet we do attain such objects. In a later chapter we shall try to explain this anomaly. Here we are concerned with the facts: that, whether as creation or appreciation, art-experience is never purposeless (vacuous, footless, senseless, futile, barely mechanical), that its purposes are realized somehow spontaneously, and that as conscious motives they do not transcend the art work itself. What complicates our understanding of the facts is, of course, the common assumption that purpose implies objectives, or results, outside of the activity itself. Hence the links with ulterior ends—aids to morality, supports for religion, economic and other advantages—which are commonly associated with the idea of purpose, and are foreign to art itself. Our later analysis will have to seek an explanation of how it comes about that, without having such ulterior purposes, art-experience does nevertheless bring with it such results. Man is enriched, integrated, made more socially minded, sympathetic and responsible, freer from crude passions, more in-

clined to favor whatever is generous and important to the values he most cherishes, by deep experience of any art. What makes all these benefits so doubly acceptable is their *immanence*—to use Aristotle's word when he describes the growth of natural things. The growth of a plant does not involve the imposition of some design by an external artificer. Nor is it the result of a deliberate planning from within the plant. Yet leaf, stem, flower and fruit do nevertheless develop into forms which accomplish purposeful ends. Aristotle calls this immanent teleology, or purposiveness. Our analogy is not perfect. But art experience and the beneficent (or sometimes deleterious) processes and results associated with it, may be described as immanent, in this sense of flowing spontaneously from man's character under the given favoring (or unfavoring) conditions.

We now see why it is that aesthetic experience varies so greatly among men of different characters, and also in the life-history of individual men. Not only do we discard many aesthetic delights of our childhood by the time of adolescence; we are more than likely to find the *Songs without Words* of the latter period unacceptable by the time we are twenty. The pleasures of a sprightly man are likely to be different from those of a morose man—even when the sprightly man becomes morose. There are many changes in nature which help to increase this variability. Colors in external nature (and also in pictures) change from moment to moment according to the intensity of light, atmosphere, our line of vision, and even the direction of the light. The variability in the leaves of the forest and in human faces (no two of which seem to be exactly the same) has its analogue in our experience of sonata, poem or picture. A fitful mood can mar our satisfaction with a *Mona Lisa* itself. This relativity easily leads men like Anatole France to declare: "There is no aesthetic, there is no ethic." Human tastes (and actions) are so different according to passing circumstances, within men's own minds as well as outside, that comparisons are impossible.

There are not, and never can be, any valid standards. Every aesthetic experience is so much an individual, unique matter that one cannot draw general conclusions.

The knowledge problem involved here can best be discussed in another connection. Here we may conclude our psychological description by noting that there are fundamental similarities as well as varieties and variabilities in our aesthetic experience. Whatever my mood or age I cannot hear the chord of the tonic as a diminished seventh. Nor can I see complementary colors as similar. Formal qualities, even those requiring great refinement of perception, can be quite universally appreciated. For instance, the well-known architectural principle, exquisitely illustrated in the Parthenon, that the stylobate of a building must not be perfectly horizontal but slightly curved upward toward the middle to avoid the appearance of sagging. A similar allowance has to be made for columns—which cannot be the same at the top as they are at the bottom if they are to appear of equal thickness above and below. These and a great many other formal qualities recognized in works of art are not, so far as we can learn, altered by the normal eyes of individuals. Conditions of age or mood, and past aesthetic experience do not change them. Some depend upon mathematical relationships, such as in the harmonies of musical intervals. There are difficult philosophical “Whys?” which confront us here. Why should the columns of a building be similar at all? Or music depend upon the ratios of certain small integers to one another? Their discussion must await some study of the various particular arts.

Sensuous qualities and the meanings expressed in works of art are, more obviously than the formal ones, both learned and unlearned. The formal ones appear to be discovered rather than created, as they are in many intuitions of meaning. But whether discovered or created, all have relationships to our past, individually, and as members of social, political and racial groups. We shall next try to see what light is thrown on our aesthetic experience by its history.

IV

AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE AS HISTORY

It is fortunate that men are not everywhere identical in their tastes. Such an agreement would be as unhappy as the repetition of identical faces or of identical minds the wide world over. How welcome is the variety of thought and feeling in these as in other matters! Yet as surely as we regret the birth of monsters, Siamese twins, eyeless or six-fingered offspring, so we deeply resent aesthetic vacuousness or judgments which depart too far from the basic structure of our minds as expressed in certain fundamental intuitions. We all agree about clashing and complementing colors, about the harmonic relationships of the foundation chords in music, about the basis of linear perspective, or the preferableness of unsullied marble to brick and mortar as a medium for sculpture. Yet there is wide and interesting variety for the expression not only of artists' individualities, but for uniqueness in their individual works as well. Time clearly plays an important role in the development of these many differences, as well as in the emergence of standards for judgment. There could be no doubt that we *learn* to enjoy certain things; also that back of all this variety our aesthetic characters illustrate a fundamental similarity which as we shall later see is no less an expression of natural law than is our physiological structure.

Except as stages in such a development, the varieties displayed not only in the life-history of individuals but in that of whole nations and races of men would be baffling indeed. It is probable that no group of human beings has ever been devoid of

aesthetic pleasures. But not a few have suffered a great dearth of art. Those of our ancestors who lived an arboreal life in the swamps and forests of northern Europe about 2000 B. C. appear to have had little inclination to express themselves (as contemporary Egyptians did) in monumental architecture and sculpture. The Saxons of Caesar's day would doubtless have viewed the project of a "starry-pointing pyramid" or of a Luxor temple as no less preposterous than that of getting a hundred men around a conductor's baton to rub strings, blow pipes, reeds, and horns together for happiness' sake, hour after hour and year after year. Yet later on these Saxons (with their variegated descendants) developed a Gewandhaus orchestra. There are many examples, east and west, to show how at one period a community, or nation, can enjoy a florescence of music, poetry or architecture, and not long afterwards under external conditions of life that seem little different, forfeit that source of happiness altogether. Doubtless there are causes at work to determine both the glory and the decline. But often a great age seems to be like the proverbial swallow that flits into our ken for a season of ecstasy, and then departs without intimating whence, why, or whither.

We can indeed mark the stages in the growth and decay of many such periods. Greek sculptors, for example, of about 600 B.C. wishing to embody in some permanent form their intuitions of the spirit of light, generosity, and poetry, carved numbers of "Apollos" which have come down to us. These figures are far from graceful, or intelligent, or even natural. Their desired geniality is mostly smirk, their positions awkward, their eyes stare from under far from expressive eyebrows, their bodies are generally heavy, stiff and mechanical. Yet that urge to express the most perfect life in its fullest glory led on through Paeonius, Myron, Polycleitus, Phidias, Praxiteles, Scopas, Lysippus, to an array of variegated figures, godlike in their intelligence, serenity, strength, grace, geniality and naturalness. This

heritage of the Golden Age of sculpture, humanity perfected not only with respect to its visible forms but as embodiments of minds endowed with the qualities which we cherish most, has remained one of humanity's choicest possessions, a perennial spring of natural piety and spontaneous delight in excellence. But after two short centuries Greek sculptors began to lose such motives and ideas. They began to think of their art as a means for the display of their skill, for the expression of trivial or sentimental ideas. They strove for new "effects," for poses which had never been tried before; they exaggerated muscles, or softness, or glassy smoothness of texture. Any sentiment howsoever vapid or forced might be exploited by way of exotic originality. They tried to impress by colossal size, by effusiveness and simulation, by dazzling technique. Such a development points to definite causes both for its florescence and decay, causes which are also important to any understanding of the art in question. Poetry, music, painting and the other arts provide abundant examples of a similar development and decline, histories which reflect not only the characters and motives of artists but the life characteristic of whole communities as well.

The distribution of particular gifts among the various groups of the human family is also a striking, and sometimes baffling, portion of history. Excepting only Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. who simultaneously developed nearly all of the arts to a degree of perfection unsurpassed before (so far as we know) or since, the various peoples of earth, if they enjoyed such a florescence at all, have had to be content with a single art, or, at best, a few. (Greek music as we shall later see was unmistakably inferior to classical modern music because of its dependence upon melody and tone color,—harmony and counterpoint having been unknown to them.) Thus, for example, we have the difficult question: Why did a great school of painters, magnificent in their ideas and intuitions,

well-nigh miraculous in their proficiency with oils, spring up in the Low Countries in the fourteenth century when less anxious and far more beautiful countries of Europe were scarcely aware that paints could be used for such purposes? Before the coming of Hogarth in the eighteenth century we hear of no English painter to be named in the company of a hundred masters who, contemporaneous with the Flemish school and later, flourished in Italy. Why did Anglo-Saxons for so long neglect this art? In the seventeenth century there had been another magnificent florescence of Dutch and Flemish painting, just across the Channel and among peoples of kindred spirit with whom the British had a great deal of intercourse. One might have thought too that the great flowering of Spanish painting would have kindled interest at a time so near to the Elizabethan Age. But our English forebears preferred to import their Holbeins and Van Dycks, even for portraits.

The Gothic builders of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries present another such problem. Why did they glorify the landscapes of France and England with architecture of monumental grandeur and so largely pass the Germans by? Nowhere in the German lands is there an embodiment of the sublime aspiration expressed in Rheims, Amiens, Chartres, Notre Dame, or Salisbury, Canterbury, York, Durham. (We should remember in this connection that the Rhineland cathedrals—Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, Freiburg, Strasbourg—were French foundations. The architects of Amiens also laid the plans for Strasbourg.) With all due respect to the builders of many fine German churches, few of which are Gothic, one must say that not one of them approaches the magnificence of conception, the overwhelming spaciousness, the upward-striving sublimity and serenity of perspectives embodied in French and British cathedrals. Characteristically, German architecture of the period was picturesque, many-gabled, of relatively small scope, rather than expressive of great aspirations and magnificent ideas.

Yet it was in central Europe that music was later to develop a grandeur of conception, with restraint of expression, and the utilization of the full resources of the art in spontaneous mastery of form, which gave it preëminence in all the world. What seems to have been impossible in architecture became second nature in music. One might easily imagine that an exchange of gifts had been made between Britain and central Europe. For in all the long course of Anglo-Saxon history there is not a single composer to stand in the company of Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, Franck. . . . There is much charming and delightful English music, especially that of the Elizabethan period. There have been many Anglo-Saxon virtuosi; many impeccable performances of master works. But in the *composition* of music the British Isles so far have not given expression to the heights, or the tragedies of life,—the profound inwardness and restrained intimacy, the aspirations toward infinity, the serene grandeur so magnificently embodied in many an English cathedral. A Purcell and a Byrd in perspective seem strangely like the builders of the charmingly picturesque, or occasionally heavy, little German churches.

What Anglo-Saxons did not create in music, however, they expressed in poetry whose history presents a galaxy of genius as numerous as the great masters of painting in Italy. Moreover it is a remarkably continuous tradition from the days of Chaucer to the present, bridging the English centuries with a distinction strangely lacking in their sculpture, music, and painting. Except for relatively short periods, as in Restoration days, poetry has seemed spontaneously at home, to be taken for granted, among Englishmen. So natural is the matter, so discriminating the taste, so easily perfect the form of a multitude of masterpieces in that great heritage! Germans, on the other hand, according to their own historians of literature, first really awakened to the significance of poetry with the advent of Schiller, Goethe,

Lessing, in the eighteenth century. The contrasts are indeed remarkable as between a Beowulf and the author of the *Heljand*, or between Chaucer and Hans Sachs, with respect to all the qualities of form, matter and expression which were later realized in the German *Aufklärung*. Wandering troops of Shakespearean actors are said to have played an important part in preparing for that awakening. German traditions concerning sculpture and also of painting present no less interesting problems. Why, apart from the great works of Dürer and Holbein the Younger, (both of whom derived their inspiration from abroad) does one look almost in vain through the spacious Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, the Pinakothek, and all the various great Germanic Museums for works by native painters? Rooms upon rooms are filled with Italian and Dutch masters; rare indeed is the German one. Even their own historians of art devote little space to their own traditions here. Strange and surprisingly various is the distribution of aesthetic interests and capacities among men! Examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely.

When one inquires why this is so, the answer, in part, is clear enough. One would not expect painting or sculpture to flourish among a people whose divine Protector and Lord was held to have issued an edict prohibiting the making of any "likeness of anything in the heavens above, upon the earth beneath or in the waters underneath the earth." Hebrews did, however, express themselves in religious poetry of consummate quality and magnificent matter, especially when as in Job they could view their divine Protector somewhat objectively. For although all of the arts in their origins appear to be linked with religion it is only when they become autonomous, disinterested, standing on their own feet as it were, with respect to what is expressed, that they attain their true character and greatness. Authoritarian commandments can indeed make an art impossible. But pietistic propaganda never created one. It is only as the spirit

of man naturally, by his own unconstrained intuitions and will, expresses himself toward an object of his ultimate aspirations that great religious art develops. Herein lay the distinction of the Hebrew poets: that within the framework of their authoritarian hierarchy they did nevertheless succeed many times in expressing the aspirations of their own hearts, the intuitions of their own imaginations, without either hindrance or favor of the hierarchy, or of any preformed sentiments of piety. While ecclesiastical authority and power may be a major factor in hindering, or effectively preventing, the development of an art, it cannot be said directly to foster any one of them.

Economic power and resources are often held to be crucial factors in fostering and even creating the arts. The wealth of the Church in the time of the Gothic builders, or during the Renaissance and later, is said to have provided the means whereby great masterpieces were produced. A vast "market" for painters, sculptors, architects, was established after the Christian authorities had discovered that these arts could be made powerful means toward the dissemination of the faith. The economic interpretation of history signally fails, however, as an account of art. It goes far toward explaining many political and other changes in human society, but does scant justice to the history of the arts. It also ignores certain simple basic facts of human nature. The record of prosperity curves in an individual's fortunes bears no direct relationship to his appreciation, or creativity in the arts. Nor is the economic poverty or prosperity of any group an index of its artistic capacity or development. As we shall shortly see, there are as many correlations of genius with poverty as with wealth both from the standpoint of individuals and of groups. The economic interpretation of history sometimes ignores the fact that economic values are instrumental, and never intrinsic. They are means toward the attainment of other values, not ends in themselves. They provide tools whereby (assuming a capacity on the part of

their user) intrinsic values may be fostered. Thus one cannot directly buy health but only the vacation, food or medicine that may contribute toward it. One cannot buy education, friends, character, or a religion. What one buys is inevitably an instrument which may, under certain conditions, indirectly contribute to such ends.

Plato once characterized the group as the individual writ large. This is clearly true with respect to the instrumental character of economic values. The ancient Hebrews were very poor in comparison with their neighbors, the Phoenicians and Philistines. Their land was mostly rocky and of poor quality. They could not become a maritime people. The Phoenicians inhabited the rich coastal regions of the eastern Mediterranean. Neither from goods nor from services could the Hebrews derive incomes remotely approaching those of a people whose ships drew profit from nearly every Mediterranean port as well as from those on the Atlantic shores of both Europe and Africa. In their mountain poverty they sought if haply they might find the Author of their being; and developed a poetry of unique wealth and splendor, poetry which, like the rest of the arts, seemed merely a foolish waste of time and money to the Philistines. The latter still serve as a byword for those who lack the feelings, motives and intuitions of artistry—though abounding in external resources.

Greeks of the Golden Age were far less poor than the Hebrews in their time of florescence. They succeeded in competition with the Phoenicians all around the Mediterranean. But they were not wealthy in the sense of the Asia Minor cities, especially the Persian ones, or of Carthage, Rome, Tyre and Sidon. Whatever influence economic resources may have had upon the development of that great period it could only have been the result of a "golden mean" rather than of a superabundance of prosperity. After the conquests of Alexander when a plethora of luxury and wealth came to Corinth, Rhodes, and other Greek

cities the arts one and all fell into decay. The Hellenistic period was the Big Business Era when in all the four quarters of the Macedonian Empire great houses as well as royal courts adorned themselves with copies of Myron, Polycleitus or Praxiteles, when new Parthenons, three or four times the size of the original, could be contracted for with a flourish. But neither in these towns nor in the many new cities that were then established did creative art flourish. Nor did it in Sparta and other Dorian towns that suffered economic eclipse in the third century B.C.

The history of Rome offers another interesting example of how little respect the Muses entertain for external power and resources. The Romans felt the need of the arts as redeemers of life, despite their practicality, their devotion to politics and business. Many sent their sons to Athens to be educated. They engaged connoisseurs to seek out and purchase the finest Greek statues and pictures available. Copyists reproduced for them innumerable Apollos, Aphrodites, Amazons, Graces, Muses and other ideal figures of the Greek tradition. Their builders adopted the Greek Orders, along with the Etruscan arch, and in the days of greatest power erected what Shelley called "mountainous architecture." They were constantly in the market for manuscripts—after the capture of Tarentum (272 B.C.) had awakened them to the significance of Greek culture. Dramatic performances based upon Euripides, Aristophanes, and many another Greek writer of tragedy and comedy henceforward competed with the variety-shows (*Saturae*). The Greek dramatists served as models very much as Myron or Polycleitus did in sculpture. Prodigious baths, colosseums, theatres, aqueducts, forums, expressed the grandeur and power of the state east and west in the Empire. Imperial patrons, and others, lavished resources upon painters and poets.

Yet all the wealth of the ancient world could not have *bought* a great indigenous art for Rome. Creative imagination, free intuition, insight, are not directly at the command of physical

power; and the psychological conditions of life throughout the long history of the Republic and the Empire did not favor their development. Romans had slight incentive to probe into the mysteries of the starry heaven when so many "more important" matters—the organization of society, laws, business management, practical psychology and control of men—challenged their attention. Creative imagination as it expressed itself in Greek science—ideas of evolution, biologically and cosmologically, the atomic structure of matter, the mathematical organization of the heavens—appears not to have elicited the slightest interest or emulation in Rome. Nor did the insights, speculations, reasonings of the Greek philosophers excepting only those of the practical Stoics and Epicureans. Roman religious imagination was no less indifferent. Greek mythology was good enough unless you might like to add a dash from other parts of the Empire—Isis and Osiris or Adonis, for example. In the various arts, it is true, creative imagination developed greater scope. Latin poetry is very much more than the imitation of Greek sentiments, ideas, plots or forms. Yet it must be said that Greek poets were its *raison d'être*, its inspiring ideal. Roman architecture, mostly brick and mortar, reflects power, quick practicality, common sense, rather than any pervasive inwardness and aspiration, intriguing appeals of form and perspective, refinement of workmanship, or storied ideas in metope and frieze. Roman funds and Roman love of grandeur indirectly provided a magnificent opportunity for the development of an art which so intimately links utilitarian with aesthetic motives. But of the three qualities which Vitruvius deemed necessary for architecture—*utilitas*, *firmitas*, *venustas*—his countryman achieved all too little of the third, and most important one. Indeed it is very significant that the word itself is so unimportant in the Latin vocabulary. Except where it emulated the Greek forms and ideas, Roman architecture remained grandiose and commonplace despite the abundance of its resources. The great distinction of Roman sculptors,

was, of course, realistic portraiture in which their competence grew out of an interest in copying rather than in creative imagination. Such works also satisfied a characteristic and abundant demand on the part of Roman patricians.

Taine considered climate an important cause in determining the development of the arts and sciences. "The profound differences which are manifest between the German races, on the one hand, and the Greek and Latin on the other arise for the most part from the differences between the countries in which they are settled: some in cold, moist lands, deep in black marshy forests or on the shores of a wild ocean, caged in by melancholy or violent sensations, prone to drunkenness and gluttony, bent on a fighting, blood-spilling life; others, again, within a lovely landscape, on a bright and laughing sea-coast, enticed to navigation and commerce, exempt from gross cravings of the stomach, inclined from the beginning to social ways, to a settled organization of the state, to feelings and dispositions such as develop the art of oratory, the talent for enjoyment, the inventions of science, letters, arts." (H. A. Taine, *History of English Literature*. Trans. H. Van Laun, Vol. I, p. 11).

But the effects of climate upon artistic creativity are also demonstrably indirect and instrumental. Certain climates and environments can be as prohibitory as authoritarian commandments. The Eskimos are an example in point. A less severe climate, on the other hand, makes architecture, painting, music, more easily possible. But however much it may influence styles—roofs in architecture for example—climate cannot be said to create the desires, motives or intuitions upon which works of art are built. The same natural environment and climate in which Ionian Greeks of the fifth century B.C. produced the Parthenon and *Antigone* surrounded mediaeval Greeks who quarried for convenient building material in the ancient temples and had even less use for poetry. Painting enjoyed a florescence in a cold moist land on the shores of a wild ocean quite as early and as vigorously as in the "lovely landscape"

the "bright and laughing seacoast" of Italy. The strange distribution of the arts among various peoples no less than their appearance and disappearance under wholly similar external conditions, including climate, make it impossible to interpret the latter as direct or creative causes. The presence of Parian marble, abundant food and a most satisfactory Californian climate may provide certain men with occasion to create an *Olympian Zeus* or a *Moses*; it may also provide an occasion for them to extract the lime for the sake of bigger and better surplus crops.

Taine was, of course, aware of other and more significant causes which he called "race" and "period." Both of these reduce to inner, or psychological, factors, except as the latter may imply external conditions as related to man's mental life. But ethnological study has, in our day, made the term "race" ambiguous and dubious,—if one goes beyond certain elementary distinctions. It will be better, therefore, to look for more specific functions, qualities and endowments to interpret our aesthetic history. Not that broad differences between negro and white, Mongolian and brown do not exist or lack significance. No doubt such differences help explain why equatorial Egyptians developed the arts as equatorial negroes did not. But their qualities of mind and heart call for more specific analysis; and here the boundaries of race become less and less illuminating. There were surely distinctive qualities of mind in the Ionian group of Greeks which gave them their remarkable preëminence in artistry when compared not only with Philistines but with Dorian and Aeolian Greeks. Yet they were all Caucasian, and the latter assuredly Greek. Moreover even Ionian Greeks forfeited their genial endowments with the lapse of time.

It will be well for us to keep in mind the parallel between the individual and the group. For it is only through the functions, experiences and reactions of individual men, ourselves and others, that we can make intelligible and significant any group characters or functions. The more one studies the his-

tory of the arts the more one is impressed by the individuality, the uniqueness of artists. This does not make general conclusions impossible. But it does point to the advisability of beginning with individual data and through them aiming for general or racial conclusions. To assume, as Taine did, that abundant wealth, masques and pageantry, luxurious and carefree living, make for the development of painting, is an example of a speculative generalization which does scant justice to the austere intellectual life of Florence in the fifteenth century, and certainly finds little support from Pepys' London, though it does from Venice in Titian's day. But even in our most empirical interpretations *time* remains a difficult problem. Why should a Wordsworth or a Botticelli, or a city like Athens in the third century B.C. lose the genius for self-expression, even fail to mark the difference between a pristine glory and a pitiful decline?

The aesthetic experiences and judgments of most people undergo marked changes in the progress from childhood and adolescence to full maturity and age. We commonly repudiate the "beauties" of nursery objects and tunes by the time of adolescence. Other "conversions" may follow, sometimes very suddenly, as when we turn from sentimental tunes to Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words* and thence perhaps to more restrained melodies of Bach, or advance from simple harmony to more and more elaborate counterpoint. Sometimes (but not always) these "conversions" reduce our former objects of admiration to ridicule or even disgust. And the process has been known to repeat itself even into old age. No wonder then that some men have despaired of ever attaining for themselves—much less for groups, or for humanity as a whole—finally adequate judgment in these matters. But once we realize the historical process and study the factors involved in these changes we not only lose our skepticism but discover means by which we may pass to more and more adequate judgments. Then we see how skepticism here—just as in the realm of ethics—was a product of arbitrary

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authoritarianism which was constantly being discredited by historical changes. These were—and are—not always for the better. Hence the disappointments about progress. But with increasing knowledge of the factors involved and increasing desire for progress we have increasing reason for hope in its attainment.

Ideas have a very great deal to do with these changes both positively and negatively. When the adolescent feels he is through with childhood he is very likely to repudiate the values which poets find there—which he too is likely to rediscover later. When growing ideas of power possess his mind he is very likely to miss the gentleness, tenderness, delicacy and refinement of many aesthetic (and ethical) experiences. Sometimes wholly irrelevant ideas determine our appreciations as when a college professor ridiculed art as “bunk”—because paintings have been known to sell at one time for ten dollars and for ten thousand at another. Multitudes are misled even in art gallery tours by the assumption that exchange value measures aesthetic value. Partisan ideas also mislead us, as when our patriotism impels us to approve of a composer of our own nation or valley, despite his vacuity, formlessness, cacophony and inanity. Even ideas of time affect our judgments, for instance in seeking out “recent” books, music, or designs in wallpaper, or dress goods. Sometimes our reactions to the simplest sensations are determined by the ideas we may have in mind. The chance association of certain flowers with a funeral has made their odor permanently objectionable to some people. The ideas we associate with foods are even more striking examples. Ideas can even be “contagious” in the same sense that violent anger tends to include more and more persons and even objects in the environment. So “strong” ideas sometimes determine both our positive and negative attitudes toward whole groups of values. Two familiar examples are: a “westerner’s” judgment about the “effete” east, and books that profess to describe the “personalities” of cities. Words often mask our folly here, as

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when we repudiate something as "mediaeval," "revolutionary" or "academic" without being aware of its real character or meaning.

What makes ideas peculiarly significant and sometimes fateful in aesthetic experience is the close association and dependence of the latter upon emotions. All values are linked to them; none are without what psychologists call "affective tone." But the great importance of ideas, not only in aesthetic judgment but in all forms of aesthetic experience, is no less clear. We always feel *about something* in our rational life. And ideas constitute a large portion of the matter about which we feel. For that reason our progress to more adequate aesthetic experience as well as aesthetic judgment, depends upon the avoidance of irrelevant, biased, misleading and nebulous ideas. Just because feelings play so large a role in our aesthetic life ignorance is even more disastrous here than it is in the sciences.

In varying degrees aesthetic experience involves nearly all the functions of our mental life. Even the primitive, instinctive, "unlearned" responses are inevitably present by way of determining our attitudes toward what is to be avoided, feared, loved, combatted, looked into, played with, emulated and so forth. These instinctive reactions may be quite as misleading to aesthetic judgment as irrelevant ideas are. Both positively and negatively they had much to do with the development (or absence) of the arts among different groups of men. A person or a people, markedly incurious, self-centered, miserly and suspicious, does not take to the liberal arts. A generous, playful, imaginative, self-forgetful, fastidious, person is far more likely to be attracted and devoted to such ends. The "tough-minded," aggressive, realistic, rough-and-ready traits in Phoenician and Roman character were the results of instinctive endowments which helped to determine not only the strength or weakness, but the presence or absence of certain ideas, motives, sentiments. Their "common sense" doubtless ridiculed Ictinus, whose fastidiousness demanded perfect blocks of granite for the

unseen foundations, and honest blocks of Pentelican marble for the Parthenon walls throughout, each block matched for color gradations and all fitted together without cement. Such precision and discrimination are foolishness to the "good enough" temper. And both attitudes are clearly linked with unlearned instinctive characters. If artistry, creative and appreciative, were entirely dependent upon unlearned functions the prospect of progress would indeed be dubious. But important as our instinctive "drives" and characters are in determining our general attitudes, emotions and purposes, ideas fortunately can do a great deal both by way of fostering desired ends and limiting or repressing "drives" which are hostile to them. Instinctive forms of human behavior remain basic, however, in all our activities and can be peculiarly fateful to our aesthetic experience. For intuitions, upon which artistry depends are very largely unlearned, and so often nearly automatic expressions of our minds that they have been attributed to external inspiration. Moreover, many hostile "drives," such as those for external power or resources, can dry up the very springs of our aesthetic pleasures. Even strong and persistent scientific curiosity may, as Darwin confessed, dull our eyes and ears to the greatest beauty.

It is on their emotional side that instinctive tendencies are most fateful. Some men, and whole groups of men, seem to possess self-centered, matter-of-fact, "tough-minded" and unfeeling attitudes from their birth. They appear to be amenable to few sources of inspiration. Sometimes even their food and other physical pleasures become a task to be performed. The kind of joy which Thoreau found in noting the refinements of color in blue-bird or oriole does not elicit their interest, much less do the delicate gradations and sequences of melodies. Yet they may have other emotions, even aggressively violent ones, in defense of self and property. They may have strong parental affections, endless pride—and fear of a certain social code. Others from before their birth, as Plato would have us believe, are likely to express themselves in active self-identification with

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their environment so that they feel the life of nightingale or cicada as their own, giving their sympathies scope enough to embrace the farthest star in space. They take delight in noting and getting others to notice the sheen of a common starling's wings, the grace of a passer-by, the curl of a breaking wave, the color of a girl's eye. They are likely to suffer, as well as to enjoy more on account of their fastidiousness. A rug out of place, a note out of tune, any common imperfection may cause no little mental pain. Hence the endless urge not only to enter sympathetically into their environment but to perfect it, to create *something* perfect there. Such an inner necessity may express itself in many sorts of emotion, but as artistry not in violent forms. Contemplation intervenes. And yet so important are emotions that he who has not known the heights and depths of human feeling makes little headway in the creation, or even appreciation, of any art. And our primary emotions are instinctive.

It would be fundamentally misleading, however, to hold, as Tolstoi sometimes did, that the communication of certain emotions is the primary purpose, the essence of art. To communicate no feeling would indeed be fatal. But so would the failure to express meaning, or the absence of sensuous appeal, or the lack of all formal qualities. If aesthetic expression were wholly a matter of our unlearned, instinctive, functions the cause of art might well appear to be dismally fateful. But the facts of history give us a far more inspiring prospect. However much the differences in instinctive equipment have had to do with the unequal distribution of the arts, the great ages are not to be interpreted as passing changes in individual's or group's instinctive equipment. Did Ionian Greeks of the sixth century B.C. or Florentines in the fifteenth A.D. change their instinctive characters, and then, after a certain time had passed, instinctively shift to reverse? On the contrary, the determining causes both in the development and the deterioration of such periods are

to be found in functions growing out of the learning process—greater refinement of perception, new vigor of imagination, more persistent interest and attention (aided and abetted by habit), more acute realization of fitness, and especially certain ideas and sentiments (which are ideas charged with emotion) to inspire the will.

Thus both history and psychology show that the functions grouped under "learning" have more to do with the development and decay of the arts than do the instinctive ones. They are, moreover, interdependent and no sharp line can be drawn between them. Even the logical elaboration of new mathematical formulae awaits the seemingly spontaneous emergence of suitable ideas. Poincaré's descriptions of the process remind one of Browning's "gifts from the blue." Even our everyday perceptions, memory, attention, imagination, and association of ideas exhibit automatic aspects which are more than habitual (learned). But deliberate hard work and an infinite capacity for taking pains have not only been generally commended by men of genius but have been illustrated in their lives. Their records give us the most direct evidence that passive dependence upon what is "given," the reliance upon automatic intuitions, seldom, if ever, arrives. They show the most intensely active effort, the wholesale practice of the work in hand, endless experimentation in the light of every available idea, and most persistent will. The struggles manifested in Beethoven's notebooks, the improvements, one after another, in his simplest intuitions, the gradual unfolding of his sketches for a sonata or a symphony, all illustrate a process of learning by trial and error far more than they do a "good and perfect gift" of divine "grace," or a "mechanism." Michelangelo, on the one hand, professed to be able to envisage his statue in the block, but he also confessed that he never really succeeded in finishing a single one. Leonardo labored week after week and month after month over sketches for the *Last Supper* figures, studying the records of their characters, trying one attitude after another

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and their relationships one to another, resisting the taunts and threats of the Pope's agents, looking beyond his own repeated dissatisfactions until he attained the seeming miracle. This was in part immediate flashes of insight, direct vision or intuition of what was fitting, important, or crucial, but it was far more the exercise of his penetrating and comprehensive ideas, of his ever-learning hand and eye, of his persistent will. Intuition is, of course, a crowning part of artistic creation, as it also is of scientific discovery. But it rests upon foundations of infinite labor and learning.

We have heard too much in our day of "*poeta nascitur*," of the "divine afflatus," of mechanisms and of diseases sometimes exhibited by artists, of the futility of deliberate effort and education, of the fatefulness of golden ages. Such ideas and sentiments are themselves conditioning factors in determining the character of a period. History, both on its collective and its personal side, is far too clear to admit the adequacy of an economic interpretation or of any other based upon external factors. Nor does it permit explanation in terms of automatisms, any more than of diseases, or of subconscious activities of the brain. That no man merely by taking thought and persistently willing can create inspiring tragedies, great symphonies, even a graceful motive for a dance, is also clear. But the record shows that works of art both great and small require unstinted learning and effort and that without persistent labor what is "given," or emerges in apperception or intuition, is likely to be mere "hunches," or unimportant matter—just as it is in scientific creation. Croce's assumption that intuition as a function anticipates the thinking, learning, "logical" processes of the mind is only partially true. Immediate, spontaneous insights, perceptions, imaginations, not only accompany logical inference; very often they cannot be distinguished from it. So that one can classify "intuition" and "logic" as two forms of the knowing process only in a very schematic way. They shade off into one

another according to the matter known. Direct, unmediated knowing—as in Croce's example of simple perception—does indeed precede inference. But it also follows it and sometimes merges with it. The great importance of intuition for aesthetic appreciation and creation cannot therefore be construed into an identity. Its assumed dissociation from other functions and aspects of our minds is not only contrary to fact historically and psychologically. The very assumption as a motivating idea has itself brought about many an aberration, expressions of blind "intuition," which Croce himself characterizes as "anti-art." From all of which it follows that more adequate understanding and exercise of our aesthetic life is big with hope for future golden ages.

V

WHAT IS SCULPTURE?

If we find an adequate answer to our question it should be not only enlightening but also a helpful measure by which to appreciate the various motives and schools of this art. Sculpture is probably the least appreciated, because least understood, of all the arts. For multitudes of people it does not touch even the periphery of their lives. Even among those who visit galleries of sculpture not a few are visibly ill at ease, as though they were looking for something they could not find. The figure on a monument in the square elicits attention from passers-by; but so little one hardly remembers it is there. A select few visit the modern galleries in search of the latest "abstraction," or other novelties. Their interest in our question is likely to be from the standpoint of what has not been done before. What has already been done, however, assuredly reveals one of the greatest of the arts, a heritage of glorious intuitions, a perennial spring of inspiration to life for those who feel and understand. Sculpture, probably more than any other influence in Periclean Athens, gave form to whatever was "golden" in that age. It may well be so in future great ages.

Many objects fashioned by human hands exhibit aesthetic qualities such as those which the sculptor aims to attain. This bench of stone has a pleasing and simple contour. It could be rolled down hill without damage to itself. It is nicely balanced with a horizontal axis adapted to the vertical one. Its gradations of planes and coordinated angles reflect the light with interesting contrasts of shadow and brightness. It is adorned

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with floral designs stylized to fit the eight divisions of a frieze-like, exquisitely finished band divided into three sections in front, three behind, and one at each end.... This ancient vase, weighty enough to suit the staunchest Cubist, discloses a sure and vigorous chisel, cutting directly from the block and aiming for a robust, unabashed volume with Etruscan lines, strong unpolished surface and deep shadows.... A richly carved Elizabethan dresser with numerous medallions of human faces, and geometrical designs in endless variety that remind one of the Alhambra, yet balanced and held together in a single whole.... Metal objects too, the fountain of spouting mouths; the candelabrum with sources of light clearly modeled after flower forms; the American cent with its head of Lincoln.... These, and a multitude of other objects might lead us to think that sculpture is a much more widely practiced art than we had supposed.

But whether this be true or not it clearly behooves us to find what are the common, essential characters and qualities of objects which we designate as sculpture; also what at heart our experience is when we create or enjoy them. Here certain of our modernists—perhaps not always intentionally—provide us with a clear direction for our quest. Examples will perhaps best bring out their service to our understanding of the art. Some years ago Brancusi exhibited a bar of bronze rounded at the ends, interestingly variegated in diameter, and exquisitely polished, which he labeled *Bird in Space*. Nothing about this handsome and intriguing piece of metal suggests the form of a bird. Nor is it easy to imagine how such a shape or material could symbolize the flight of any bird, unless both in their sheen might resemble a flash of light. Yet it was clearly the movement of a living thing which was in the artist's mind and which his title bids us look for. Numerous works by Archipenko exhibit the same motive. Let us take two examples which best express his nearest approach to pure abstractionism: his *Boxers* and

his *Woman Walking*. The former in polished wood bears no resemblance to any part of human anatomy, nor do the bold vigorous lines suggest activity. A truncated rhomboid base, from which a pyramidal section has been excised is surmounted by two roughly triangular figures, one upon a relatively heavy square "neck," the other more closely joined to the rhomboid. The first shape remotely suggests a three-cornered hat, the second might be imagined to resemble two elbows joined by a shin-bone if the other ends were not continuous with the rhomboid. His *Gehende Frau* likewise has no single recognizable shape or form which could be said to resemble any feature, line, or plane of a walking woman. This is, of course, intentional. Two irregular slabs of terra cotta, one variegated below by half a truncated funnel, the other shorn of its lower "front," might indeed suggest legs. Two ponderous "ladles," one larger than the other, held together by their "necks" with empty space between them might appear to "abstract" the "head." While a "trunk," armless and empty might perhaps be implied by the ponderous "ash-can," or top of a "wash-basin," protected, or supported, below by an assortment of heavy, curved slabs about the "waist." Archipenko clearly wished to have us avoid this search for resemblances. Yet he also called it a "walking woman," thus no less clearly indicating that he did not intend to sever his work from every link with life.

The history of sculpture also makes it clear that direct, or symbolic, representation of some living thing has from time immemorial been the dominant motive of this art. Scarabs and donkeys, lambs and the sphinx in Egypt, winged lions in Babylon, horses from Persia, sea-monsters from China and the Pacific, gods and heroes in Greece, saints, griffins and angels from the Middle Ages, together with our most modern "Kiss," "Hand of God," "Kitten at Play" or "Caliban" give evidence of this motive. There are, indeed, exceptions. Belling, a modern ab-

stractionist, linked three interesting elongated geometrical shapes together at their base and named the work "*Dreiklang*," a triad, which one might assume to be of musical notes—each of these shapes to represent some tone harmonically related to the other two, and the whole to express something akin to a chord of music. But Belling's own interpretation explains the *Dreiklang* as a "concept of space and time." Perhaps a third member of the triad is implied when he goes on to give his own conception of sculpture (*Plastik*) as "the capture (*Einfangen*) of air." The symbolism is, of necessity, arbitrary. But however vacuous these shapes and arrangements might have been, they all, like various colors or movements of our muscles, have power to influence our moods and feelings. So do machinery, thunder-clouds, picture-frames and the chairs we sit upon. Solid objects generally, but especially objects we make with our hands, have aesthetic qualities which affect us in a great variety of ways. We can, if we choose, include all these under the term "sculpture." But that would serve our enlightenment to an even lesser degree than the famous definition of architecture as "the enclosing of space for some useful purpose," or one of music as "the sum-total of all possible combinations of sounds." Our conception of sculpture as three dimensional embodiment of some living form in a suitable medium is not only in agreement with the history of art, but also provides us with a measure by which to appreciate it as something more than the expression of isolated aesthetic qualities. Cones, rhomboids, cubes and spheres, however fascinatingly combined, if devoid of significance as expressing some form of life, will not be confused with sculpture any more than will the wheels, pulleys, strings and curiously intriguing paper shapes of a "machine" exhibited some years ago in a modern gallery. So profoundly pervasive are the power and the meaning of life, that a torso, even the merest segment of a beautiful human form, like a few winged words in poetry, can raise the mind to ecstasy. Consider the

fragments in the Acropolis Museum, or, nearer home, the loving human hands that support the little engaged pillars amid the ruins of Melrose Abbey.

If we now ask ourselves: are certain forms of life more suitable than others for sculpture? we may see further light on the nature of the art. Let us pass in review a few types of living objects to see, if possible, what emerges by way of advantage or disadvantage in particular forms. The kinds of life chosen by sculptors in the past should also be significant in this connection. Worms, centipedes, sloths, birds, mosquitoes, human imbeciles, greyhounds, rattlesnakes—the mere enumeration of living forms not only suggests great differences, but also implies some basis upon which to compare their values. No sculptor probably has, or will, find angleworms a subject to inspire his imagination. One who thought of his art as primarily a display of technique might be intrigued toward wizardry by the form of a mosquito magnified in alabaster. But such a feat would remain mere prestidigitation—unless something more than a mosquito's life were somehow suggested by it. Some forms of life such as amoebae are formless or characterless; others, such as cockroaches, are disgusting. Many are dangerous. Most are pleasant and not a few fascinating to see. There are intelligent and stupid ones. Some appear to feel as we do; others seem to be almost, if not entirely, emotionless. The entire range of plant life with its endless array of charming forms, historically has been almost entirely confined to the subordinate rôle of decoration. And it does not appear likely as a future development that sculptured trees and flowers on pedestals will appear among the animal forms. The reason is clear: The most perfect rose or dahlia, ginkgo or tulip, in stone would present little in common between its life and our own. This is also true of a multitude of animal forms, the ones favored by sculptors being those which inwardly show the greatest degree of resemblance to the mind of man. It is not because of sliminess, venomousness, uncouthness, or, in general, unpleasant-

ness, that many animals do not appear; nor do the charming shapes, interesting surfaces, planes or general pleasantness of others commend them. The artist's alchemy, as we have seen, transforms unpleasant, dangerous, even terrible experiences into sources of joy. This is most apparent in tragedy. But the sculptor too overcomes the horror of death. Consider fifth century Athenian tombstones, the *Dying Gaul*, or Donatello's *David*! Physical and mental pain become, in Michelangelo's *Slave*, a theme of inspiring insight. Niobe facing the murder of her youngest child is magnificent in grandeur of character, as well as in poignant mother love. It is something far more important than the pleasantness, danger, surface texture or even shape of a living being which makes it appeal to the sculptor's imagination. And that is the character of the life itself embodying itself in significant forms.

The gradations and degrees of spiritual (mental) life, and how they manifest themselves in physical forms are therefore cardinal matters to the sculptor. The fact in no way minimizes or subordinates his technique. His contours, surface textures, simplified lines and planes, arrangements of angles, choice of medium, coordinations of lights and shadows, in short, technique to its utmost refinement, is the necessary presupposition for the expression of anything significant. But it remains a means to an end without which it lacks a reason for being. Technique, then, is not yet art, but skill, and very easily becomes a form of exhibitionism. We quickly realize the importance of that life's quality by examples. Imagine a Michelangelo turning away from his *Pietà* or his figure of *Night* to devote two years of his life and all the resources of his imagination and skill in order to produce in Parian marble a misshapen human imbecile devoid of spiritual life and with naught to suggest even a might-have-been! The implicit reason why the many forms of animal life which appear in the work of sculptors are chosen, intuitively no doubt, is because they are inwardly related to man by their intelligence, emotions, attitudes, sug-

gested actions, and other parallels. The absence, or relative insignificance, apparently, at least, of such spiritual life in worms, sea-cucumbers and oysters, and the difficulty, if not impossibility, of expressing it in spiders and butterflies, have limited the appearance of these animals as subjects for sculpture. When they have appeared they, like plant forms, have assumed a decorative role. Dogs, horses, elephants, lions, foxes and many more, on the other hand, have enlisted the sculptor's chisel because so many parallels to human character are suggested by these animals.

Nothing could better illustrate the ideal character of the art than the gradations which also take place on the human level. Infants in their earliest days when they give so little evidence of human character, are not good subjects to be "eternized" in stone or bronze. Human malformation, disease, stupidity, perversity, criminal character and degeneracy have not been, and cannot be, adequate subjects for this art. Nor is the sculptor content with the commonplace, mediocre, mind. Even if it be a portrait bust he will endeavor to embody the best he can find in his sitter, the more intelligent, nobler, kindlier traits, whatever there may be of the magnanimous in him, his balanced and unself-conscious moments, his strength rather than his weakness. To an even greater degree this is true of important works embodying the artist's free intuitions. The figures of *Zeus*, *Athena*, *Hermes*, *le beau Dieu*, *Moses*, *David*, *John the Baptist* and hundreds of other famous ones, unmistakably set forth their creator's aim of expressing an ideal of the god's or hero's character. It was, of course, inevitable that the patron goddess of Athens should somehow represent the qualities most cherished at the time. No wonder then that the *Lemnian Athena* should be above all an intellectual figure. But her intellect is no formal, stilted or academic one of the Germanic order. It is genial, imaginative, sensitive, yet profoundly penetrating as well. She clearly has strong purposes of will. Yet that strength is not domineering, mere power as such, but power for rational

purposes. Her emotions are not obvious and superficial, but all the more profound and poignant in their serenity and balance. She is physically strong and healthy without exaggeration of muscle or the excess bloom of the athlete, a lithe, active, graceful figure whose strength is not at variance with the contemplative, art-loving life. The great *Zeus* from Olympia, benignant and humane, surveys the kindly race of men with authoritative brows to be sure, but with sympathetic awareness of what it means to be a human, short-lived and with so many temptations. What an influence such a head as his must have had upon those who strove for perfection at the Olympic Games! In this connection it should be remembered that this perfection was not merely athletic skill or strength. The winners of the foot race, for example, at Olympia were not necessarily those who arrived first at the goal. They had also to exemplify finely developed bodies and distinction of character. Only then could they be worthy of a new statue for the race course. Pindar's *Olympic Odes* in praise of the victors give abundant evidence of how character as well as athletic development determined the choice. The statues, even inferior Roman copies which have come down to us, also testify to this. Of no little significance in this connection is the fact that contests in poetry, music and the drama also took place in connection with athletic events at the great Greek festivals. How much the statues of their ideal men and women must have influenced the contestants in their training, and the visitors to the games as well! The many hundreds of such figures which Greeks set up about their cities, some of them memorials, seem almost as incredible to us as their association of athletics with art and religion. But the evidence here too is very specific. Pausanias' *Description of Greece* written in the second century A.D., five hundred years after the Golden Age, gives us pictures of the immense numbers of these statues, though the Romans and others had long been plundering in Greece.

Perhaps no other age or people, before or since, so well illustrates the possible influence of the liberal arts and especially of sculpture upon the life and development of mankind. But other ages and ideals give evidence of the same spontaneous, direct, and unself-conscious education which a love of the arts for their own sakes engenders. The sculptured figures of prophets, apostles, and saints about the great Gothic cathedrals, notably in France, were of immense influence in building up, expressing, and supporting the age of faith. How persuasively *le beau Dieu* of Amiens invites even him who passes by, to belief in the Lord of Creation in pity concerned for the salvation of men, yet severely commending the authority of the Church and of Holy Writ! He is not an athletic figure. Flesh was no fit embodiment for spirit in those days! Yet the head is expressive of a benignity and power which through all the lines and forms peculiar to the Middle Ages, remind one of the *Zeus* from Olympia. Other examples, even some that in our own day seem remote from the expression of an ideal, embody, nevertheless, those forms and characters which most appeal to their creators, and, in varying degrees, express the spirit of the age. An age and people dominated by machinery easily imagines improvements in the human frame such as might grow out of science. Wheels, for example, are incomparably more efficient than pedestrian legs to express what Futurists have called "the whirlwind life of our day dominated by steel, egotism, feverish activity and speed." Among a people whose dominant art is literature it is not unnatural that both painting and sculpture should tend to become a species of storytelling. Where a severe moral code authoritatively commends a particular type of human character, and sculpture is permissible at all (which was not the case in the Jewish and Early Christian tradition as expressed in the Second Commandment) it will be sure to reflect and express that type. The severe stylistic conventions of more than three milleniums of ancient Egypt are further evi-

dence in point. There are eighteenth century frivolous statues and seventeenth century Puritanical ones. A more democratic age looks to ungraceful, awkward, uncouth and even distorted, but honest, figures of laborers in overalls for intuitions of character. Other groups for whom symbolism, ideas, and, in general, what is invisible, assume an importance greater than what is perceived, discard the actual forms of life in order to give expression visibly to some concept or abstraction, be it ever so vague or extravagant in its originality. Mere prettiness too has sometimes long held the field for itself, and, to a lesser extent, rough-necked virility. All of these as works of art express ideals even if only in the pathos of what might have been. The decrepit *Old Courtesan* of Rodin, Epstein's *Adam* or his *Christ*, Picasso's *Woman with the Head of a Hen* illustrate this, even if only in a small degree. Where all sympathy whatsoever is absent, and the artist (or appreciator) has only unconditional condemnation there can, of course, be no art. Something cherished, to be enjoyed, is of its essence.

There is then a great variety in the realm of ideals. But those who understand and appreciate sculpture learn to value and discriminate between the many possible ones in terms of how adequately and completely they express the life they intended to embody. Not a few are incompatible with each other. It would have been a serious blunder for Rodin to have created a *St. John Baptist* with the carefree languorous grace of Praxiteles' *Faun*. Yet back of both of them, and all other statues, rises the further question: Which more comprehensively and successfully embodies the most developed life, endowed with all its functions coordinated in a balanced unity? While there is wide scope, here too, for variety of character and differences of type, race, and nation, there is a large area within which men generally agree as soon as they see that great or memorable embodiments of life are the sculptor's aim. Examples will help to make this explicit. Do a child's fantastic modelings in clay express an indwelling life? They may, and sometimes amusingly, with origin-

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ality which has not been seen before. There is insight and pleasure to be derived from *Man as Fish* because the qualities in human beings which are characteristic of fish can very strikingly be realized in such a metamorphosis. Mathematical figures employed by abstractionists to suggest for imagination a *Male Nude* or a *Sitting Woman* do often succeed, *mirabile dictu*, in giving shape to what suggests a form of life. But as in young children's figures (which mature artists have also sought to imitate because of their freshness and naïveté) the *quality* of life thus embodied is more likely to be amoeboid or oysterlike than human. There is, of course, no reason why anyone who chooses to carve any animal or human forms of low degree, even imbecile and degenerate ones, should be dissuaded from doing so. The scope of art is as broad as the seven seas, and its charity all-embracing. But as we have seen, by its history and inner nature this art-impulse is also a perennial quest for perfection, both as to its means (technique) and its matter. Its products are enjoyed, compared and valued in the measure to which they attain to their own criteria. In the case of sculpture the scale of value for its matter is clearly the quality of the life embodied.

Many and interesting as are the possibilities of suggesting or symbolizing the higher stages of life by means of lion, dog or monkey bodies, it is clear that only the human form can be an adequate vehicle to embody the more developed levels of life. This is not because the human body has aesthetic qualities superior in all respects to other animals. Even in its greatest perfection it is inferior to the starfish in symmetry, to flagellates in exquisiteness of texture, to centipedes as a self-contained articulated shape, to swans in dignity of movement and so forth. But for us (and sculpture is a human phenomenon) complex character, intellect, profound feeling, aspirations and other more developed functions of life which we are accustomed to call "higher," depend for their three-dimensional expression upon human bodies. Many students of sculpture are surprised to find the extent to which this is true. For the great masters of the

art have taken for granted the faith that normally the human body *in all its parts* reflects and expresses the character of its indwelling life. Most people intuitively assume this with reference to human faces. But that shoulders, hips, ankles, neck, hair, even the texture of skin, are expressive of the qualities of our lives is not so generally realized. We have so long been deprived of adequate opportunity of observing bodies, because of our traditions concerning clothes, that we get little training toward the understanding of their inner significance. How much better we should know each other if, as in the days of classical Greece, the lines and planes of our bodies were not obliterated, or at best distorted, by each new series of fashion-plates—all of which in the course of a few years appear ridiculous! (Incidentally, we never *laugh* at the ancient Greek styles, or at a finely developed human body.) Psychologists have long recognized the intimate relationships of mind and body. Many of them regard both as manifestations of the same reality. But psychologists have failed to make this very specific. The sculptor, from this point of view, can be defined as one who tries by intuitive means to make specific and visible the intimate relations that exist between mind and body. A simple example will best illustrate this. In the numerous early schools of sculpture that flourished about the Greek archipelago in the sixth century B. C. a favorite subject was Apollo. The god of music and poetry who was imagined to control the light of the sun, the inspirer of prophets, patron of physicians and surgeons, spirit of enlightenment, naturally called for a body of utmost perfection. Power, grace, insight, generosity, sympathy, resourcefulness, skill, poetic charm and other fine qualities were clearly aimed for in the many figures and copies of these statues which have come down to us. But these sculptors lacked a knowledge of anatomy, their technique did not yet enable them to imbue the marble mass with what they so clearly sought to express. The so-called *Tenean Apollo*, for example, has eyes which were intended to be open, alert, magnanimous, free. But so little did the artist realize the primary function of

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the eyebrows in expression of character, that these eyes appear to bulge as in over-sanguine, and sometimes diseased, humans. A kindly smile such as one might expect from a patron of the arts, is here a most unnatural and unpleasant smirk. Nervous muscular tension is at variance with the god's character. But the artist clearly had difficulty with his arms which with clenched fists are tightly held beside the trunk as though in awkward embarrassment. Both feet planted squarely on the base side by side suggest military drill rather than a deity's gracefulness. The tiny hips are expressive of physical weakness rather than of strength, as the broad flat face is far from realizing intellectual power. Relatively large shoulders, square-cut enough to satisfy the most mechanical modern tailor, are not only at variance with the hips but suggest a robot severely limited in movement. The neck has less of the "rough-neck" character than does the heavy chest. Feet, hair, ears, legs likewise abide our question if these be indeed of a god.

One need but examine photographs of various noses, chins, ankles, hands, knees and other parts of our anatomy separately, as students of sculpture do, to realize both how much of character is expressed in every line, surface and organ of our bodies, and how much we have yet to learn about them. If psychologists are correct in maintaining that every form of mental activity, from the least impulse or emotion to the highest flight of creative imagination and most persistent intellectual effort, leaves its mark or influence not only upon the nervous system but upon our glands, our vital organs, our blood, our muscles, the sculptor's record in so far becomes a scientific one as well. The motive of the sculptor is, of course, not the coldly realistic one of the scientist. He gives us reality, but suffused with feeling and simplified in terms of the ideals, emotions, insights, he would express. Nothing, however, could more forcefully exhibit the laws of cause and effect in human life than the telltale honesty of the unclothed human body as revealer of its

life and meaning. Integrity of life and a spontaneous desire toward its realization are very natural implications and results of such intuitions, even though the artist as such never endeavors to teach or even to commend his ideals. He is neither a scientist nor a moralist. But his insights are often profound and his direct effect upon the quality of our lives can be of the greatest moment. As Aristotle long ago pointed out, poetry, which certainly is not philosophy, is often more philosophical than philosophy itself. So sculpture, free and disinterested as art, never preaches; yet its influence, direct and spontaneous, is often more ethical than the best of homilies. One who realizes in pleased imagination the superb intelligence, strength, serenity and poise of a *Theseus* intuitively desires such qualities without argument and without advice. The moralist, as Browning temporarily was when he imagined earth "rebuked" by these Olympian figures—"You cannot sit like Theseus"—, brings in what is extraneous and arbitrary and at variance with the disinterested, free, objectivity of the artist. A figure that either rebuked or exhorted would be self-stultifying as sculpture, even though it might be an excellent historical record.

Further light is thrown on this integration, which is not only one of body and mind but of a unified personality, by the fact that statues intended to express some special or admirable quality such as "Malice" or "Hope" generally fail. The reason is clear. No human being or possible angel could be so completely sanguine as to embody hope without a remainder. Even to stress any quality, howsoever excellent it be, at expense of a balanced undivided personality results in unnaturalness, distortion and sentimentality. That is why statues of Faith, Charity, and the like, unless they embody personalities in whom these qualities take their due place in restraint along with other human characters, express false,—because unnatural, or impossible,—emotions. Sentimentality wherever it appears is the enemy of true sentiment and while it lasts can make real feeling

impossible. As the poet Lessing pointed out, whatever is ephemeral in human character is also unfit to be "eternized" in sculpture. A multitude of passing gestures, facial expressions, and all violent emotions, because they do not reflect the permanent, the fundamental, or truly characteristic elements in personality, have always been avoided by great sculptors. Could a more poignant, even terrifying, experience be imagined than that of Mary with the body of her crucified son on her lap? Yet Michelangelo presents her in repose, easily bearing the physical load, contemplating the event as a cosmic fact, a loving, sorrowing mother, indeed, but undaunted in mind, a great and balanced personality. Nor is the figure of the Christ distorted by wounds, emaciation or strain. Such were but temporary moments in the character of the god-man with his divine purpose. Death itself is hardly in evidence, though here the figure of the Saviour is naturally subordinate to that of Mary. Had he been presented in the agony of his last despairing moments the whole work would have been rendered mawkish and sentimental. Agony is indeed expressed in his face and muscles. But it is submerged, or better, takes its place, amongst other emotions, other qualities of character, even the aspirations and loving-kindness of a great personality. His unclothed body also expresses a cosmic event rather than a merely local or historical one.

Here we meet with the reason why certain figures are properly clothed in sculpture. Everyone probably realizes intuitively that a memorial to Washington, Shakespeare or any other historic person in the nude would be unsuitable, even ridiculous. The reasons for this are profoundly significant. The statue in the nude presents life in its universal, generic, or, as we said, cosmic aspects, unlimited by time, unlimited by place. It embodies indeed an individual life, but without the incidental, ephemeral, trivial trappings which hedge it in. We see not a creature of clay, "born and living and dying in the muck" as St. Augustine expressed it, but a soul transfusing its body with

the splendor of its own invisible essence which the artist would retrieve, holding it, as it were, from time and destruction. It is not at all remarkable therefore that sculpture, as a matter of history, should have figured so largely in man's efforts to find and to hold to what is most ultimate, most enduring, what has seemed to him most exalted in his experience. Idolatry, or the worship of some physical object as embodiment of what one most venerates, has in our Western tradition been commonly linked with sculpture. This is clearly a religious error rather than a judgment upon sculpture, as many from Moses to Mohammed and modern Puritans have tried to make it—even as they substituted for it the idolatry of divine, inerrant books. As we shall later more fully realize, nearly all of the arts have very close historical relations with the various religions of mankind. And it is not difficult to see how great an aid to imagination, feeling, and faith any sensuous embodiments or expressions of ideal cosmic or human life, as conceived by the prophets and crystallized by tradition, can become to their devotees. From the earliest examples of such sculpture in ancient Egypt, through the multitudinous Hindu figures of India, the Buddhas of China or Japan, to those of mediaeval and modern Christianity in the West, one cannot fail to see how religious ideals and insights, imagination and devotion, have been influenced by them. But neither as works of art nor as aids to devotion have such statues been factual, realistic presentations of life, exactly as it was on a certain occasion in time and space. As reinstatements of historic fact, cold-blooded scientific records, they would have been without appeal to imagination, feeling or ideal insight. Rather, like Madame Tussaud's exact reproductions of eminent men together with their environment in wax and color, they would have interested men as information, perhaps as uncanny skill, but not as religious or aesthetic satisfactions. Thus from still another angle we see how indispensably ideals figure in sculpture. As before noted, even in memorials to those whom we would

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honor, it is their ideal selfhood we would retrieve, rather than the precise photographic record of a particular occasion. But in such work we must also have sufficient reality, even to trousers and neckgear, to preserve it from a generality which would deprive it of time and place. On the other hand, we place it upon a pedestal which separates it from direct relation to our current affairs and makes it an object of contemplation with a wider range of time than the present, a more comprehensive space than our immediate environment. What makes the Tus-saud wax figures so uncanny is the fact that living in our present time, on the same floor and environment, participating apparently in the affairs of the moment, they do not lend themselves to contemplation even when, if ever, they were intended to embody some ideal. That is also the reason why sculpture, unlike music, poetry and painting, is not at home in our living, dining or sleeping rooms. Even on pedestals the most glorious figures would be too close to us and thus again thwart contemplation by practical immediacy. Other arts do indeed require "distance"—music its silence and detachment from current affairs, poetry its intonation and preoccupation with imagination, painting its frame, the stage its separation from the audience—but sculpture, like architecture, is even more objective, remote or public in character, and hence well suited to embody in permanent form the social ideals of an age and people. The trivial, the immediately practical, the transitory aspects sloughed off, we see life in its essential, ideal, character. Thus it is that while all sculptured figures "partake of eternity," and even those intended to insure immortality for memorable men are also objects of contemplation and set upon pedestals, the latter, as historical persons, require not merely clothing, but the buskins, jackets, hairdress and even buttons of the period. The vivid sense of reality which memorial sculpture requires thus implies a sacrifice in some measure of the ideal and of pure contemplation. For that reason it is more limited in scope of

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expression and significance than is sculpture in the nude. Trousers, corsets and male neckgear are usually a poor substitute for the expressive lines and surfaces of the well-formed human body.

If the essential character and meaning of this art are linked with the expression of life, physically and mentally, in its most perfect forms it is easy to see how a florescence of sculpture, in the sense of a major influence in the education and culture of a people, might greatly enrich and glorify their existence. It could not, of course, be made a tool to that end. Every art must be cherished for its own sake. And yet its direct, autonomous influence can mold and give character to community life as well as to any individual. In the case of sculpture that influence is partly one of example, and sometimes undeliberated imitation. The Greek athletes who enjoyed the statues of great victors about the Olympian race course spontaneously set their hearts upon the attainment of similar qualities in mind and body. There is nothing of moral propaedeutic in this. No artist, surely, intended to preach. He would have ruined his statue if he had tried. Yet the informing influence of a natural fact, of an ideal visible in an existing thing, of life admired and desired without advice, is more potent than many homilies. Of course, this is true on the negative side as well. The admired desperado in a movie can breed a multitude of little desperadoes. Just so a wild motive in marble recklessly enjoyed. As Plato long ago saw, both subject matter and technique in the arts can become problems for the educator and the lawgiver. Their solicitude for the common good may rightly call for certain rejections. But, as we shall later see, such judgments are not in general aesthetic.

We should also remember in this connection that both aesthetically and ethically, ideals are various, and clearly in a process of development in one direction or another. The perfections admired and striven for in various cultures are far from being identical. It is, alas, a common opinion that "ideal" im-

plies a standard of universal conformity, a mold of sweet and tiresome monotony, sometimes even mathematical proportions, ratios by which to determine how far a sculptured nose or mouth deviates from the "canon." But there are myriad possibilities of ideal mouths, noses, eyebrows, as there are of human minds. Blond and brunette, soft muscled and wiry, "square" headed and round, sanguine, melancholic, phlegmatic and choleric, practical and meditative, long-bodied and short, logically-minded and intuitive, as well as racial and national groups, present a great variety of types within which there again seem to be as many possibilities of ideal form and expression as there are of pose and position for a single statue. Consider the *Pan-athenaic Procession*! True that a harmony of qualities exists within each type. A nose can be unduly prolonged, or too liberally curved, the eyes too deeply set, or hands too large, even for the types in which these features are prominent. But among the seemingly endless permutations and possible combinations of aesthetic qualities in the making of a statue many survive the test of inner unity and the other criteria of aesthetic judgment. Thus it is that whole galaxies of individual, even unique, works of art grow out of a single type, for instance from the Ionian Greek. We shall doubtless continue to compare these types and have our preferences. The Negroid, Mongolian, Dravidian, and others, will probably never make a strong appeal to European peoples. Yet they have their ideal forms and expressions to which aesthetic education brings sympathetic understanding just as it does to the many varieties within the Caucasian group. Ideals, therefore, should always be thought of in the plural. Both recognition of personality and the manifold charity of aesthetic sympathy and understanding, a charity which welcomes all experiments, are implied in this.

Let us try to imagine now what it would mean to our common life if all of us could have about us and learn to enjoy, especially in our younger years, embodiments of human great-

ness visualized in a delightful manner, spontaneously inspiring emulation. Living examples are indeed potent as such direct incentives. But what the work of art does for us is to simplify and purify, accentuate and enhance a hundredfold, the strength, or refinement, grace, serenity, dramatic power, magic and charm of actual life. So that we feel its potential beauty and import with vastly greater force. For the admired statue, howsoever ideal, is never the "unsubstantial fabric of a dream." As a fancy of imagination, a dweller in the land of pure fiction from the studio of Walt Disney, a statue might indeed please. But it is the link of the ideal life with potential reality which gives it the pervasive power of fashioning our own shape and being.

Could there be more strategic matter toward the spontaneous love of excellence by our school children than to provide for them embodiments of fine character, resplendent bodies and minds, which might inspire them without argument to delighted emulation? How far an original statue of the order of a *Theseus*, a *Delphic Chariot-Driver*, or the *Amazon* of Polycleitus, set in an honored place, could go toward redeeming the present dreariness and desolation which infest both the minds and the school environment of our children! Without consciousness of a bargain, accepting the exchange naturally as one receives the gentle rain of heaven, their parched minds, self-determined, would turn to thoughts of self-culture once such an awakening had come. The arts of poetry and music seriously pursued have long evoked in youthful minds this generosity of spirit. They have helped to temper and to overcome the weary mechanisms, the uninspired commonplaceness of bare economic existence, both among the rich and the poor. Sculpture realized intimately is an even more potent source of joy as evoker of fundamental admirations both of character and of bodily form because of its three-dimensional reality.

What is true of our schools is no less true of our churches. There may have been a time when embodiments even of the

highest ideals of life had to be destroyed and outlawed everywhere in fear of idolatry. The phrase "graven image" still bears the passionate flavor of our far-off iconoclastic fathers. But that day has utterly ceased. The presence of great works of sculpture in our temples might reveal even more of the perfections sought there than the noblest ideas, the most glorious music, or the sublimest architecture can—simply because its ideal is life itself in visible tangible reality. From before the time of the Gothic builders these concrete aids to imagination were indeed appreciated by a large section of the Western church. Sculpture was employed as a narrative to tell the old Biblical stories for example around the choir of Amiens; and many a future *Last Judgment* has in Roman churches helped to keep the faithful aware of their prospective destiny. But such works, notably the Crucifixions, have generally suffered two cardinal deficiencies. As overt propaganda, they usually lack independence, the autonomy and disinterestedness which are intrinsic to a work of art. And the exaggerations, sentimentalities, unnaturalness, striving for effect, and all too frequent inner division, not to mention inferior formal and sensuous qualities in these works, provide little evidence of what great sculpture might do toward natural piety, integrity, and the quest for perfection.

There are many other public places where inspiring sculpture might enrich the quality of our common life. The feverish selfishness of the market place will yet be tempered by revealing figures in bronze and marble whose enjoyment will spontaneously induce the desire to share. For nothing is more likely than beauty, wherever realized, to impel a man toward generosity of spirit. We shall later see how fertile is the field of industry for reception of the seeds of art, and the new satisfactions by way of joys in labor which their growth promises. Nor is it absurd to think that as our colleges advance to a greater realization of man's essentially spiritual character (a fact proclaimed by his very body as a psycho-physical being) our athletic

fields will yet possess inspiring figures such as glorified the contests of Greece. Alas, that their very fragments to-day should have to be guarded as priceless rarities in our museums and vaults of deposit in the hope of preserving that spirit!

In the domestic scene, as we have before observed, great or monumental examples of sculpture are not at home. But here is where the myriad lesser motives find a place, from little busts of Phoebe and Cicily when they were ten, to a singing crane on your piano and gesticulating kittens among the books. Peripheral cases of taste would seem to be those fish, crabs and actual deerheads that sometimes appear in dining rooms. And yet carved to smaller size by artistic intuition these lesser forms can bring no little geniality and pleasure even in their triviality. The same is true of those abstractions which as non-representational sometimes profess to be "metaphysical" in a new inexplicable sense of the word. The joke is also best appreciated in private. Assuming that we avoid the periphery of what Croce calls "anti-art," the meaningless, formless, charmless projections of empty conceit masquerading as art and yet hostile to it, how ubiquitous (all the way from our most intimate private life to the farthest reaches of our community aspirations,) this promise of sculpture is! The crucial factor toward the attainment of this magnificent enrichment of our life and happiness is, of course, education, the awakening in many, and especially in youthful, minds of a deep desire to understand, appreciate, and create these things. Creation will be its central motive, not merely learning about. Creative mind, as Aristotle long ago said, is the function which links us with whatever is divine in our world.

VI

PHYSIOLOGY AND AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE

The enjoyment of the fine arts is a remarkable source of physical well-being. The fact was known in ancient days when, for instance at Epidaurus in the Peloponnesus, music—even purely melodic music without harmony—was used as a therapeutic agent. That great sanitarium was largely devoted to the idea that the enjoyment of the arts, especially of music, poetry and the drama, is a very potent factor in the restoration of healthy function to diseased bodies and minds. We have, of course, no way of measuring the degree of success attained by this method at Epidaurus. But its almost perfectly preserved open-air marble theatre seating several thousand auditors, still bears mute testimony to the demand for this treatment in ancient Greece. The various Pythagorean schools, early and late, also put great stress upon the cultivation of the arts not only as character builders but as sources of health to sufferers from certain diseases.

The reasons for these beneficent effects upon the minds and bodies of many people will not be difficult to see, after we have passed in review the facts and interpreted the experimental data. Plato long ago pointed out how the realization of the true arts is always pleasurable. It is a “pure” form of pleasure, one which is neither preceded by some gnawing hunger demanding gratification, nor followed by any after-effects of a deleterious kind. For that reason, said he, let as many of such “goods” as possible be added to the “bowl of life.” At times, it is true, Plato denied that certain forms of contemporary as well

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as of earlier art, were bringers of good. But that was because they were not, in his judgment, genuine or true art which is always beneficent. True art, which is also "beautiful," exercises one's functions, of mind and body, in a balanced, vigorous, restrained, happy and hence healthy way. False, or unbeautiful art, is destructive. Certain soft and languorous melodies, for instance, unnerve the soul and tend to make one's muscles flabby. Others of a reckless kind can move the soul to audacious and wild actions that may be repented in leisure and reason. Certain instruments themselves are condemned by Plato for their noisome sentimentality, as are also reckless rhythms which easily throw the mind off balance and lead to unhappy actions. We do not know which rhythms Plato had in mind but it is easy to understand his point in some of our contemporary ones. The ethical principles involved in his censorship of art must await a later discussion. But no one probably will question the fact that the realization of art which is characterized by the triune qualities of beauty is a happy one. Aesthetic *qualities* may be painful, deleterious, even destructive to bodily tissue as, for instance, the cutting edge of a blizzard or a relentless thunderstorm. The sight of death and decay is commonly sorrowful and distressing. Yet the artist by his "heavenly alchemy" can arouse our minds and bodies alike to a high delight by tragedy involving everything that we fear and detest. Premonitions of death which came to Shelley must certainly have been depressing to him and to his friends. Yet when he wrote:

O world, O life, O time,
On whose last steps I climb,

the thought became a thrillingly magnificent and delightful one. A thousand passages might be quoted from the great writers of tragedy to show how artistry can transform our deepest anguish and despair.

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So true is it that the experience of beauty is a happy one that hedonists (who assume that pleasure constitutes the criterion for the measurement of artistry, or, more commonly, of ethical goodness) are prone to include under art some pleasant experiences which do not belong there. Many pleasures of eyes and ear, whether in contemplation or as actual perception, and whether "objectified" in something or not may lack qualities which are characteristic of beauty. Hedonism will later call for more discussion. But here it will suffice to remember that although the circle of pleasure includes the circle of beauty they are not identical. Because all men are mortal is no reason to conclude that all mortal things are men. Nor is a statue, or a song, not to speak of a dinner, necessarily beautiful because it pleases someone. It is none the less unmistakably true that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The arts based upon beauty have the effects they do, not by indiscriminate pleasure therefore but by a certain kind of pleasure. Plato's distinction between "pure" and "impure" pleasures is surely correct. So that the question becomes: *What* more specifically are the mental and physical effects which the experience of beauty has upon us?

Here we must bear in mind that aesthetic experience in all its forms involves *activity*. There is a very common, and mistaken, assumption that we are passive recipients, "drinking in" the music or letting the painter "work his magic" upon us. But we are always creators, actually producing for ourselves in part what comes to pass when we respond to the suggestive symbols which artists use. For all art is symbolic in this sense of using certain words, pigments, tones, forms in marble, to suggest to an appreciator something in his own experience like that which the artist has felt. And unless we also have some measure of that experience the art remains for us a vacant and meaningless symbol like a foreign language not understood. The arts are invitations to voyages of discovery immeasurably expanding our horizons. But we provide the motive power. The energy is in

large part mental even when as in the dance muscular movements and sensations attain form and meaning. Muscular activity is for the most part instrumental, a means to help the expression of the primary or inner fact, as when we perform upon instruments, hew the block for the statue, or move our eyes to see the parts of a picture.

This distinction between inner, or mental, activity and muscular movement does not bring in question the fact that we are psycho-physical organisms and that mental processes always imply correlative changes in bodily function and structure. Nowhere indeed is this more in evidence than in aesthetic experience. But the fallacy of passivity, like that of behaviorism, can be understood and overcome only by realizing the differences as well as the similarities and identities in the mind-body unity. The assumption that movements of the larynx, or, more ultimately, rotations of electrons, constitute thought is indeed the obverse of the fallacy that aesthetic experience is purely a reaction to stimuli. The stimuli (sensations perceived or reproduced) are indeed always present in such experience. But the characteristic and essential fact is the *use* of such stimuli (and other portions of our mental life) imaginatively, intuitively, creatively, in the sense of bringing into being what did not exist before. Nor is this altered by the interplay between the work of art as it unfolds and the artist's revised intuitions. On the contrary, this fact, so interestingly studied by Samuel Alexander, further emphasizes the selective and non-mechanical character of such work.

What then are the physiological parallels to the enjoyment of the arts, and especially of the forms of art based upon beauty? Nothing perhaps better illustrates the activity involved even in appreciation than the extreme fatigue which commonly results from say five hours' study of paintings in the Louvre, the Metropolitan or elsewhere. The same is generally true of listening intently to an unduly prolonged opera such as *Die Meister-*

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singer, or to orchestral music continued for five hours. As Schopenhauer put it, there is limit imposed upon this "life of the gods" beyond which we cannot go and must needs return to the humdrum, commonplace round of practicalities, thirsts, desires and anxieties. On the other hand within those limits, which differ for different individuals, the enjoyment may bring with it an intense heightening of life, including physical exhilaration very like intoxication but without the unbalance, unreason and destruction of tissues accompanying that of alcohol and other drugs.

The fact that eyes and ears which are the senses chiefly involved in aesthetic experience should be so potent both in relation to fatigue and intoxication of the organism as a whole seems indeed remarkable until one recalls how the taste of exceptionally good food can have a similar tonic effect upon the whole body. Extreme pain, on the other hand, localized say in a single great toe, can depress many functions of the body which seem to have only remote connection with it. The nervous system as a whole, or a large part of it, then acts in a coordinated way to enhance or retard the functions of many organs. Even the *thought* of impending disaster, which by hypothesis is associated with the frontal lobe of the cortex, can upset one's digestion, increase blood pressure, decrease secretion of sugar from the liver, enervate muscles, and halt altogether certain organic functions such as the sex-impulse.

There are many parallels, therefore, to the tonic effects as well as to the fatigues which may follow aesthetic experience. All are indeed seemingly miraculous when one considers the many organs and functions, the multitudinous individual cells, or more ultimately as in physical chemistry, the unnumbered discreet electrons each rotating in its orbit remote from its central proton—yet all responding to the joy of a Ninth Symphony, or indeed to the odor of a rose. We habitually take all this and many equally amazing functions (when analyzed) for granted.

And there is no reason for regarding these effects of aesthetic experience as exceptional. What makes the experience of beauty distinctive is not due to the fact that the stimuli are chiefly mental. For this is also true of scientific theory, and quite apart from its possible aesthetic character. What is distinctive is its free and imaginative character which gives it the emotional warmth and glow by which the body as a whole may be irradiated. Both appreciation and creation of a work of beauty are in large part self-creative in the sense of inwardly producing the stimuli by which these effects take place. Many aesthetic experiences (such as the color blue or the feel of a peach) come by direct external stimuli and may make us feel serene, or perhaps depressed, just as a sharp pain or a delicious taste may affect us. Morons and even the lower animals appear to be affected thus by external aesthetic stimuli. But the experience of beauty is a kind of auto-intoxication. External stimuli (sensuous qualities) are always present, but forms and meanings are added by the free creation of a mind at work. A cow, or a moron, and alas, many otherwise highly trained men and women unmistakably hear the sounds of the Ninth Symphony but cannot experience the beauty of it because they cannot creatively realize its forms and meanings. That these forms and meanings should be common to many minds not only suggests the operation of laws in creative imagination; it seems to point to general laws for the very forms and meanings which individuals re-discover in their creative imaginations from age to age, and which can hardly be merely subjective fancies of passing individuals. As manifestations both of human nature and of the causes and functions which operate in that wider order of nature from which we originate, such facts point to interesting conclusions. But these must be considered in another place.

To bring together what has so far been studied with more specific physiological data we must first note that life itself presents an aesthetic fact in the coordinated, balanced, functioning

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of the various organs, or cells, of a living body. Our attention has often been called to what Ernst Haeckel described as "Art-forms in Nature." He found multitudes of them in the smallest areas accessible to him with the highest powers of his microscopes. But quite apart from their appearance to the eye, these cells and organs in their normal, healthy activities show a balanced interdependence of functions, a restrained give and take, apparently in the interest of the organism as a whole. When a single organ, by over-development, atrophy, or other form of disease has its function seriously impaired, the whole body is likely to suffer, and may die. The refinements of adjustment which physiologists describe are very like certain formal characters manifested in works of art, the most remarkable of these being rhythm and unity in variety. Rhythms in music, as we shall shortly see, have important effects upon muscular activity and organic changes, as well as upon the coordination (sometimes dissociation) of organic functions.

Such influences, so far as we can see, take place indirectly through the mediation of the central and sympathetic nervous systems. The results are not always brought to consciousness, as when a little active participation in music-making of a certain kind, restores the tone of fatigued muscles and overcomes nervous weariness, "bad blood" and negative attitudes. Consciousness and activities of the central nervous system are, however, the most important mediating factors. For potent as music or some other art may be as affecting digestion or muscular innervation, it cannot in the present state of our knowledge be thought to do this without the mediation of the nervous system. Consciousness cannot be said to be coextensive with the whole of such activities. But the same is true of consciousness in any field. The center of attention is surrounded by semi-conscious, peripheral, subconscious and perhaps unconscious items and influences. These are certainly potent in aesthetic experience; but

they depend upon the central, conscious, one in every enjoyment of beauty.

Psychologists also point out how our conscious life at its best exhibits qualities which are characteristic of a beautiful work of art. Life itself as a "fine art" is characterized by inner unity, purposiveness, freshness, vitality, dramatic interest, a happy balance of mental functions which does violence to none and finds a proportionate place for all of them, from instincts and emotions to intellect. It is wholly natural, therefore, that the experience of beauty should "sit well" in such a mind. It might indeed be presumed that its influence would be in the direction of such heightened vitality and integration. Our facts will shortly confirm this. But before we are able to interpret them we shall have to make one more distinction.

It is a matter of common knowledge that both our minds and our physical organs normally function at their best without interference of reflexive action or self-consciousness. We have noted different degrees of consciousness shading off from the center of attention to subconscious and physiological functions (e.g., reflexes, nutrition). There is also a marked difference in kind as between a free, unhampered, spontaneous "flow" of consciousness and one that turns back upon itself, constantly reflecting upon what is happening. Self-conscious speech becomes halting and embarrassed, self-conscious memory forgets, self-conscious performance upon instruments, like climbing a ladder with the constant question "What next?" is easily disastrous. Emotions carefully observed evaporate. It is the same with our lungs, heart, stomach, or other physical organs, which become conscious of themselves, so to speak, in pain or disorder, or by deliberate intention of consciousness, the effect of which is commonly subversive.

Now the kind of conscious activity expressed in the experience of beauty, as has long been observed by writers on aesthetics, is of the unmediated, spontaneous, autonomous kind, in

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contrast with the reflexive or self-conscious, and also with discursive reason, inference and deliberated action. It is "play" of the mind as Friedrich Schiller pointed out, however clear its plan and design, however rational its purposes. It is free as imagination, however full of significance its intuitions may be. If we bear in mind this and our earlier distinctions, and remember that the three main functions of the nervous system are: reception of stimuli (sensation), innervation (motor activity, physical and mental) and coordination of functions (conscious and unconscious, sympathetic and central, mind and body) we shall be better able to interpret the facts to which we now turn. Music, the most popular and easily accessible of the arts, will provide us with our chief data for the study of aesthetic experience, and more particularly of beauty, as related to the human organism.

From an evolutionary standpoint the many thousands of observations and, in modern times, experiments, upon animals have no little bearing on our subject. Spiders, fish, reptiles, birds, rodents, antelopes, elephants, lions, tigers, coyotes, horses, monkeys, cats, dogs and other animals have been subjected to tests under more or less controlled conditions to find out if and how they responded to differences of pitch, timbre, loudness, chords and rapid or slow music. Waiving the question as to whether their responses were of an aesthetic order we cannot doubt that animals respond in very definite ways to such stimuli. Among the more remarkable of these are the effects of flute music upon reptiles (snake-charmers), the use of violin-tones to decoy seals, and of musical rhythms as affecting the movements of elephants and cavalry horses. Darwin regarded bird songs as the most potent factor in sexual selection among them. Lindsay studied experimentally 1250 animal species and concluded that there could nowhere be any doubt as to the profound effects which music had upon all of the animals he studied. Doziel in 1880 experimented on dogs and rabbits to learn, if possible,

more specifically how various kinds of tones (violins, clarinets, flutes and metal whistles) affected their circulation. He observed marked changes both of acceleration and retardation according to the stimuli used. The data of animal psychology, however, are relevant here only as they provide parallels to human behavior.

Doziel found that circulatory changes in men under the influence of various kinds of music were also very considerable and had parallel respiratory changes. Experimental studies were made by Féré and Londe to discover if innervation of muscles takes place by musical tones. Dynamometers measuring hand grips repeated under conditions of silence and then under the influence of various tones brought them to the general conclusion that sounds in general are dynamogenic, muscular energy increasing markedly with the intensity and pitch of the stimuli. Lombard investigated the effects of music upon reflexes and found that under the influence of music (as compared with silence) the reinforcement of the knee-jerk often amounted to 100% and more. Scripture found that the greatest pressure he could exert by thumb-and-finger grip during silence was 4 kilograms. Under the influence of the Giants' Motive in the *Rheingold* he increased it to 4½ kilograms. Other music from Wagner reduced that pressure to 3.24 kilograms.

Urbantschitsch investigated the effects of auditory stimuli (tuning forks) upon other senses and found that the threshold for color vision was considerably lowered by them, so that small spots of color normally not seen as colored at all became clearly visible as such when vigorous tones were heard. Barely legible print also became clear under their influence. Tastes, odors and touch were similarly found to be refined and intensified by tonal stimuli. He also found the converse to be true, namely that color vision of different kinds affects positively in different degrees the threshold and acuity of hearing. The tick of a watch, for example, inaudible at a certain distance in a dull room, be-

came clearly audible in a brightly colored, especially a red, one. He also found that pain sensations appeared to be affected by different qualities of tone, harsh and jarring notes seemingly increasing pain, and soft harmonious ones acting as a relief. Experiments upon reaction times, or rapidity of response, both with and without choices, were made by Tansi (1891). Some acceleration was shown, more for minor than for major chords. But his results were rather inconclusive. Martius found that reaction-times were shortened more by higher pitches than by low ones. Professor Tarchanoff expanded Féré's earlier experiments and confirmed the fact that music exercises a considerable effect upon our muscular energy, greatly increasing or diminishing it according to the kind of music played. His ergographic tests showed that when a subject had become completely fatigued and could no longer lift the weight at all, the playing of bright, vigorous music had the immediate effect of innervating his muscles so that the weight could again be lifted for some time. Slow, lugubrious music, on the other hand, had the opposite effect. He also found that changes in the electric currents of the skin were brought about by listening to music, a fact which he interpreted as due to its influence upon the cutaneous glands.

Dr. Dutto conducted numerous metabolism tests on animals and men in the Laboratory of Physiology at Rome and came to the conclusion that in general (but not in all cases, hares, guinea pigs and chickens being exceptions) music acts as a stimulus to organic metabolism. Tarchanoff had earlier found that dogs under the influence of music consumed more oxygen and eliminated more carbon dioxide than without it. Many other investigators—Mentz, Binet, Contrier, Patrizi, Guibaud, Ferrari, and others—have confirmed the fact that marked changes in circulation and respiration, varying for different persons but fairly constant ones for individuals, are brought about by various kinds of music. Harsh, discordant, modern music provided the greatest stimuli in thus affecting heart and lungs. They also con-

firmed experimentally the well-known fact that bodily rhythms (notably that of breathing) tend to adapt themselves to the rhythm of music heard and especially when played. That varying degrees of attention also affected respiratory and circulation changes while music was being played was also confirmed by Mentz. Strict attention and analysis of the music brought about increased acceleration of pulse while lack of attention retarded it. Emotional factors were also found to be important in the total bodily effects brought about by the music.

The physiological effects of music upon subjects under hypnosis have been investigated by a number of experimenters. Dr. Warthin (who regarded certain extreme forms of music-exaltation as mild examples of self-hypnosis) confirms the acceleration of pulse and breathing already tested under normal conditions. Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" actually raised the hypnotized subject's pulse rate from 60 to 120 and his breathing from 18 to 30 per minute. Awakened from hypnosis the subject, a fellow physician, had no memory whatsoever of the composition which had been played. De Rochas experimented to determine the effects of different qualities of tone, varying pitches, chords, ascending and descending motives, as well as whole works of various composers, upon a subject under hypnosis. Very elaborate and variegated movements resulted which, however, he regarded as pure reflexes set off by auditory stimuli. For our present study such movements further confirm in a remarkable way the direct effects of musical stimuli upon the human organism. In that respect they are parallel to the work of Féré in his experiments upon normal subjects. One experimenter confirms these direct effects without, the other with, consciousness. But as Féré stated, it is not possible to classify either the stimuli or the results of these experiments in any other than a general way. The same must be said of later experiments—those of Miss Gamble, Shepard, Bingham, Weld, Myers, Hyde and Scalapino, Diserens and others. No one is in doubt concerning the very

great influence of music, and its elementary aesthetic qualities, upon our physiological functions. But experimental controls, as well as stimuli, and consequently results, cannot be very exact. Laboratory experiments do, however, show that music has marked though variable effects upon volume, pulse and blood pressure, that it lowers the threshold for sensory stimuli generally, that it accelerates or retards and changes the rhythm of respiration, that it increases bodily metabolism.

Many empirical observations and reports, from our earliest records to the present time, also bring evidence concerning the effects of music upon abnormal mental and physical conditions. As with the experimental data cited, they, for the most part, lack the exact controls and mathematical measurements which a scientific demonstration demands. But their number, their unanimity, their distribution among many groups of the human family, also provide strong evidence of a general nature. Ancient Egyptian papyri refer to music as "physic for the soul." But what music and for what diseases we are not told. Homer narrates how a great harp soothed the rage of Achilles. In the seventh century B.C. Arion used harp music to curb the violence of the insane. In the Bible young David is reported to have calmed the outbreaks of King Saul in a similar way. Damon, the famous Greek musician, checked the rowdyism of drunkards by his music. Pythagoras, Empedocles, Zenocrates, Aretaeus, Galen and many later Greek and Roman physicians are recorded to have cured mental diseases in this way. But again we do not know what music or which diseases. Occasionally our reports are more specific. For example, Caelius Aurelianus prescribed the Phrygian mode "full of sweetness and vivacity" for melancholic patients and the martial, Dorian mode for delirious or maudlin ones. The songs of Matinus are said to have alleviated fevers, and Aesculapius is reported to have lessened the deafness of some patients by the music of trumpets. The wild music of Antigenicles, which may have been a kind of ancient

swing, aroused Alexander the Great to such a pitch of frenzy, on the other hand, that he leaped from his chair, sword in hand and for a time ran amuck. Theophrastus, the successor of Aristotle to the headship of the Lyceum, reports that bites of serpents were made harmless by some music. This may have been an ancient parallel to the mediaeval tarantella music. The latter was of a wild order and probably effected cures (which are vouched for by many competent physicians) through the violence of the dance movements and copious perspiration. Rhythm rather than melody or harmony, seems to be the important factor in such cases and may also help account for the measure of success which medicine men attain among primitive peoples all the way from the Algonquin, Sioux and Cherokee Indians to the Pygmies of Africa and the aborigines of Bali. Such use of rhythm, both to induce calmness and to arouse new vigor and activity, is, of course, a commonplace in modern mental therapy.

Investigators have also tried to make more specific the sorts of music to be used for certain mental diseases. Dr. Richard Brown in the eighteenth century found special virtues in particular instruments, and especially in violin music, for the treatment of mania, melancholias and hypochondrias. He prescribed adagios for certain forms of madness, and allegros for hysteria, spasm and lethargy. Dr. Campbell later found "smooth pieces, dolce, piano and pianissimo" effective against delirium, and "quick, variegated tunes" in other morbid conditions. Katsoff, and many doctors in our own day have experimented with the music of particular composers and particular pieces upon specific mental cases. Katsoff found, for instance, that Mendelssohn's *Fingal's Cave* clarified the hazy states of certain patients, while the *Volga Boat Song* helped to overcome exhaustion and insomnia of others. Dr. Podolsky lists a set of "tonic" compositions by Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Wagner and others, and "sedative" ones by Chopin, Schubert, Brahms. Of course a most important variable in every case is the musical

background of the patient. Another is the degree of attention which can be elicited.

But despite the many variable factors involved the general conclusion of physicians who have used music as mental therapy is quite unanimously favorable, however strongly they may also realize the dangers of certain kinds. Our evidence to-day comes not only from the clinics (Phipps Psychiatric Clinic of Johns Hopkins, Manhattan State Hospital, Deaconess Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, The State Hospital at Middletown, Connecticut, Bellevue Hospital, New York, Chicago Hospital for the Insane, Pennsylvania Hospital, etc. and many others abroad) but from prisons and houses of correction. Dr. Emmett Dent, after many years of experiments at Manhattan State Hospital of which he was Superintendent, reported: "Music is responsible for cures among the insane and improvements of patients seemingly in a hopeless condition that are little short of marvelous." Miss Collins, Superintendent of the House of Detention for Women, wrote: "We definitely observe that as a better taste in music is developed (instruction in music is offered there) a general improvement in personal appearance, courtesy and morale takes place. Time after time a complete change in both manner of conduct and purpose in life is evinced, proving beyond a doubt the therapeutic value of music in adult personality adjustment." Some physicians report that certain kinds of music are more efficacious than drugs in overcoming insomnia. Still others find that pain can be lessened to such a degree by selected music that operations ordinarily requiring anaesthetics were successfully carried out without them: (Drs. Burdick and O'Neil, Kane Hospital, Kane, Pennsylvania). It may well be that in time music will be indicated in all hospitals, as it now is imperative in even the healthiest of armies.

Let us now try to interpret our data and see what general conclusions can be drawn from the evidence. Our problem, like that of medicine in general, is clearly an empirical one. The

effect which music has upon any given individual depends upon the kind of person he is, the kind of music used, the state of that person's body and mind, especially of his attention and of the emotions which may be affecting him. It depends upon his general culture as well as upon his more specific musical training. It varies by the ideas he has in mind, and especially whether or not he suffers from self-consciousness. And yet a number of definite general conclusions appear to be as secure as any empirical ones can be:

Certain compositions bring about, under similar conditions, a heightening of life functions, such as heart-action, breathing, muscular innervation, increased metabolism. Other compositions are less efficacious and may even result in depression of the pulse rate and of breathing below normal.

The effects of music upon our minds and bodies are not unique in the sense of having no parallels from other kinds of stimuli, such as foods, drugs, ideas and emotions in general. But certain kinds of music have a distinctive, unifying, coordinating influence upon our mental functions, an effect which appears to have its physiological parallels.

The kind of pleasure which we obtain by beautiful music is similar to that derived from the healthy, vigorous functioning of our vital organs as a balanced whole. Psychologically this expresses itself in a heightened integration of personality, or unity with one's self, the neural basis for which is probably linked with the physiological coordinations we have noticed. Only on this assumption can we interpret the regulative power which such music has not only in helping to overcome disorganization (in mental therapy) but in the alleviation of physical pain and the heightened tone of our vital organs in general.

Fatigue both of muscles and of mind is definitely lessened by such music. Although itself involving nervous activity, as is clearly shown by the fatigue which even the best of music too long enjoyed can bring about, its appreciation, and especially

its production, results, up to a certain point, in the relief of weariness, physical no less than mental. This is perhaps the most difficult of all the data to explain. But the facts are above question.

The increased sharpness and refinement of vision and of other senses under the stimulus of some music is probably to be "explained" as another case in point of the tonic effects exhibited in a heightened pulse-rate, or in more active emotions with increased flow of certain internal secretions. The parallel, of course, does not explain any facts. It merely points to a similarity: "This is like that." Yet the facts reinforce certain general empirical conclusions.

Active consciousness is clearly the condition upon which the experience of beauty depends, however strongly aesthetic qualities (rhythm, shrillness, loudness) may affect us directly, or physiologically. As involving concentrated attention and creative imagination, the realization of beauty seems, according to physiological psychology, to be linked (as our creative functions generally) with the upper frontal cortical brain centers. But that consciousness is distinctively free, playful, autonomous, creative by its own controls, uniquely exhilarated in its independence. Scientific creation is also exhilarating but it is externally controlled and never playful. The active realization of beauty can therefore be described as the ego attaining an unusual measure of initiative and self-mastery—which also expresses itself as a realization of inner power. Being a psycho-physical fact it may well be that such initiative and energy on its neural side expresses itself in the coordination of functions which is so characteristic of the experience of beauty. But whatever the degree of control thus exercised by the higher centers may be, it is clearly one which does not interfere with the sympathetic system. Our vital functions are indeed stimulated but not disorganized. So too the mental functions involved—chiefly intuition, imagination, emotions, perception—which somehow are freed from the

strictures of self-consciousness and work both more actively and more naïvely. That was why Friedrich Schiller described great poetry as "the words of a god in the mouth of a child." Self-conscious poetry is a self-contradictory phrase, however fervently the ego expresses itself even in lyrical poetry or music. This fact of *objective* contemplation even of one's self in beautiful art is possibly one reason why on the physiological or neural side the deepest emotions and overwhelming thought leave mind and body not worn and disorganized, as these experiences otherwise may, but, on the contrary, exhilarated and refreshed. It is, of course, impossible to ascertain with exactness what effects the order, balance, unity, rhythm and other formal qualities in a work of beauty have upon mind and body. The latter in their healthiest, most vigorous and most developed activity exhibit many of the formal qualities which characterize a beautiful work of art. Many empirical facts—the profound influence of musical and other rhythms as well as of harmonies upon mind and body for example—point to an important relation, but we cannot, as yet, specify it. Dr. Burette, a long time ago (1723), linked it with bodily "humors," or "internal secretions" in more modern terms. Dr. Desessarts, and many others, have assumed a mechanical action of music on nervous tissue. Ribot tried to interpret the relation in terms of vibrations directly imposed. Dr. Beaunis thought of tissues as responding sympathetically like resonators to certain vibrations. But probably most physicians to-day incline to the theory that the influence comes through the higher cerebral centers and thence through the sympathetic system to the functions of respiration, circulation, internal secretions, digestion and others. Dr. Pavlov (Moscow) interpreted the favorable effect of certain music upon digestion as due to the increased digestive juices which it brings about. Dr. Crile linked this influence with changes of glandular secretions into the blood. Dr. Podolsky found that rhythms of the stomach (peristalsis) are markedly affected by different sorts of music.

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A very great deal of evidence thus points the way to a source of human welfare still largely to be explored. It is a way of pleasure, but of the kind of pleasure which comes by work. That work, however, becomes play in its spontaneous, self-imposed quest, though it also follows the rules of the game. It implies skill and knowledge, for not only the performer of music but the listener must know what it is all about. And as we have seen, the active *performer* gains far greater physical advantage than the active listener. Consider singing—even in private if your voice demands it! Whether as a therapeutic agent or without that motive, the enjoyment must be for its own sake. For like every other good, art self-consciously sought is paralyzed.

What conclusions can we draw from musical data to other arts as sources of physical well-being? Do painting, the drama, poetry, have similar effects upon our minds and bodies? The many elements in common among all of them would seem to make that likely. And the evidence we possess from observation and experiment confirm this. There are verses whose repetition can induce frenzy no less marked than that of swing music. Other lines bring serenity and calm and physiological changes parallel to those of similar music. The effects of colors upon our dispositions and our physical reactions are no less marked and various than those of tones. Magnificence in architecture affects the one who realizes it as potently as in music. So too the refined intuitions of sculpture which seem to be parallel to utter exquisiteness and profound meaning in music. But our evidence is much less extensive. Our general understanding and realization of many arts is, alas, incipient. It would be foolish to experiment with sculpture on persons who had no intimation of its meaning. In our present social order some arts are quite inaccessible to many; and others, great architecture for instance, are by their very nature rare. As with music the problem of the kinds repeats itself here, and some "abide our question." But with deeper and more widespread enjoyment of all the arts,

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and especially the expressions of beauty, a perennial spring of mental and physical well-being will flow for mankind everywhere. Because of its easy accessibility and cheapness, music will probably retain its preeminence as reviver and restorer.

VII

AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE AND INDUSTRY

WILLIAM MORRIS, after long experience as a successful manufacturer of furniture, wallpaper, metalwork and other products, came to the conclusion that "Art is the expression of man's joy in labor." The crafts, in which he was especially interested, along with architecture, lent themselves in a special way to show how work, often of an arduous and exacting kind, could be made happy through the interest imparted to it by free activity and the exercise of creative imagination. He held that this satisfaction could be far more widely realized in men's labor. His workmen, who often designed and carried out their own projects in church decoration, metalwork, carvings, stained glass windows, paper-hangings, chintzes, carpets, and tapestries, were not "delicately nurtured," educated, or unusually gifted men. To reinforce his argument Morris had recourse to history. He tried to show how the many treasures of mediaeval craftsmanship, from Gothic cathedrals to tapestries, were the work of "common fellows" who exulted in the labor of their hands and minds. What for us are often "priceless rarities" were for them merely part of the day's work, nothing at all unusual. Strangely contrasting with them are the joyless, "cheap," and meaningless products of dull, mechanic toil, issuing from hideous factory-towns and ruined countrysides, an ever-widening depression with the advance of the industrial revolution.

There is, indeed, much evidence for the negative side of Morris' argument wherever our Western industrial system has penetrated. With all the many advantages, the greater abundance of

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goods, conveniences, devices and speeds which, two centuries ago, would have seemed fabulous and miraculous, there has also come a great dissatisfaction with labor. To multitudes of our fellows it has become not merely a "necessary evil" to be endured for the sake of livelihood, and reduced wherever possible by labor-saving machinery, but a "curse" to humanity. The author of the ancient story who told of how in Adam's day the ground had been cursed so that from that time on the primal pair and all their descendants would be compelled to eat their bread and do their work "with tears," reflects this judgment. He clearly entertained the idea that a real Paradise would mean complete freedom from work of any kind—an idea which is widely popular to-day.

This conception of inactivity is as false as the Genesis conception of sin. Labor of the right kind is man's salvation, his means of self realization, his greatest source of enduring happiness, the basis of self-respect, and best pledge of immortality. He who should take from men all forms of activity would destroy their lives more effectively than he who might withhold from them "knowledge of the tree of good and evil" (including marriage). Schopenhauer based his pessimism on the assumption that human life is a continuous alternation, pendulum-like, between "sour labor" and vacuous boredom. He rightly regarded the latter as insufferable, the source of absolute despair. But he lost sight of the fact that life itself is activity and that at its happiest it is self-directed work toward a chosen goal. This fact does not deny the possibility, indeed the wide prevalence, of "sour labor." Through it we can at least discover something of self-discipline, dignity, and even satisfaction in the enduring of such toil. It does, however, support the high claims of "joyous labor."

What kind of labor is that to which we refer? First of all it is characterized by freedom of spirit, it is work done with self-initiative. Even what we call "slave-labor" can attain inner

freedom when initiative comes by some inspiring ideal. For example, the workmen in bondage who carved the marble blocks of the Parthenon with fastidious care, and probably with admiration for the designs of Ictinus and Phidias, forgot about their slavery for the time being. Athenian slaves, it is true, were far from being forced laborers as in German and Russian war camps. They were usually members of their owners' households and probably not so remote from their sympathy as some laborers are from "management" to-day. They were "owned;" and for that there is no apology. But they well illustrate a meaning of freedom which is even more important than that of physical liberty. If despite physical limitations and compulsions such as are normally imposed by nearly every form of employment, we attain inner initiative and inspiring ideas, intuitions, feelings, we too can enjoy that freedom. This is a central aspect of our problem because physical freedom need not bring about inner initiative. But the latter too is often severely held in check by external compulsions. These may be of various kinds, not only economic want, mechanisms, the superior power and authority of others, monotony, fatigue, and social codes, but even religious and intellectual traditions.

It is remarkable that the arduousness and difficulty which may go along with labor of the kind we have in mind, present no barrier, and may indeed add zest, to its enjoyment. When work attains the spirit of a Marathon race or the temper of a football match, the energy expended may even seem quite out of proportion to the satisfaction which results. Men at play often expend far more ergs of energy than coal heavers in their day. In other words, work is play under certain conditions. Under other conditions, play with even the slightest expenditure of energy can become a hateful thing, even drudgery: which shows that the ideas, imagination, and attendant feelings of the worker, or player, are crucial in helping to determine the pleasure or discontent in his activity. Some of these ideas are economic—the prospect of better food, of a high-power motor-

car, or an awareness of insecurity. Others are social, such as honor for skill and position in the works, or being a "yellow dog" to a trades union. Some are religious, as when a man professes to work for the "love of God," or devotes himself with might and main to propagate an ideology. Some are moral, as when ideas of furthering the common good of men motivate one's work—ideas which may also be mistaken. Still others are aesthetic—when perfection of form, perceived meaning, charm of sense, or awareness of many other possible qualities in what one makes brings satisfaction; or, on the other hand, one is depressed by the "cheapness," sameness, dullness, lack of character, and perhaps futility of one's activity and one's results.

There are, of course, relations between these groups of ideas and the feelings by which they motivate activity. But each group also has its distinctive character. Economic values are exclusively instrumental. They can never be ends in themselves. Even their exchange, or purchasing power avails only indirectly. For example, we cannot *buy* health, education, friendship, religion, enjoyment of the arts, or even of our material possessions. We can buy only the means by which these objects may become more easily possible. The money-motive in itself can never bring satisfaction in one's labor. Like a never-ending thirst it continues to present ever-increased demands so long as it is unrestrained by other ideas and motives—such as the threat of unemployment, or perhaps ideas of justice and consideration for others. Many other moral, and sometimes religious, ideas enter in. Men labor from a sense of duty, of concern for the education of their children, sometimes with the idea of obeying the fiat of God. These do much to take away the "curse" quality of labor, and even lend dignity and pleasure to it. The ends striven for reflect in their satisfaction a certain glory on the means which make for their gratification. That is why we are sometimes deceived by the supposition that exchange value, or money, is an end in itself. Social traditions and other ideas may also enhance exchange value. But they can never alter its instrumental nature.

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A distinctive character of aesthetic qualities is their disinterestedness, that is to say, they are experienced, created, enjoyed, for their own sakes. When aesthetic ideas, feelings, motives, enter in they bring intrinsic character to labor, that is to say, it is no longer a mere tool to some ulterior purpose, but is done for its own sake. The best examples, of course, are found in the spontaneous labor of a painter at his picture, of a composer at his symphony, and in other works of freely creative artists. But when even a little of the craftsman's ideal, say in the designing of a kitchen utensil, or in bringing it to its highest degree of perfection, enters into one's work it also attains disinterestedness. This may subordinate or even eliminate the money motive. As we have seen, moral, religious and other ideas may also do this. But even they do not alter the *instrumental* character of the work when they make it a means toward the attainment of some human good, or to the satisfaction of "God's will." While one enjoys an activity aesthetically all instrumental motives are subordinated.

Before we try to make this more specific we must put ourselves on guard against a possible misunderstanding. A more dramatic title for this chapter might have been "The Arts in Industry." But this would have served again to abet the common confusion of art with aesthetic qualities. William Morris could hardly have intended his famous statement as a *definition* of art. He knew full well that many forms of joyful labor, from taking a bath to guiding logs successfully through a rapids, may be quite devoid of art. If he meant to emphasize the *expression* of such joy in labor he must also have been aware that not a little poetry gives expression to man's sorrow in labor. From Morris' general point of view as set forth in his essays and lectures, we may safely interpret his saying as a description: The quest of artistry brings joy to one's work, and conversely, expression of joy in labor tends to exhibit something of the character of artistry. Or put in our own terms: Aesthetic qualities realized in one's work are an intrinsic source of happiness. Great satisfaction in work is likewise commonly linked with the realization of

aesthetic qualities there. But a work of art can be said to come into being only when it embodies adequate aesthetic qualities organized into forms appropriate to that art, with meaningfulness and pleasure by appeal to one or more of our senses.

This in no way minimizes the importance of positive aesthetic qualities wherever and whenever they can be brought to expression in one's work. They are a source of richer experience and more abundant happiness whenever as ideas and motives, or as realized results, they transform and dignify labor. That many industries by their very nature and necessity seem to be wholly inhospitable even to the most rudimentary of them does not alter the fact of their beneficent character. How little do the heavy industries from mining and smelting to the manufacture of steel rails, boilers, girders, cables, and bulldozers, lend themselves to sensuous pleasures! Instead of providing means to charm vision or any other sense they are far more likely to give offense to nearly all of them—by heat, odors, dirt, sounds and sights indifferent, or even severe, to one's eyes and ears, and little that is grateful to touch or to kinesthetic sensations. The same dearth appears in the absence of individual initiative by which new purpose and meanings are imparted to one's work; so too in the common lack of form, or of appeal by rhythms, harmonious design and unity. The very idea of trying to bring such things to a steel-mill appears to be ridiculous on its face. In many industries the dominion of the machine is so relentless that the human beings who operate them seem themselves to merge into the mechanism. When we observe the men and women who work in the assembly lines of motorcars, and canned soups, or who feed machines to paste cardboard boxes together at the rate of sixty per minute for an eight-hour day, we realize how limited is the scope for imagination in such work. The chemical industries are in like case, whether they manufacture soap, fertilizers, sulphuric acid, glue, explosives or tannic acid. Most chemical works simply cannot be accommodated to pleasant sense experience, or given forms pleasing by their harmonious

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masses or rich decoration. Their operations admit of no rhythms, much less personal experimentation on the part of the workers. Whatever may be said about the possibilities of architecture as a source of pleasure—for example, the Larkin Soap plant, or gas factories in Germany which are generally given attractive and sometimes monumental forms—that influence is rarely possible for interiors. A watch factory, textile mill, book-bindery, shoe or furniture factory, and many others, illustrate the same compulsions, imposed, it would seem, by the conditions of the particular industry itself, and allowing little scope for individual initiative, imagination and joy in labor for its own sake. Quantity-production, by apparently inevitable strait-jackets severely limits the spontaneous happiness of multitudes in their work.

The ways and means available to help overcome the “curse” of labor present a problem of far greater importance to industry, and to society as a whole, than does even economic well-being. For economic means are never more than instruments for the attainment of a more perfect and happy human life, for communities as well as individuals. The greatest conceivable wealth for all in a community would be a bad bargain in exchange for the condition of morons and robots imposed by it upon even a portion of the group. Fortunately no such condition is likely to develop in a democratic society. Consideration for the common welfare (a central motive in democracy) means ever-renewed, concerted efforts to increase the possible fullness and happiness of life to all members of the group, and ultimately to all mankind. That process is endless. It seems extremely likely that the evils we have described will long continue; that labor will long be a curse to many men, performed primarily for material gain, made endurable, it may be, by moral and religious ideas, or mechanized into half-consciousness by habit. But happily all of these conditions await possible improvement. There are many feasible means of bringing a greater degree of initiative, self-expression, creative imagination and consequent satisfaction in labor, which justly claim the support of ethical and religious

motives by looking to the enhancement of spiritual (intellectual, mental, "inner") as well as physical (material, bodily) life, and also promise a great deal toward overcoming the sense of listless, mechanized dullness and personal futility in certain industries.

Some forward-looking employers have tried to work in this direction, but not always intelligently, and occasionally to cross purposes. They have brought music to their factories (usually during the noon hour), encouraged bands of wind and stringed instruments among employees, brought them entertainments of various sorts (mostly moving pictures), supported movements toward more attractive homes and gardens, and worked toward making the factory buildings less dreary architecturally, even with greenery and gardens of flowers to surround them. All this is admirable when spontaneous. It would not have been understood by the early leaders of the industrial revolution who so largely determined its course, and thought of machines and power as means of personal aggrandizement. The long lead which this idea has had, made it difficult for the conception of industry as a form of social service to come to its own. As it becomes increasingly dominant it will more and more be realized that aesthetic experience even in its simplest forms is the one great way of bringing about the generosity of spirit and common sympathy upon which all ideas of common good depend. For even the most perfect equity economically (as remuneration) or all the morale of say a religious will to endure to the end, will not bring about spontaneous, intrinsic satisfaction in labor itself.

But here again we discover how important is the distinction between aesthetic qualities and the arts. For none of the arts, from poetry and music to sculpture and painting, can directly influence the quality of labor. The appreciation of any work of art requires undivided attention and is, moreover, an act of contemplation—which is generally quite antithetical to overt action. It is a fundamental misunderstanding on the part of those directors of industry who assume, for instance, that music might

be played while men are running machines. When the music is of advantage to the operator it will not be to the products of the machine for it means inattention to the latter. But remarkable as it seems to be at first thought, this is not true of individual aesthetic qualities—which collectively are so important to works of art. The workman can give strict attention to the fine lines, balanced proportion, refinements of color, or other aesthetic qualities in what he is making without detriment to his product. His “practical” activity may, on the contrary, be enhanced by his joy in the realization of particular aesthetic qualities. This is far more widely true, moreover, than is generally realized. The plowboy who enjoys his straight lines as he proceeds across the field is more likely to do a good job than he who is unaware of his lines. So too the bricklayer who takes pains to create the kind of surface called for in the architect’s plans and which appeals to his imagination; even amorphous mortar yields happier results when the workman appreciates the solidity of his work—not to speak of some fine design for a mullioned window carved with loving care. Most “ordinary” and everyday processes, like sewing shoe-leather, planting trees, shaping a cake, arranging a store window, keeping a college notebook, show better results when aesthetic ideas, motives, perceptions enter in. There is a surprising correlation between the care, nice organization and general form of a student’s notebook and the quality of scholarship attained. Wherever aesthetic qualities are appreciated and sought after in any piece of work, its excellence is likely to be enhanced—as well as the satisfaction of the worker. But this is not true of the experience of any art superimposed upon practical activity of any sort.

How far aesthetic qualities can be realized in any particular industry is, of course, a matter of empirical experience. As we noted before, some industries appear to offer so little scope for intrinsic satisfaction in the work that morale seems to depend upon extraneous motives (material gain, love of power, Puritan ideology, prestige, social compulsion, and so forth). Other in-

dustries present a sphere for the wider extension of Morris' joy in labor. The making of furniture, and of household articles in general, even to kitchen utensils, presents an interesting example of how consumers' demand can sweeten the character of labor. The earlier Grand Rapids quantity-production types of chairs and tables are increasingly yielding to "custom-built" and more individualized forms. Makers of glassware, pottery, aluminum and other metal products, even to motorcars, are responding to the more refined tastes of consumers. That a great automotive plant should close its doors for an extended period in order to develop more pleasing designs for its cars illustrates how important aesthetic qualities can be from the standpoint of financial success. With a wider appreciation of the arts, and even of individual aesthetic qualities, industry will have greater and greater incentive to produce better quality goods—which will also bring greater satisfaction to their makers. One of the strange and destructive fallacies of certain leaders of industry is the assumption that financial success depends upon a rapid turnover of inferior goods. Their quick deterioration (or outmoding) is held to be the basis for a new demand—whereby the industry will be kept going. The more rapid their deterioration the better the chances for the making and selling of new ones. Hence the flimsy products and cheap imitations, from shoddy cloth to paper soles, and books that fall apart with little use, which sometimes appear in our shops. And the careless workmen who produce them (as well as the general public) are said to be better off by the process! The delusion is as patent here as in the assumption that stock-jugglery is a creator of wealth. The waste both of material and of labor (including that of management) when "durable" goods are made one-half or one-tenth as serviceable as they might have been, is a matter of arithmetic. Neither individuals nor groups are enriched by rendering any products of their industry more ephemeral than they need to be. The possessors of goods (or of securities!) twenty per cent "durable" are surely not as well off as those whose goods are eighty-five per cent "dur-

able." That more effort (employment) is called for in the renewal of twenty per cent "durable" goods than for the eighty-five per cent ones is obvious. Increased employment is also provided by book-making and stock-jugglery—and to the economic loss of the group. When certain individuals gain in these enterprises their avarice trades in human ignorance. How incomparably better for human life, as well as for the means required to support it, that industry wherever possible should produce excellent and lasting things as "enduring goods"! Such a result would mean not only greater wealth but greater satisfaction to all concerned. To bring about increased public demand for excellence and corresponding incentives on the part of all directors of industry, not so much outer, as inner, changes are called for. But wherever this educational process occurs, it clearly makes for an increment in the general well-being and happiness.

Of no small importance toward this end is the wider practice of the crafts. Although it is true, as we have noted, that awareness of excellence in anything that one does makes for a degree of satisfaction, the arts and crafts present concentrated means of realizing it. What one makes by machinery, or does beside an assembly line, or even observes by way of high quality can also bring something of it. But far more is possible when one designs and carries out a manual project involving skill and the effort to embody aesthetic qualities. The crafts are not to be confused with the arts.. Rarely do they attain the perfect organization of superlative qualities which a true work of art presents—expressively, sensuously and formally. But in their making one also concentrates upon aesthetic qualities and can enjoy them to a high degree. There are many of them and most are close to practical needs and interests. Hooked rugs, hand-weaving, objects in wood carved or otherwise decorated, embroideries, tapestries, metalwork, incised, beaten and sometimes molded, leather goods, jewelry, pottery, decoration of china, hand-made products of seemingly endless variety, afford pleasure and sometimes profit to many who know what interest and incentives to self-

expression they bring with them. They are not indeed so profound a satisfaction as comes by the practice of an art, but are none the less of sufficient moment largely to determine one's attitude toward life and work.

Happily our school boards are increasingly realizing the importance of the crafts in education. Many of the latter have already been introduced into the public school curricula and more and more children are learning the possible joy in labor as well as appreciation of the high demands of craftsmanship. The importance of this can hardly be overestimated. Many centuries before the problems growing out of the industrial revolution presented themselves, Plato in his *Republic* realized how fundamental manual skills directed toward the creation of "things of beauty" can be to education, and hence to life as a whole. He advocated that young children, long before their formal education begins, should be given opportunity and encouragement spontaneously to gratify their innate desires to make things having what we call aesthetic qualities. When (at ten years of age!) their formal education is to begin, the pupils will generally have learned self-initiative; also how many problems and difficulties present themselves in their undertakings, and how desirable instruction is. They should then make rapid progress in their school subjects. The discipline and mechanics of the process, because linked with objects they desire to attain, will become purposeful and no longer meaningless. "Things of beauty" in their environment will, of course, also continue to give incentives to the work . . . Whatever we may think of particular items in Plato's program his general idea of bringing what we should call the crafts into close relation with primary and secondary education is one heartily to be endorsed. "Life," alas, is too often segregated from "education" (which Plato called "the chief business of life"). The point he made concerning education is surely true of life. The leaven of aesthetic experience which can vitalize and give inspiring purpose to "the chill places of instruction" can also permeate a heavy mass of dull, mechanic

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toil. Whoso brings more of it into our industries, or anywhere else, is a benefactor. He enhances the quality of human life. He enhances the quality of what men produce. He enhances the happiness of the doing.

An economic factor which has too long been thought to militate against the arts, should here be considered. We need not contest the economist's general principle that abundant employment is desirable for any community. Nor need we discuss another of his other principles: that the greater the number of our wants the more developed is our civilization. History brings it into question, to be sure, in several high cultures of the past which lacked most of our present-day wants. And we are not always certain that sundry and several of our many wants are advantageous—whether to the maker, the seller, or to the purchaser. Perhaps we err in assuming that even the production of needless, useless, or harmful commodities, at expense of soul-and-body-destroying toil, and great waste of natural resources, is nevertheless a boon, because it provides employment to a hundred thousand or more. But let us assume that profitable employment is desirable, and that the number and nature of a community's wants are vitally related to its culture. Our question then becomes: How can we bring to increasing numbers of workers the "joy in labor" which the spirit of artistry, and even the creation of positive aesthetic qualities, brings with it? We know, indeed, that in certain industries, and other forms of work, this is impossible. Negative and destructive aesthetic factors are likely to remain a part of human experience. But are there not large areas where employment profitable to all concerned may be provided as soon as our wants are developed in these directions?

Our hopes for a richer life depend upon our common sense of values and the extent to which it can be developed. The well-being and happiness of a society depend in large part upon the degree to which the various kinds of values—economic, social, bodily (e. g. health, athletics) religious, intellectual (e. g. science) aesthetic, and the rest, are cherished there. Other factors, all the

way from climate and crops to possibly enforced ideologies, enter in. But most promising of all is enlightened knowledge with active imagination and feelings appropriate to it. The growing importance of aesthetic values in the picture of our common life is shown by projects increasingly desired amongst us: theatres run by communities, as schools and public libraries are; public works such as frescoes and paintings to intrigue imagination in our public buildings; statues of heroes and poets, of admirable athletes, self-sacrificing leaders and lovers of their kind, set up where they can be enjoyed, perhaps even at street corners, as in ancient Athens; public gardens, for health of body and mind; community orchestras, bands and singing instructors; country, as well as city, planning bodies to conserve our resources of forest and stream and make even the development of slums impossible,—these and many others point to forms of rational employment of the kind we hope for. But is this increase in “aesthetic jobs” like that of government jobs in general, not contrary to sound, economic principles, a “waste of the people’s money”?

This crucial question is commonly answered in the affirmative. Economic laws, moreover, are thought to be quite definite, if not fateful, and to concern prior, basic, and necessary matters upon which the entire structure of human life depends. What could be more axiomatic than the necessity of food, clothing, and shelter, if life is to continue at all; or that full and profitable employment is the basis of national as well as of local prosperity? Perhaps we can throw a little additional light, however, on the status of aesthetic values as related to economic ones if we consider a particular industry more in detail and compare its jobs with those offered (or already provided) by aesthetic wants. One of the great industries in American, and some other, economic structures, is advertising. It provides employment to woodsmen, loggers, pulp-makers, transport-workers, paper-makers, color grinders, commercial artists, composers, pressmen, plate-makers, linotypists, solicitors, distributors, accountants, research workers, billboard carpenters, painters, radio announcers, entertainers, makers

of television sets, manufacturers of electric display signs, and, not least, post-office workers. The collective cost of these services is formidable. Approximately three-quarters of the space of our newspapers and magazines is filled (and well paid for) by advertisements. The results achieved by the industry are held to be satisfactory if attention is elicited from two per cent of the "prospects." It cannot, at any point, be said to increase the supply of consumers' goods. On the other hand, it is immensely destructive to capital goods (timber, rainfall, and soil by erosion.) It is wasteful and deliberately futile up to ninety-eight per cent of its "product." Nor can even the remainder be said to contribute to any permanent, or intrinsic, value. As a service it calls attention to possible wants, good, bad, and indifferent. It may create new ones. For this we pay prodigious sums as a group—however successfully the fact may be disguised as private business. In our democracies we *can* conserve private forests and prevent waste of newsprint. If it be argued that advertising supports our newspapers and magazines, the answer is: Far less wasteful means are available. That advertising also introduces and supports hideously destructive goods and services is incidental to our argument. The justifiable function of bringing desirable goods and services to the attention of the public could be accomplished at a small fraction of its present cost.

But the practical economist demurs: What would happen then to the livelihood of the many who are supported by this industry? The answer is: New jobs will be created for the conservation, rather than for the destruction of our forests and of our soil. Temporary jobs for the removal of billboards will be succeeded by permanent ones to make our roads, everywhere so far as possible, parkways. There will be jobs to make our towns and villages as interesting and delightful architecturally as they were in the Middle Ages with all the additional advantages of our technological resources. There will be jobs to build, conserve and control "city-forests" which will yet (as in central Europe)

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surround our towns, large and small, and lessen the "realtor's" monstrosities, as well as give the citizens easy access to country—and incidentally lessen their taxes by the sale of fine timber. Jobs to enhance the character of our lives and our environments appear to be far more numerous than those which now desecrate it. And wherever such jobs bring even a small measure of realized aesthetic quality they bring joy and integration to the doer. They bind us closer together in rational sympathy with our fellows. The problem is, indeed, also one of tangible resources. But far more important is the training, especially of new generations, to happier, more permanent and intrinsic satisfactions. Our wants will probably always exhibit variety. Many people may long continue to prefer a shiny motorcar to a home that intrigues imagination, or to choose a dozen daily smokes over a period of a few years in preference to the finest grand piano for their children. Whole communities may continue to endure hideous unsightliness and malodorous squalor in exchange for costly drinks. But however persistent such wants may be, they are not fateful as factors in our economic well-being. The example of advertising itself makes that clear. Our legal suppression of deleterious drugs and certain patent medicines also illustrates it. The most potent force to develop our rational wants, however, is disinterested education. As we more and more learn the importance of aesthetic values, and how from an economic standpoint, their realization is no different from that of other wants supplied, we shall increasingly provide jobs looking to their attainment—and without the fallacious assumption that such work is an economic loss.

Happy indeed will be the substitution of such demands, and of labor to help supply them, for the wasteful, futile, depressing and distracting forms of employment which are too often assumed to be necessary or inevitable. No one, probably, will deny that an exchange of dull, mechanical, uninspiring jobs, often destructive to our environment, to our resources, and even to our lives themselves, for inspiring, purposive, life-conserving ones, could be

anything short of a boon. But questions are raised concerning its economic feasibility. To which one can but answer: Every human project has its limitations of one or more kinds. We do not, for psychological, as well as physical reasons, project buildings a mile high. We cannot aspire to the possession of perennial springs of sparkling champagne bubbling naturally in our cellars. But neither have we yet discovered how large is the area where in their gloriously beneficent scope aesthetic functions may yet enrich human life. They have not yet evolved as those of science have. We have not yet found how largely the will is father to the deed in supplying our variegated wants, whether tangible means toward their realization be scarce or abundant. Was the great enterprise carried out for centuries in Europe with the strange and futile purpose of gaining possession of the Holy Sepulchre brought about—or thwarted—by available economic resources? The number of books sold from year to year *per capita* in America has long been a fraction of those sold *per capita* in Japan, Norway, Russia, Germany, and some Latin-American countries, not because we lack facilities for the making of books, or resources to purchase them, but chiefly because the demand for their possession is not so strong with us as elsewhere. It is the increasing *thirst* for hard liquor which in recent years has greatly increased the number of jobs available for bartenders, distillery workers, policemen, and criminal lawyers. Good motor roads, until recent decades assumed to be a utopian dream for America, are now seen to be products of a sufficient number of resolute wills. So it is with exchanges of useless, unhappy and destructive jobs, for purposive, delightful, and conserving ones. Where they are physically possible, such changes are functions of human wills. The fact augurs well for education to values. It might ameliorate (perhaps even sanctify) certain forms of economic depression—if a more humane and rational order could follow.

VIII

THE FUNCTION OF POETRY

When the editor of a widely-read periodical put the rhetorical question, "Who reads poetry to-day?" he probably meant to imply that readers in our age are generally concerned with more important matters. Most of them fail to see the random lines tucked away in obscure corners, as they ignore the printer's ornamental designs. He may also have had in mind the trivialities, syllabic architectonics, nonsense, and empty conceits in verse which had come to his attention. Possibly he esteemed it no very effective means of dealing with the overwhelming problems that call for our solution, a kind of otiose fiddling when Rome is crackling. Or still more radically, he may have meant that poetry, whatsoever its form or content, is of no importance to human life and happiness.

This, a very common assumption, is what will chiefly concern us here. What does poetry do for us as affecting the scope and quality of our existence? What may we expect from its further development in the minds and hearts of men as expression of their desires, insights, faiths, aspirations, loves, sorrows and the other items of our inner life? We shall clearly have to say what we mean by poetry and its various kinds. But our primary aim is to assess, as best we can, the functions of this art as expression and fashioner of human life. That it is a "maker," the root meaning of the word, will not be questioned by those who have felt its power even to a small degree. It is a creator not only as making the poem but as making the man, both him who gives and him who takes, not, of course, by deliberate will but sponta-

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neously, as flowers grow in sunshine and rain. If, as we hope, this art is to grow to the greater glory and happiness of men, it will come, not by artifice, as by robots that make pretense of acting or feeling like humans, not through servitors who *use* the arts to gain ulterior purposes (even this greater glory and happiness), but by lovers whose inner being flows over in the unpremeditated service of life itself, rejoicing in the making thereof.

Let us begin with the simplest terms and common denominators. Whatever more may need to be said, it is clear that poetry is articulate speech suffused with emotion and having a certain form. Not all such language is poetry, but all poetry belongs here. Suppose we link the editor's question then with the fact that human minds are moved to deliberate action only when emotions are involved. It would appear as though the language of which poetry forms a part might be of some significance to human motives, attitudes and actions. Let us see if this be true as a matter of history. Let us examine the recognized primary source of inspiration to a great nation's aberration and downfall in our own time.

Friederich Nietzsche bears that unquestioned and unenvied distinction in the development of modern Germany which culminated in the Nazi state. His books of flaming dicta, in imitation of the Sermon on the Mount, became songs of glory to three generations of German youth. They expressed and molded their will to power, their radical break with the restraints and sentiments of traditional religion, their desire to apply in practice the Darwinian survival of the fittest, their urge toward a ruthless self-perfecting and self-assertion in order to bring the superman into being. *Thus spake Zarathustra* is surely one of the momentous books of human history. Let us hear a few of its passages from the chapter "On War and the People of War."

"My brethren in war! I love you through and through; I am, and have been, one of you. And I am too your very best enemy. So let me speak the truth unto you.

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I know the hate and envy of your hearts. You are not great enough not to know envy and hate. Be great enough then, not to be ashamed of them . . .

O be unto me such as forever cast their eyes about to seek an enemy, *your* enemy. In a few of you already there is hate at first sight.

You should seek out your enemy. You should wage your war for your thoughts. And even should one be vanquished, let your candour claim a triumph for all that.

You should love peace as a means to new wars. And a short peace more than a long one.

I counsel you not to work, but to fight. I would have you seek not peace but victory. Let your labor be a battle, your peace a victory!

You say it is a good cause that hallows a war? I say unto you it is a good war that hallows every cause . . .

What is good? you ask. To be brave is good. Let young girls answer, "To be good is to be pretty and at the same time charming . . ."

You are ugly? Well so be it, my brethren! Cast the sublime about you, the mantle of ugliness.

And when your soul is become great it will be insolent, and in your sublimity there is malice. I know your . . ."

Such language has moved many millions of men to ruthless aggression and self-destruction. "Weltmacht oder Untergang!" It is not the language of fact, nor is there any logical inference. It presents not the slightest evidence, any single item which might serve toward the reasoned solution of any problem. In part it is self-contradictory—unless love and hate can somehow be identified, and confessedly detestable qualities are also desirable. Yet so personal and dramatic is the appeal for an ostensible great cause, so grandiose the imagination, so profound the emotions involved, so effective the presumption of unquestionable compliance, that it has moved educated German youth somewhat

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as battle-cries and war-dances affected Sioux Indians, or a nonsense syllable the Fiji Islanders when they ran amuck.

The sacred books of religion east and west are couched in language of the same common denominator with poetry. Consider the Buddhist scriptures which glory in the life of resignation and freedom from desire (exactly the opposite of Nietzsche's will to power) and commend Nirvana, or salvation by eventual overcoming of the will to live with its weary round of rebirth and decay. Says the Dhammapada, on Age:

"How is there laughter, how is there joy, as this world is always burning? Do you not seek a light, ye who are surrounded by darkness?

Look at this dressed-up lump, covered with wounds, joined together, sickly, full of many schemes, but which has no strength, no hold!

This body is wasted, full of sickness, and frail; this heap of corruption breaks to pieces, life indeed ends in death.

After one has looked at those grey bones, thrown away like gourds in the autumn, what pleasure is there left in life? . . .

Looking for the maker of this tabernacle, I have run through a course of many births, not finding him; and painful is birth again and again. But now, maker of the tabernacle, thou hast been seen; thou shalt not make up this tabernacle again. All thy rafters are broken, thy ridge-pole is sundered; the mind approaching the Eternal, has attained to the extinction of all desires."

For twenty-five hundred years the lives and characters of countless millions of Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Indonesians, and others have been molded to a pattern of gentleness, sympathy, selflessness, modesty, kindliness, lack of ambition, indifference, passivity, poverty, and spiritual enlightenment by the influence of the Buddhist writings; and, longer still, the Hindus, firm in their belief in immortality, conceiving of their caste system as a divine scheme of spiritual evolution, respecting all forms of life whether

gnat or mosquito, reptile, bird or man, as manifestations of a divine world-order, accepting evil as well as good, since both exhibit divine intent (death and transmigration no less than love and creation), cultivating fearlessness, cleanness of life, sacrifice, austerity, absence of wrath, compassion to all living beings, forgiveness, fortitude, modesty—all by the hearing and the reading of the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads*, the *Puranas*, the *Bhagavad-Gita* and other books. Is it the language which poetry employs? Let us hear a few lines from the *Bhagavad-Gita*:

“Arjuna said: ‘How, O Madhusudana, shall I attack Bhishma and Drona with arrows in battle, they who are worthy of reverence, O slayer of foes? Better in this world to eat even the beggar’s crust than to slay these most noble Gurus. Slaying these Gurus, our well-wishers, I should taste of blood-besprinkled feasts. Nor know I which for us be the better, that we conquer them or they conquer us—these whom having slain we should not care to live, even these arrayed against us, the sons of Dhritarashtra . . . The blessed Lord said: ‘Thou grieveest for those that should not be grieved for, yet speakest words of wisdom. The wise grieve neither for the living nor for the dead. Not at any time verily was I not, nor thou, nor these princes of men, nor verily shall we ever cease to be, hereafter. As the dweller in the body experienceth in the body childhood, youth, old age, so passeth he on to another body; the steadfast one grieveth not thereat. The contacts of matter, O son of Kunti, giving cold and heat, pleasure and pain, they come and go, impermanent; endure them bravely, O Bharata’.”

Is there any need of reinforcing the argument by quoting from Jewish or Christian scriptures to show how fundamentally the language of Psalms, of the prophets, of the Sermon on the Mount has affected Western culture? It too is the language of imagination and feeling, with rhythmic forms which have helped to astonish, to intrigue, to calm, sometimes to set on fire, the souls of Germans, Irish, Spaniards, Russians, Anglo-Saxons and

the rest. "The Lord is my shepherd." "God is our refuge and our strength. . ." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend . . ." How momentously have intuitions such as these helped to shape the attitudes and actions of Europeans for many centuries! And whether we approve or disapprove, such language wherever heard will long continue to inspire even when whole libraries of fact, of argument and proof may have molded to dust.

Perhaps we shall better appreciate the language which poetry employs if we contrast it with that of "pure" science, a science devoid of "personal equations" and of distorting emotions, free from other extraneous appeals of "winged words," of magic in sound and form, or the play of "irresponsible imagination."

"The [social] situation (S) also yields two elements: (1) the physical environment (B); and (2) the attitudes of the other persons participating in the process in question (A_1). In this case as well one factor must not be neglected for the sake of the other. At times influences of the physical environment, such as topography, climate, tools, etc., may be of chief importance for the course of the process. Hence $S = B \times A_1$.

The factor A_1 offers the same possibility of separation into component elements as does the attitude (A) of the person taken as the starting-point of analysis. The socially relevant native equipment (N_1) of the other participants in the process must be taken into account, as must also the experiences (E_1) they have undergone. Hence $A_1 = N_1 \times E_1$.

. . . Without adding further detail, we may say that for all practical purposes the various minor formulae combine into the following major formula:

$P [\text{Product}] = N \times E \times B \times (N \times E)_1$." (Wiese-Becker *Systematic Sociology* (1932), p. 176.).

Even if the (P) under discussion here were war we might remain coldly objective and undisturbed. "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not

come nigh thee." We might even agree with another sociologist who writes: "Thus far there has been only one way by which society has been formed, and that is through social assimilation by conquest, struggle, caste, inequality, resignation, concession, compromise, equilibration and final interaction, cooperation, miscegenation, coalescence, unification, consolidation and solidarization." (Lester F. Ward, *Pure Sociology*, p. 215.) War can indeed be scientifically described as a "synergy" of "social dynamics" due to some change in the "type of structures" away from "equilibrium," which by some "difference of potential" now results in "conation." But the most precise and purest science is not likely in itself to effect any "differences of potential" or "conation" either in the direction of peace or of war. We have excellent scientific treatises on the causes of war; and most penetrating philosophical analyses of abstract human rights and duties. "It is not for want of admirable doctrines," wrote Shelley, "that men hate, and despise, and censure, and deceive, and subjugate one another." Nor will the new "machinery" of peace, geared though it be to the utmost refinements of legal discrimination and oiled by the clearest and most dispassionate facts, operate at all without the motive power of human hearts. Here is where the language under discussion presents a lively hope and a research magnificent.

But it behooves us now to speak more intimately of poetry itself that we may better appreciate this power in its variety and inner being. And first certain negative and puzzling matters which always abide the question of those who, like the Editor, are wary of versifiers. Nonsense (in contrast with the products of pure sociology) can sometimes stir the minds of men even to frenzy. This "madness," as Plato and others have called it, has led to some strange and destructive results in human history. We have noted how even obvious logical contradictions did not deter the followers of Nietzsche from running amuck under the spell of his language. Certain animals, no less than men, are profoundly moved by rhythmical sounds. Many aesthetic qualities

quite independently of any meaning (which may be totally lacking) can arouse a great variety of emotions and motivate undesirable actions, as well as those of the nobler sort. That was why Plato wanted to forbid certain musical rhythms (as well as sentimental and orgiastic instruments) in his new republic. Through the course of recorded history men at work and war, at ritual and dance, at festival, play and hocus-pocus, have heightened the tone and pleasure (sometimes also the pain) of their doings by endowing them with aesthetic qualities. So that it is not strange after all that the irrational and destructive behavior of men should also be intensified, even be made attractive, by color and design, rhythm, coherence, variety and other "magical" charms.

When corybantic dancers fell into an intoxicated swoon by the persistent fury of the rhythm it was probably not unlike the effect which nonsense rhymes and rhythms of Pastor Paul had upon his devotees. These verses, repeated over and over again to stirring hymn tunes, seemed to have so preternatural an influence upon his followers that he came to regard them as a Pentacostal "language of Heaven." Perhaps some of my readers have felt a kindred stirring of their blood by the unintelligible sounds of a mass echoed from some high altar and reredos in an ancient cathedral.

Schua ea, schua ea,
O tschi liro ti ra pea,
akki lungo ta ri fungo
u li hara, to ra lungo,
latschi bungo ti tu ta.

If the essence of poetry were to be sought in the succession and order of agreeable sounds (mathematically representable by the ratios of vowels to consonants and of vowels to other vowels as in the percentages of Professor Birkhoff), the writers of pure nonsense verse would seem to have some advantage over all

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other "makers." For happy titillations of sound are far more easily constructed out of syllables made to order than from words put together with meaningful intent. Certain of our modern writers have tried to effect a compromise here. Words are used but in an unintelligible sequence. Meanings seem to be implied, as it were through a jigsaw puzzle which challenges our curiosity and ingenuity.

If i should say thankyouverymuch
mr rosenbloom picks strawberries
with beringed hands) (but if
i Should say solong my
tailor
chuckles
like a woman in a dream) (but if i
should say
Now the all saucers
but cups if begin to spoons dance every-
should where say over the damned table and we
hold lips Eyes everything
hands you know what
happens) but if i should,
Say,

(E. E. Cummings)

The new sequence here does not appear to be in the interest of rhythm, meter, rhyme, unity, lilt, dramatic climax, variety, balance, euphony or any other hitherto known aesthetic quality. A kind of imagination or intellectual curiosity like that which motivates crossword study, linked with the possible innuendoes of certain words, seems to be the dominant motive. The advantage of retaining the tradition of lines in this and many other published verses is not apparent.

Many "prose" writers on the other hand, who do not naturally

incline toward linear divisions attain a high order of aesthetic qualities which are clearly those of poetry. Consider the sensuous charm of a sentence from a book on philosophy: ". . . Blue, the incredible color of corn-flower, larkspur and hyacinth; of the peacock's breast and a turquoise scarab; of a robin's egg and the wings of butterflies; of chalcedony and sapphire; of steel; of shadows cast on snow; of still lakes in early morning; of smoke on a golden October day; and far-off mountains; of forget-me-nots and pansies and the eye of a child." (H. Parkhurst, *Beauty*, p. 80.) Cutting this into lines ("Blue" for one, the rest ending at semicolons) might by pauses have enhanced these pictures for imagination and feeling. But their character, and that of much else which is written as poetry too, is not dependent upon such arrangement. How charming the euphony and easy rhythm, all the more pleasing by its spontaneity; the rich variety in a unified intuition, each item contributing to a clear and imaginative idea which even as philosophy is redolent with a warm appeal to unconfused emotions! There is here nothing mechanical, exaggerated, artificial, sentimental, sophisticated, strained, self-conscious, ostensibly clever, inaccessible, or tantalizing by deliberate obscurity and muddled language. It even awakens a contemplative attitude and sympathetic relationship to the objects mentioned. With all its distinction, refinement and novelty, it is wholly natural and easy.

Perhaps one reason why some writers (and readers) forego verse is because it is so easily the prey of distortions of far-fetched associations, of obvious mechanism to complete a line of rhymes from the rhyming dictionary, of sentimentalities and other unpalatable matter—from ideas that belong together as little as do the words of a pun to meaningless mystifications set in some spell of tintinnabulating sound, or even without it. Art is indeed set off by contemplation from the immediate world about us, from bare fact, from colorless commonplaceness in which there is no appeal to imagination and its attendant emotions. But this does not make it false, unnatural, fictitious in the sense of something completely dissociated from reality, or unrelated to the

laws and logic of human minds. As Aristotle long ago pointed out, the heroes and actions of tragedy are such as *might have been*. The "light that never was on land or sea" is still a light on undiminished sea and land. Imagination is still an exponent of reality in its richest symbolisms of centaurs, nymphs, and the denizens of "fairy lands forlorn." These become false, or lack genuineness, when, like some dark body unperceived in imaginary space, they bear no relationship to reality, inwardly or outwardly, in our experience.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about formal qualities in poetry is that they can be either positive or negative in their contribution to a given work. Rhyme can "sweeten" what a poet has to tell us. It can also help to destroy the very sentiments which he intends to express. Consider the following lines:

Swing and ring,
Ring and swing,
Liberty-bell of seventy-six!
Chime and rhyme
Rhyme and chime,
Jubilee strains that rise and mix
With a people's exultant cheers
After a hundred and fifty years!
Here where Beauty and Justice reign
Under the tower of a nation's fane
Midst Love's golden candlesticks—
Freedom's proclaimer throughout the land
Signal which patriots understand
Swell the music of seventy-six
Ring the Liberty-bell again!

What becomes of our patriotism after that? Is it not compromised, weakened, made shame-faced and affected, if not falsified? Chiefly responsible for this is the demand for rhymes. Our minds are subjected to arbitrary, unmotivated mechanisms, which require and forcibly add extraneous and even senseless matter

("Love's golden candlesticks"), upset the natural order of some admirable ideas, as well as destroy the lilt and inherent charm of several words and phrases. The claims of rhyme befuddle even the rhythm here and thus further detract from the noble sentiments of the author. How far more effectively, and perhaps poetically, he might have expressed himself if he had avoided rhyme altogether!

The same alternative presents itself in other formal qualities. Any rhythm and the patterns of rhythm we call meter, can be at once a force to stir the duller minds and a mechanism of constraint to deprive the mind of its freedom and spontaneity, thus striking at the roots of aesthetic experience. Free activity is not lawless, or devoid of rhythm. But it is autonomous, in accord with our natures at their happiest development, and implies initiative. The contrast between good form and formality in a person's behavior illustrates the same point. Under the constraint of etiquette, or of military discipline, a human body can be reduced to a mechanism almost as easily as gravitation does it when one slips on a banana peel. Consider a military bow in Germanic fashion, clicking heels, eyes fixed, body bending only at the waist, hands rigid at the axis. But the remarkable fact is that courtesy can perform almost the same motions and by independent initiative in free expression attain poise, grace, consequentialness, dignity and other aesthetic qualities. So in verse a given meter can ruin the matter of one writer and exalt that of another. The alternative here of course involves other factors than freedom; but metrical mechanism is a crucial one. So with other formal qualities a parallel contrast obtains. Alliteration, when it grows spontaneously from the poet's imagination, discovering the rich parallels of sound easily and naturally suited to express his meaning, can enhance the charm and force of what he says. This it often does in *Piers Plowman* and in Anglo-Saxon poetry. But it is far more likely to be a childish pattern of letter-blocks. Like ill-suited rhythms it can be as wearisome as the stone of Sisyphus. The various kinds of unity are also dependent

upon a compensating variety. Coherence, in which there is nowhere a redundant word or idea, as well as consistency of style, are both persistently menaced by monotony. The dramatic purposiveness which moves to its climax and a resolution, the unity by dominance of a single motive or character, again present the alternative of possible magic or pitiful mechanism. So it is not the summation of isolated qualities, howsoever perfect they may be in themselves, which yields the language of poetry. Like the members of an organism these qualities are interdependent, they interact, and compensate one for another. The euphonics of "Ring and Swing" are far from being an asset to its unity!

What is true of the happy coordination of formal qualities among themselves as well as with the sensuous ones is no less true of meaning and expressive qualities. Great emotions and ideas may be rendered vapid and commonplace by the spirit as well as by the forms in which they are expressed. Consider how the barb of satire ruins many of Pope's finest intuitions, even those of brilliant form and charm of diction. Form, imagery, and language often enhance their significance, but not always enough to overcome the sting of negation. The poet's ideas, his wealth of intuition and imagination, his generous attitudes, his poignant emotions, together with his spontaneous realization of dozens of formal and sensuous qualities, conspire among themselves to produce the perfect work.

Is it strange then, that there should be many and various interpretations of so wonderful and variegated a matter as poetry? One might easily gather together several hundred different definitions of this art, the most surprising being, perhaps, those of the "makers" themselves. Housman, who himself wrote *The Shropshire Lad*, maintained that "Poetry is not the thing said but a way of saying it," and quoted the lines,

Take O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn . . .

to show how

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Shakespeare's "nonsense" could yet be "ravishing poetry." His conception of nonsense is clearly not that of Pastor Paul's "Language of Heaven." Wordsworth, who characterized his art as "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" often made poetry "more philosophical than philosophy itself." Simonides and many other poets since his day have found "speaking pictures," imagery, the essential matter. So too Sir Philip Sidney, adding that its end is to teach and to delight. Shelley called it "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." Coleridge found imperfect understanding and disguised meanings essential to its pleasures. Eighteenth century English poets were generally disposed to agree with Dr. Johnson's emphasis on cleverness: "The essence of poetry is invention, as by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights." Some of them apparently were also inspired by the Hemsterhuis definition of the beautiful as "that which gives the greatest number of ideas in the shortest space of time." Romanticists in their turn called it "the art of lending existence to nothing." For Housman poetry was "more physical than intellectual" as belonging to the class of things called "secretions." He described its symptoms: "a shiver down the spine, a constriction of the throat, and a precipitation of water to the eyes." George Herbert experimented with symbolic shapes produced by lines of varying lengths. Sidney Lanier equated his meters and lines with musical notes and bars. Whitman's modulations are surely more numerous than his regular feet! Robert Bridges found it "difficult to discriminate between Poetry, Morals and Religion" and contended that "Morals is that part of Poetry which deals with conduct, and Religion that part of it which deals with the idea of God." But Schiller described simple or direct poetry as "the words of a god in the mouth of a child." The list could be greatly extended, some, as it were in praise of the Muse's intelligence, others of her voice, of her movement, of the blessings she bestows, and some perhaps in praise of qualities she does not possess.

The exaggeration of important and, at the same time, partial

truth has led to misunderstanding, here as elsewhere. Most definitions and descriptions are true, but inadequately so. If we hold to Wordsworth's "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" as the essential character of poetry we can easily assume (as Tolstoi did in one of his chapters at least) that success in the communication of powerful feelings is the touchstone of the art. But not only are many such communications made without poetry, and especially our bad humors, but Wordsworth's own great poems are but weakly described in those terms. Imagery is surely a *sine qua non* not only as "speaking pictures" but as "unheard melodies" and memories from all of our senses, which great poetry has always conspired to create, even between the lines. But is that all? Works of art, good Dr. Johnson, do indeed "surprise and delight" by their never-failing originality. A simple and ancient poem, like a great melody advancing perhaps by single intervals, can be endlessly new and fresh with "invention," even after many repetitions. But he who counts the "surprises" limits himself unduly, like the candidate who counted omegas in Homer as the key to his greatness. Omegas are important for his euphony. But can one be oblivious of his matchless rhythm and meter, of his unified, yet spontaneous, and free, design? Or can one ignore his ideas—which surely help to "constrict the throat and precipitate water to the eyes" when they are not "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears?"

In our desire to see the whole we must also remember that the medium of poetry is language. The various arts have many aesthetic qualities in common but they also have their distinctive characters. Any intelligent appreciation bids us recognize the metaphor when we speak of the "music" of poetry or "poetry" of painting. Illuminating as metaphors often are they are generally misleading when taken as description of a thing. "Man is a fish" is sometimes true enough, but a poor characterization of *homo sapiens* both in water and on dry land. The "music" of poetry and of running brooks is not music at all but a delightful figure of fancy. The medium of music is articulated tones which belong to a scale of notes having harmonic relationships

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each to every other. Nor can painting, dancing or architecture claim to be poetry—except when they express themselves in articulated language, which is surely not their distinctive function. Even when we speak of the various “languages” of the arts we must remember that this too is metaphor. The meanings, intuitions, insights which every art provides, are in literature alone expressed in articulated language.

On the other hand, when we look more closely into the medium of poetry we find that no limit can be set to its use. Formalists and others have argued that poetry has its own vocabulary of choice words, and that the great multitude of “ordinary” ones are permanently excommunicated from that circle. But history shows that one cannot foretell what new expressiveness and appeal to feeling a poet may give to words and ideas now deemed colorless or commonplace. Even micrometer screws, sledge-hammers and bull-dozers may yet find their place. There are, of course, immense differences in the wealth of associations, or in the direct appeal to feeling, which particular words enjoy. But here as elsewhere throughout the realms of art, the invitation runs: “Come and create me anew.” The assumed limitations of content and matter are, in fact, merely traditional. So that even though a large portion of our written and spoken language now lacks the charm of “winged words” our interest and desire to have it otherwise might greatly enhance our conversation. Where expression of feeling is taboo (as in the reasonings of exact science, in pure sociology, and in many “practical” communications), there would seem to be little scope for artistry, even though not a few aesthetic qualities—aptness, conciseness, clarity, consequentialness, balance, coherence, unity, refinement—may be found there. Croce distinguishes between “universals” as the sphere of science, and “particulars,” or “individuals,” as the material for art. This in general is valid. But poetry can, and often has, expressed universal ideas and even abstract ones. Consider Sophocles in the *Antigone* on the potentialities and final helplessness of man; or Hamlet’s “To be or not to be!” The universals of poetry are invested indeed with sensuous clothing;

but they are there none the less. One might even invert the famous saying of Aristotle into: Philosophy is sometimes as poetical as poetry itself. Witness parts of the *Symposium*, the *Phaedo*, the *Protagoras* of Plato! Artistry,—combined, of course, with profound insight and sure inference,—is what gives Plato his bright immortality. To exclude intellect from the realm of poetry is quite as unwarranted as the faculty-psychology upon which it is based. There is, in the first place, no such separable organ to be excommunicated. The various functions and aspects of our minds are all interconnected and dependent each upon every other. They merge into one another, intuition into reason, and reason into intuition, imagination into intuition and memory into imagination. Perception without memory and imagination would be impossible. The same interdependence exists between what we call “will,” or action, and feeling. Both in turn are linked with every other distinguishable function. Psychological functions are indeed only relatively and sometimes hypothetically distinguishable, as for instance, “pure” sensations. Croce, who rightly considers intuitive, or direct and unmediated insight of central importance to artistry, links it, even identifies it, with perception and imagination.

The “hidden want” of intellect in art is far from being peculiar to it. Intuition itself can be cold, abstract, dry, devoid of imagination and feeling. Many profound insights have come to scientists, immediate, inexplicable “revelations” like those of Poincaré in mathematics, which although they were as intuitive, as imaginative, and even as redolent with feeling as Shelley’s *Skylark* have not yet found expression in art. This may be due to the absence of aesthetic form, or of sensuous charm, or of relevance to design—all of which may limit perception, imagination, memory and other functions as well. How often do we not hear that feeling is the “touchstone” or even “essence” of poetry! Yet there are “powerful emotions” so negative, so distracting, so paralyzing to contemplation and intuition, that their “spontaneous overflow” is as remote from poetry as the most abstruse

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formulations of the coldest intellect. Those which Wordsworth had in mind were doubtless the "blessed ones" "recollected in tranquillity." And yet in great drama by virtue of artistry the most violent and destructive passions appear, and are transformed into one of poetry's chief glories.

There would seem to be as little justification then for bounding this art in the domain of some hypothetical mental faculty as to restrict it to certain subject-matter. Through its long history it has claimed the whole of life as its domain, and engaged our minds in all their various functions. It is indeed the prerogative of the arts in general to give scope to functions which are commonly repressed or stunted by our way of life. The free play of imagination, the luxury of stories, the expression of our new ideas and intuitions for their own sakes, the attitude of play, the spontaneous overflow of our emotions—all these are out of place in our every-day business and practical affairs. We are necessarily "abstract," cut off from such irrelevant matters, when we concentrate on catching a train or on recording a chemical experiment. But the deep enjoyment of some wonderful work of beauty helps us "return to ourselves," "reunites us with ourselves", by giving scope to what is an essential part of ourselves. Here is one reason for the title of this book.

From all the foregoing it is clear that to define the "essence" of poetry is quite as impossible as to find the philosopher's stone. But this is no less true of most of our fundamental terms. What is the "essence" of "man"? We can describe him as a "featherless biped" having certain organs, bones and tissues, as a "consumer of goods," "the most religious of animals," a "heat engine," a "being distinctly lower than the angels," a "tool-user," a "protoplasmic synthesis of a number of chemical elements around carbon," a "variegated activity, mentally and physically, or protons, neutrons and electrons whose mass compressed into a single lump would be invisible to the human eye"—and in many other ways. But none of these, or all together, are quite adequate. Sometimes we merely point and say: "He has the shape of a man, therefore

let him pass as a man." So mystics, and sometimes critics, content themselves with: "*This* is what I mean by poetry." In a large area of our experience we are all of us reduced to pointing: "That is what we call red, or sweet, or left side." Intelligence demands more wherever possible. Hence our efforts to describe, compare, measure, experiment, characterize, and enumerate qualities and kinds.

But the impossibility of finding an absolute or final definition of poetry is no handicap to our understanding and appreciation of it. If, by some superhuman, or inhuman, ingenuity we were to discover that

$$P = MxO_2 (O_1 + N + R) (S_1 + S_2)$$

each symbol having attained mathematical precision, we should hardly be more auspiciously situated than we now are for discovery and enjoyment in this rich and wonderful field. How would it foster more refined knowledge of the many kinds: dramatic, lyric, rhymed, unrhymed, hexameter, ode, sonnet and the rest? Or of the qualities they individually and collectively exhibit? Or of the still unbounded resources of imagination, feeling and insight? Or of the functions of the art as maker, revealer, or consoler? We are, in fact, better off without such a formula of exact definition.

With so many factors entering into its structure it is not remarkable that there should be many kinds as well as many degrees of poetry. In Greek verse, rhyme, which has played so varied, and often destructive, a role in English poetry, is totally absent. Imagists may delight us with visual pictures, memories of things touched or tasted, organic sensations, together with disguised intuitions and implicit emotions without our becoming aware of their rhythm or lilt. Meanings and powerful emotions are sometimes so dominant that we overlook redundancy, cacophony or faulty rhymes. Prose, as Coleridge observed, is not the antithesis of poetry. Lincoln's speeches sometimes have far more poetic character than some perfectly versified, sweet sounding but vacuous sonnets. The various kinds have been classified in many ways but they always have certain fundamental qualities in

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common. There is always pattern, or form, with a multitude of possibilities. There is always concrete, or sensory, appeal and charm. There is always meaning, and feeling, whether it be overwhelming in breadth and power or a tiny intuition vaguely suggested. Comparisons are often like that of a peach with a pomegranate. They can be made, but only in terms of qualities. And large as the area of agreement in our valuation of them may be (by virtue of our common human nature, and by education), it is to our great good fortune that varying, individual, and sometimes unique judgments obtain. "Unity in variety" is a principle which applies not only to the work of art but to our aesthetic life and judgment as a whole when it is vigorous and vital.

Not many examples will be required to illustrate what is meant by degrees of poetry. The distinction is one of quality as well as of quantity—though mathematics is, of course, out of the question. Probably all who understand the English language and have ever pondered the meaning of death will feel the poignant power, the arresting finality, the haunting lilt, the concentration of

Duncan is in his grave

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

The same idea expressed in slightly different language forfeits in large part the appeal of these qualities.

Duncan is in his grave

After life's many troubles he rests well.

Experiment, which need hardly be repeated, shows strikingly how slight changes in the diction, the meter, the lilt, or even in the feeling associations of a word-sequence, can lessen, or sometimes increase, the degree of artistry in a poem. Note how a little unnaturalness of order rings in that enemy of artistry-sentimentality:

After life's fever fitful . . .

Genuine sentiment and natural unaffected speech characterize our greatest examples of

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poetry however wide their range of imagination may be, and however choice their diction. We can illustrate how varying degrees of poetry are determined by these qualities in one of Michael Drayton's lyrics. The first four lines are charmingly direct, natural and genuine:

Near to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth;
She to whom Nature lent
All that excelleth,

And when the refrain
continues we are delighted with the visual picture:

On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let the swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

True that swans forego
not a little of their grace of movement on dry land. But this is less important for imagination than the songs. We naturally and inevitably try to hear their music. And then, alas, the picture is less good—when we know that nearly all swans are mute and that those having voices are hardly more musical (though louder and more resonant) than geese. A little later in the poem Drayton tells us,

The fishes in the flood,
When she doth angle,
For the hook strive a-good
Them to entangle,
And leaping on the land,
From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand

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Lavishly scatter;
Therewith to pave the mould
Whereon she passes
So herself to behold
As in her glasses.
On thy bank . . . etc.

Here our most exuberant and whimsical imagination balks, not so much by the impossibility of the events, as because of the footless futility of the fish and the idiotic fatuousness of the lady. Nearly all works of art transcend reality as we know it, and none is an exact copy of nature. But imagination also has its logic. The medley of qualities attributed to Sirena make this, and a few other passages, better suited to satire than to praise of the lady. Affected sentiment is, of course, a greater danger in impossible events than where there is some slight likelihood of their occurrence. Chaos (inwardly in imagination and outwardly in events and objective nature) seems to present a boundary for art. Drayton's poem is far from such an extreme. The closing lines are almost on the plane of the beginning ones. And many another poet's works (not excluding Shakespeare's) provide us with examples of these degrees, as measured in terms of the many qualities present in our experience of poetry.

A realization of the many degrees of genuine artistry is of importance both to our understanding and appreciation and to the future rôle which the arts may play in our lives. If we assume, as many have, before Schopenhauer, that genius inhabits a transcendent empyrean of perfection inaccessible to the "common run of humanity," we shall not greatly hope for the future dissemination of the arts. When, however, we become aware of the fact that aesthetic qualities are in the warp and woof of our daily lives, and that genuine, if little, works of art grow in the minds and hearts of thousands who lay no claim to "genius," we at least point the way to a better future. In the great ages of artistry there were no such lines of cleavage; artisan was artist

in the Greek Golden Age. And the cleavage of the arts from daily life has regularly accompanied periods of decadence. Croce rightly condemns the Roman dictum, *Poeta nascitur non fit*, not because it is false but because it ignores the other fact that man is born a poet! *Homo nascitur poeta*. One very clear reason for the relative barrenness of our life to-day is to be found in our museum and concert-stage attitude toward the arts. We have forgotten that no one has yet discovered the point at which poetic quality vanishes from our writing and conversation.

Relativity, of course, extends to the estimates which we make concerning these degrees of artistry. The meaningfulness of any poem depends upon the intelligence of the reader or hearer. Its sentiment may be partly or wholly inaccessible to him if he has never before experienced anything like it. How should a resolute bachelor or a manhater appreciate poems of love? It is not otherwise with sensuous qualities. Many people demonstrably do not *hear* the more refined differences of tone-quality in music. Psychologists discriminate visual, tactual, auditory and other imagery-types of people. And all have, of course, their varying degrees of development. As to formal qualities the same person may at different times, with increasing knowledge, value more (or less) highly a poem's meter, rhyme-scheme, unity, rhythm and the rest.

Why then the vexed insistence upon unanimity, the assumption that unless we have a single "yardstick," one "frame of reference," "standard," or even "absolute" values to which all agree, we cannot be said to have any at all? The presupposition, since it is not supported by the evidence of experience, leads skeptics to claim the field with a victorious "*De gustibus non est disputandum*." But we do discuss tastes successfully when we deal with the elements which enter into aesthetic experience. Here some measurement is possible—sufficient to provide for the continued growth of our aesthetic education. The assumed dilemma is really a delightful invitation to more abundant life. We can best appreciate this by trying to imagine what it would mean for all of us if we did possess an infallible mathematical yardstick

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by means of which the amount of poetry in any given piece were finally to be fixed for everybody. Its possession would be quite as disastrous as our hypothetical perfect definition in precise symbols.

This relativity is very far from being a source of despair! It does not in the least detract from the glory of those superlative works of art which competent students of aesthetic qualities find nearest to our present conceptions of perfection. It even invites to greater undertakings than those of a Homer or a Shakespeare. Nor does it open the flood-gates to "proletarian poetry" which, though it possess but small degrees of aesthetic qualities may claim the position of a "Tenth Muse" or at least an equality with Homer. Yet it does point to the presence of authentic poetic qualities in places where we have not been accustomed to look for them. Who has not on occasion been delighted with the "winged words" of a child—so apt, so unselfconscious, so direct, original and charmingly fit to express what we also felt? Who has not enjoyed the vivid play of imagination coupled with felicity of phrase and playful feeling, spontaneously couched in variegated rhythms by a man of original intuitions, even in casual conversation? Arresting insight, "the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions," inspiring ideas, even "patterned thought" in rhymed verses, need not yet be poetry. But as embodying in our language, qualities which enter into the making of poetry they must be reckoned with her store.

How much greater is their sphere than the Editor assumed it to be! Adequately to estimate their influence upon the character of our existence, upon our relationships one to another, upon our institutions, we should have to eliminate very much more than books published as poetry and the verbal expressions of sentiments in verse at pink teas or in impatient classrooms! Try to imagine where the religions of mankind would be without the power of poetry and her train. Suppose their "word" in book and speech had been that of "pure sociology." "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and God was the Word . . . All was made by it and without it was nothing

made that was made. In it was Life . . ." The ancient intuition attains a new significance in the light of the history of religions. For it is here a statement of literal fact: There can be no religion without the life-giving word, the word overflowing with human emotions, teeming with intuitive insights and imagery, in forms that arrest and hold one's attention. Many other institutions, from governments to the family, derive no little support from inspiring ideas decked in the habiliments of Plato's "sweet Friend" whom he reluctantly banished from his ideal state. What urge or enthusiasm could be communicated to any cause, good or bad, by a coldly objective, abstract, colorless, and aesthetically formless series of symbols? The very roots of our languages bear testimony to the poetic urge of human minds.

At this point, however, we must consider the stricture proposed by moralists who argue that "True poetry must embrace the good and give voice to man's quest for the divine perfection." Many examples could be quoted in support of the doctrine. But there are also excellent poems of atheism, and many which are not at all concerned with ethical ideas or distinctions. Some are at variance with any current moral codes. Moral values, moreover, are also in process of becoming realized. So that to restrict poetry (as Tolstoi did) to the expression and support of certain traditional moral sentiments and standards is very like an assumption on the part of Democrats, or Conservatives, that their party slogans and verse can alone attain true moral grandeur and genuine poetic qualities. The difficulty, of course, is that evil as well as good causes, institutions, traditions may be kept alive not only, but greatly strengthened and enhanced, by sensuous charm, brilliant imagination, ideas set in striking forms of language. Herein lies the danger of Plato's "Friend Poetry" who with a fillet of wool about her head was to be escorted firmly to the borders. She can seduce as well as inspire. She can glorify the slogans of the Republican and Communist parties, and give a descent to Avernus the semblance of a triumph. Robbery, murder, war, patriotism, wisdom (both exoteric and esoteric), love, hope, despair, have all received aid and encouragement from

her. In great drama one may contemplate the most hideous and deadly emotions along with the noblest aspirations of heroism.

Plato and other moralists have argued that in the interest of the good life only certain characters, events, sentiments and ideas should be permitted expression in poetry as well as in other arts. But we know by many examples how even the best of characters and their noblest actions can be rendered distasteful, ridiculous, and morally negative by strained rhymes and rhythms, exaggerated praise and ill-suited diction. Not only the matter therefore, but the formal and sensuous qualities as well, help to determine the ethical character of a work of art. (The remarkable thing is that Plato was also aware of this fact. He argued for the elimination of certain "insolent rhythms" in music.) To exclude Satan, Odysseus, Lady Macbeth and all other evil-scarred characters, ideas and actions from art would indeed be to deprive us of one of our most potent sources of good. For by artistry the most deadly emotions, malignant characters and destructive actions can be transformed into matter contemplated with pleasure from which we gain not only understanding and sympathy, but profound enhancement of our feeling and desire for excellence. This exaltation of mind is not deliberate, brought about by reasoned moral discrimination and effort. Yet it is all the more potent for that, as admired examples are stronger than precepts. It can alter (for better or worse) a man's most fundamental attitudes and motives.

The influence of the arts is, therefore, better described in terms of morale than of morals. This means that the need of ethical judgment arises here as in all other human concerns. But it does not argue a moral purpose for poetry, great as may be its beneficent results. Perhaps the fact that we are bipolar creatures has helped to befuddle the moralist's demands upon art. We (and our arts) should not be at home either in a realm of saintly perfections in which nothing but angelic actions, concordant harmonies, unexceptional emotions and characters obtain, nor in one of hellish fiends and malicious negations. Both good and evil motives, hatreds, loves, imitations, self-assertions, self-denials,

combativeness and the rest, are characteristic of human life. Both poles find expression in human arts—a fact which argues as little for the neutrality of “art for art’s sake” (and immunity from ethical judgment) as it does for Matthew Arnold’s idea of poetry as “criticism of life,” or for the theologian’s idea of “total depravity.” The presence of both poles is not only natural and inevitable (even in the “regenerate”), it is the very presupposition of our moral character. And since the matter of poetry includes the whole of life, it too will always be subject to preference and choice and hence to ethical distinctions. There is Wordsworthian moral uplift, and Arnold’s critical, poetry; Dante’s theological and Homer’s cattle-stealing and battle poetry; Goethe’s triumphs of Mephistopheles and the Hebrew *Song of Songs*. *Nihil mihi alienum* well describes the gamut of the art.

The dilemma of the moralist:

Our choices should always be of the good,
Poetry deals with evil as well as good;

probably arises from a failure to appreciate the relations of the two poles to each other. While both are necessary in art as in life, it is their relative power which determines the character of any given poem. As we have seen, the power of either pole can be greatly enhanced by the “sweetening” influence of many and various aesthetic qualities. That is why it is possible for poetry dealing with the most unholy inhumanity to attain exalted ethical character in tragedy—even without overt expression of any ethical discrimination. Paintings of the crime called crucifixion have served a similar purpose. That is why in the absence of an ideal, satire is mere odiousness—as are also certain “modern” paintings of the Crucifixion. Somewhat like the few good citizens in the ancient tale who were thought sufficient to redeem a whole city full of evil, the power of artistry is so immense by way of stepping up the pole of good that even the somewhat tenuous ideal of traditional burial-honors to a dead brother expressed in the language of Sophocles can overcome the many bloody evils of the *Antigone*. The converse of this is also true: Artistry can provide morale to

crime. But so fundamentally good is man by nature that his art requires but a little of the positive to overmaster many negations. Here too is another reason why the ethical influence of great poetry, whatever its subject-matter, is in the direction of greater perfection of life. It helps to explain why some of the satirically-cynical, muck-raking, despair-mongering, and filth-eating, Waste-Land-poetry of our day, even though it have but a modicum of artistry, fails to overpower the positive pole. All things human, then, including our arts, call for ethical discrimination in the interest of life itself. But aesthetic qualities can be a far more potent influence than that discrimination itself toward the attainment of its object.

Why then cherish this art and all poetic qualities? For the more abundant life, and joy which is its measure! So characteristic is pleasure in all intelligent appreciation of the arts in general that some writers have thought they could define their essence in its terms. We now realize the inadequacy of hedonism. But the facts upon which it is based are clear and indisputable. Whatever the matter with which poetry may deal, when it "gets" us, we feel the delight of an enhanced existence, inwardly, and sometimes physiologically. The vivid appreciation of any art also tends to enlarge our social self, the area of our environment with which we identify ourselves by our sympathies and the satisfactions we enjoy in the company of others. A great symphony magnificently performed can do much to break down our political, business, religious and other antagonisms into incipient and yet pervasive camaraderie. Strangers who are deeply impressed by some masterpiece in a gallery often overcome strong social barriers by an urge to share their pleasure. Entering a great cathedral can silence our vexed differences of opinion—and the very dogmas for which the fabric was built. Where friends are closely bound together you will generally find that a "thing of beauty" has not a little to do with it—the love of poetry being a conspicuous example. In profound and overwhelming experiences of beauty the arts celebrate their greatest triumphs in bringing joy and generosity to the world.

But for most people these occasions are rare. Many are not even aware of the ecstasy, of the deep and disinterested sympathy, which the realization of great art brings with it. An ever-wider increase of this high joy is devoutly to be wished. But we should be very much in error if we measured the significance of poetry exclusively by its great occasions, its superlative examples. A thousand and one incidental poetic qualities do much to enhance our conversation, awaken sympathies and kindle delight. A bit of sparkling imagination, a tintinnabulating adjective, a little rhythm vaguely perceived and yet potent, an original simile, a sentence of resounding sonority, a phrase overflowing with imagery, a charming inflection setting off a new intuition—these too make their contribution to the character of our existence. If all these could be measured together they would probably make a very favorable showing, even when put beside that of not a few books of verse. They should not be confused with poetry. A poem is not merely a congeries of aesthetic qualities. They constitute its characteristic elements or factors, of which the sensuous, formal, and expressive groups are always present. But the poem, like a living organism, has selected and synthesized the various items which enter into its structure. That is why certain, even high, poetic qualities, ideas, rhymes, rhythms, and mellifluous diction, can on occasion, be hostile to its life. Of these, verse-forms are perhaps the most frequent examples. Poets have so long chosen verse-patterns in which to express themselves that these have become a tradition. And very vital they are to most great poems. But the habit of assuming their necessity, like that of searching for rhymes, has cost the art many readers, and often been a wearisome drag to both maker and partaker. It is not unlike the "law of frontality," a tradition of Egyptian sculpture which for more than three thousand years held artists to the use of certain stereotyped positions, at great expense to the naturalness, freedom, grace, and expressiveness of their works. Some long poems lack readers, even among lovers of poetry, because of the eternal recurrence of formal patterns. For this and other reasons, critics have sometimes assumed that poems must

of necessity be short. But there are also long poems of monumental magnificence whose patterns never weary; and some short ones that are clearly too long.

The point concerns us here only to show how we know and appreciate poetry through its many and various qualities, in ideas, imagery, rhythms, patterns, and the rest, successively as well as together, consciously as well as habitually. Short and long poems alike are realized and appropriated in the succession of happy intuitions, exquisite or arresting pictures, concentrated or impassioned sentences, sounds and movements intensely significant, magnificent or intimately tender, as well as in vague and general impressions. This also helps to explain why the critics of long poems sometimes maintain that a single phrase—"From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon," "In the dark backward and abysm of time," "The Sounds and Seas with all their finny drove"—can be "a poem in itself." The error is often merely a confusion of aesthetic qualities with art. Yet it also illustrates their power in giving life to the Word, whether it be pure poetry or something less.

It remains for us to summarize and also make more specific the dangers which Plato feared when he banished his "sweet Friend." Can the influence of poetry and her train be exaggerated in view of all that has been said? Yes, it can and has been, especially by the poets themselves. Shelley's ardent love for his "divine art" led him in his *Defence of Poetry* to do what artists have always done, namely paint in colors which enhance and glorify their vision. He saw the poets as "unacknowledged legislators of the world," as the authors of language and of music, of the dance, and architecture, and statuary, and painting. He called them teachers of religion, who by their partial apprehension of the invisible world bring men into harmony with themselves and with the cosmos. They are founders of civil society and inventors of the arts of life. In seeking to value all knowledge both at its circumference and center they are often poet-philosophers. They fashion not only poems but institutions. The true poetry of Rome was expressed in the deeds of its

heroic history. When Dark Ages cast their shadows on civilization poetry is in eclipse; the Rebirth of humanity comes by the creation of new masterpieces, or even the revival of the ancient ones. The abolition of slavery, emancipation of women, and sublimation of sex-love into human love ("of which chivalry was the law and the poets the prophets") are largely to be credited to poetry. Scientists and economists do wonders by way of improvements to man's external life. They may also "strengthen and purify the affections, enlarge the imagination, and add spirit to sense." But their work of reason, imagination, and curiosity is fostered, historically speaking, by incentives from the poets. It is they who teach us to value and apply the knowledge we possess. It is not from a lack of such knowledge concerning what is wiser and better in morals, in government, and in political economy that we practice injustice, or endure anarchy and despotism. We are not moved, we do not feel the import of that knowledge. We lack "the creative faculty to imagine that which we know; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine; we want the poetry of life." Only in its "sweet news" can we attain that enthusiasm for virtue, love, patriotism or friendship in which "Self appears as what it is—an atom to a universe." Poetry not only "strips the film of familiarity from the world" together with the mechanisms which obscure the wonder of our being, it "redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man."

That there is truth in each and every one of these "defenses" will be acknowledged by all who have experienced the power of a great poem to orient, inspire and give direction to our desires. Shelley's exaggeration—or perhaps better our difficulty in understanding him—arises from our own habitual, mechanical, unimaginative use of words. Poets are certainly not our legislators in parliament. They might indeed be ill at ease and unwelcome guests in Congress. Blackstone is not their major preoccupation. And yet—what is it motivates law-givers in their work unless it be a vision of what they value, love, and strive for, a projection in imagination of a happier society to which they dedicate them-

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selves? And who more than the poets create and inspire such visions and the generous impulses upon which progress toward a humane society depends? "You cannot legislate to a man's affections" says the ancient proverb. Laws can neither be made nor obeyed without the love of what they defend and promote. Lacking this they are empty symbols, verbiage, dead letters, mechanisms doing violence to the human spirit. Great poets have probably been more influential in determining the spirit of our laws, as well as the nature of our institutions, our patriotisms, our aspirations and our hopes than have the law-books themselves. Moreover that power is always indirect, one induced, as it were, in the mind of its partaker by the poet's word. For, as we have seen, great poets are never propagandists, preachers, party-men, purveyors of their own or others' products. Unbidden and with "unpremeditated art," they sing

Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

When Shelley reckoned the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of women and sundry other great causes among the fruits of poetry he was not unmindful of this. He knew that poems written to combat anarchy or despotism, or even to foster human love, must inevitably fail. Poets can have no axe to grind. Yet by their very disinterestedness, with all that artistry implies, they are both prophets and arbiters of human life. That they "participate in the divine nature as regards providence, no less than as regards creation" of language, institutions, music and other arts, along with his attribution of "true poetry" to the deeds of Roman heroes, may be ascribed to poetic license. Poets are indeed creators and preservers of *much* language; they *influence* the other arts profoundly. And there are surely poetic *qualities*, though not poetry, in the deeds of Roman heroes. Yet Shelley's *Defense* is a paean of joy to all who realize what this art has done and may yet do for us.

The dangers of her almost incredible powers can hardly be over-estimated. All superstitions of mankind are fostered and preserved chiefly by the Word, sometimes by pure poetry, more

often by language with poetic qualities. Traditions which by all our knowledge and logic are known to be false and destructive, hold captive, nevertheless, the hearts and desires of multitudes by the haunting charm of the language in which they are expressed. Any evil decked in her garments may seduce and waylay even the wary. The patriotism which Dr. Johnson described as "the last refuge of a scoundrel" may become "true glory" in a Marseillaise. The very catch-words and slogans of underground politicians attain their power more by rhythm, or imagination, than by argument.

But the resources of this art are far more potent toward furthering the forces that make for our greater joy and perfection of life. Masfield wrote of poetry: "It is something of the nature of the Sun that giver of life and color and joy," a "radiant energy which is perhaps the very life of the universe." So it has often seemed to the Makers, who, like prophets, imagined a source of inspiration outside themselves. Certainly even a profound enjoyment of great poetry often brings with it a serene harmony with the whole of nature and with one's self. This heightening of our inner being does not trespass upon that of others, for it also strengthens the bond which unites us with our fellows in the desire to give rather than to take. Often through a "peace that passeth understanding" it annuls the divisions which vex and disrupt us. Quiller-Couch held that "Poetry's chief function is to reconcile the inner harmony of man (his Soul as we call it) with the outer harmony of the universe." We might add that we also learn to adjust ourselves, in understanding sympathy, to its inevitable sorrow and death, transforming even these into "sweetest songs . . . that tell of saddest thought."

We have tried, however, in this chapter to set forth as clearly as possible the many ways in which poetic qualities, or elements, enter into the warp and woof of our existence to help determine its patterns. If their influence could be measured as a whole it would probably be found no less important than that of the law, or of philosophy. In our age the sciences

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have wielded a predominant influence in shaping the basic ideas and external conditions of our lives. They have indeed given us many more facts and ideas than we know how to use, apprehend or appreciate. They have given us controls over nature which challenge our most far-flung imagination. In dazed wonder we continue to welcome the new advances in the knowledge and technique of explosives, and the many "miraculous" mechanisms. But these controls of nature and all the data upon which they are based have not brought us harmony with nature. They have not brought us harmony with our fellow-men, or with ourselves. There is, alas, a "hidden want" in all lifeless mechanisms, and in abstractions which by hypothesis are cut off from all relations to our feelings and desires as well as from the intuitions of apprehending imagination. No one deprecates such knowledge though we know it to be a segment. As a segment it fails to satisfy. The presuppositions of its logic divide the minds which create that knowledge. Its implications not only reduce those minds themselves to a nonentity, a non-existent phenomenon; they lead directly to the theory of human life as a complicated system of physico-chemical agencies which, if understood, would show us all to be purposeless, hopeless, robots. And there is no joy in others, in ourselves, or in common causes, from that logic. Sometimes poetry also gives us segments—mere desires, mere fancies of imagination. But her greater function harmonizes the feeling, apprehending, and desiring activities of our minds, and gives us a real, albeit infinitesimal, place in the scheme of things.

Thus it is that our minds, abstractedly in parts, and sometimes as a whole, determine our knowledge and the patterns of our lives. Our projects depend upon mathematics; also upon imagination and the feelings which imagination inspires. Language is not our only means of expressing the knowledge we value or the causes we contemplate. But it is far the most important vehicle. Perhaps that is one reason for the almost incredible power of poetry, and even of poetical qualities, in

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shaping the character and institutions of our life. Do we desire an honest religion? Astronomy, physics, biology, history, psychology, and mathematics have important data to contribute. But their knowledge awaits not only the comprehending imagination, emotions and intuitions of a third Isaiah but a Word transfigured with the life of artistry. Without that Word of Life religion and all its institutions, being thus dependent upon the logic of mechanisms, would probably languish. Do we desire a United Nations Organization? The most perfect "machinery"—legal arrangements, treaties, armies, automatic sanctions, economic and financial controls—will never, in itself, bring about the requisite sacrifice and sympathetic co-operation for the common welfare. Without the deep and ever-renewed sentiment for the ideas it embodies, and the challenge "Create me" in the imaginations and hearts of countless millions, the machinery will simply lack motive power. And what is more important to our hope for peace and common justice than the Word whose ideas and insights, forms and pictures, charm imagination and inspire desire by their beauty reverberating in memory? The Word we mean is, of course, not that of "oratory," or deliberate exhortation. These too may contribute. But far more potent is the disinterested voice of poetry, which, however powerful its "overflow of spontaneous emotions," leaves you to choose for yourself.

Need we multiply examples from the multitudinous interests, causes, loves, and aspirations of mankind? The Word, greatly expressed by all, or even a part, of the resources of the art, has been and ever will be their liveliest hope of realization. Even our best knowledge of moral good and right awaits the language of power by beauty to move minds, hearts, and hands to action. Spinoza "by the method of geometry" demonstrated that human beings find their greatest perfection and happiness, individually and collectively, through knowing and realizing themselves as parts of an all-comprehending, thinking and extended Substance, or God, and acting rationally on that knowledge. But he stirs our blood and fires our wills

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when, turning from geometric method, he apprehends intuitively how: "The love of a thing eternal and infinite fills the mind wholly with joy and is itself unmixed with any kind of sorrow . . ." Or again how: "Those who are vanquished by love yield joyfully, not through failure but through increase in their powers."

What has chiefly confused our understanding, vision, and appreciation of poetry has been not only its many varieties (which led even a Benedetto Croce to insist there *could* be only *one* kind) but its many degrees (which have blinded both genius-cult and proletarians to the existence of poetic qualities in unsuspected places). Much has often been sacrificed for theory's sake. Is "pure" poetry a withdrawal from human interests, the retreat into an ivory tower? Yes, it can be. Is it "wish-fulfillment," an assuaging of desires inwardly which cannot be satisfied in actuality? There is such. Is it verse? Sometimes. Is it as Nietzsche wrote: "the only superior counter agent to all will to deny life, *par excellence* the anti-Christian, anti-Buddhistic, anti-Nihilistic force"? It has also been that; but sometimes the powerful expression of self-immolation, nihilism and despair as well. Is it "the alleviation of the seeker after knowledge," or "the alleviation of the sufferer" transforming his suffering itself into ecstasy? Yes, and more. Is it a congeries of playful fancies in decorative language setting forth the furbelows and luxuries of the mind? Or a falsification by make-believe, a "valuable illusion"? There are examples of both. Is it "the record of the happiest and best moments of the best and happiest minds," words that inspire to excellence of life? There are also "Flowers of Evil," expressions of moral disease and degeneracy. There are poems of impulse without sensitiveness, and of sensitiveness without impulse; the one easily brutal, the other leading to weakness and decay. Only the more comprehensive view can give us an adequate idea of the powers wielded by this art or of the fatefulness of the Word we prize.

IX

PAINTING AND QUALITY OF LIFE

The enjoyment of colors and visual forms is spontaneous and universal among men intelligent enough to notice them. Even without our awareness of them they also affect our nervous systems, exciting or calming them, bringing moods of depression or elation, contentment, strain, and sometimes even more violent physical changes such as nausea and chilliness. Architectural shapes, as we noted before, influence us in this way both directly and indirectly, but not so strikingly as colors do. We should probably find it impossible to retain our sanity in a world entirely scarlet, or find serenity in a yellow one. These colors probably bring about a katabolic, or tearing down, process in the retina, while the "restful" colors such as green and blue, serve largely in the restoration of normal functions to the eyes, as well as in the amelioration of psychopathic states. So that colors are no unimportant factor in our well-being and happiness. For a long time before the art of painting developed, its media must have possessed potent expressive qualities to the whole gamut of human feelings. Smoothly curving rhythmic lines and motions doubtless helped to bring elation, quietness, cooperative sympathy; and the disorganized, roughly angular ones, a disordered, hectic, discontinuity of feelings, to primitive peoples as they do to ourselves.

When lines (or shapes) unite with colors to form semblances of objects a new enhancement of feeling arises. Their significance to our intelligence, especially on the side of imagination and intuitive insight, greatly increases their importance to our

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emotions. It is very difficult indeed for us to avoid perceiving resemblances to objects even in the most accidental ink-blot. It may suggest a rabbit, a map of Europe, or a human face; hardly ever a "pure" sensation or "non-representative" abstraction. Here is where Abstractionists like Kandinsky, who aim to avoid any perception of objects in their canvases, limit themselves to primitive resources and the narrow range of feelings associated with lines and colors in the earliest development of the art.

The history of that development is an eloquent account of the springs of joy and sorrow in human nature. From the days of our earliest examples—in the caves of Altamira which some archeologists hold may go back fifty thousand years—to the present, the record seems to show that paintings by great masters have been among the most prized of all human possessions. Though commonly felt to be the rightful possession of all mankind, the distinction of holding them in trust in places to which men go on pilgrimage to see them, has often been a bone of international contention. They are indeed a chief objective to those who visit centers of culture, and have exerted an incalculable influence upon the character of human existence. A chief purpose of this chapter is to explore that influence in its various directions and thus help to a better understanding of what the art contributes to civilization and human happiness. From beginning to end, however, it must be borne in mind, that, like every other art, painting never aims for ulterior purposes, not even the cause of civilization itself.

We do not know what motives prompted the cavemen in northern Spain to paint the ceilings of their caverns with pictures of reindeer, bison, fish and other animals. They did it too with a refinement, sobriety, vitality, and knowledge of anatomy, which even to-day seem extraordinary. Only by artificial light could they have been executed; only by artificial light were they enjoyed. Whether the magical or religious import ascribed to them by archeologists be correct or not, the

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Altamira paintings afford a poignant symbol of man's inner light from out of the darkness of long ago. Painting is very much more than external illumination. Our forefathers doubtless found keen pleasure in the discovery that by the symbols of lines and shapes they could represent, to that extent recreate, and preserve for memory, the appearance of things seen. Even the most cultivated connoisseur of the art to-day enjoys, with children, the recognition of objects—a recognition which Aristotle also found a chief pleasure in pictures. But when realists try to make out that exact transcription, the most perfect likeness of objects, is the goal of the art, they severely restrict themselves. Just as abstractionists will hold themselves to the sensory aspects of pictures unilluminated by perception of objects, so realists aim to depict the surfaces of objects exactly as seen at a given time and place, devoid of anything which a painter's mind and heart might contribute.

But the painter's mind and heart contribute a primary and essential part to every painting worthy of the name. Realists themselves give evidence of the fact that one cannot avoid expressing something of one's self in everything one does. Willy-nilly all of us see the world not exactly as it is, but as we are and think. Only a machine devoid of consciousness could accomplish such a transcription. Technically perfect color-photography would present the zenith of the absolute realist painter's art. But this is a contradiction in terms; for photography is never an art, however great may be the skill it displays, however many its aesthetic qualities, because artistry is the work of creative human minds, not of machines. Even when utmost skill and genius contrive the machines themselves, and direct their operations, the product cannot be called a work of art, for the very specific reason that as machine-made they only remotely and indirectly, if at all, give expression to emotions and intuitions. When such feelings are mediated by photographs they are generally associations—the long-lost, ever-kindly face of mother, or a boyhood scene, perhaps the facsimile of a Keat's

manuscript. (The converse error is also a very misleading one. "Hand-painted china," or "hand-made" anything can lack formal, sensuous or expressive qualities and thus be devoid of appeal to imagination and feeling.)

A good portrait will perhaps give us the best example to illustrate our point on its positive side. Photographs we know "do not lie." They give us accurate reports of a particular moment of time, of the sitter's mental attitude (often an unusually self-conscious one), and his physical position in a certain light and environment. The portrait painter, on the other hand, is an interpreter of character. He endeavors to find what is incidental and what essential in the passing facial expressions and bodily movements, the varying moods, attitudes and ideas of his sitter, and then by his own best intuition of character give expression to it by the resources at his command. Composite photographs, even though the series were continued through a lifetime, could not accomplish this. Nor could moving pictures. Sympathetic insight, penetrating intuition, interpretation which, in great examples, comprehends the intimate movements of the sitter's mind, as well as a proficiency in the technique of painting, are called for. The painter's own character is no small factor, and nearly always in evidence. How difficult it would be for a mean-minded Philistine to paint a great-hearted lover of his kind! How often a great-hearted painter has glorified his sitter by imputing something of his own nobility to him! Even the dislike of an artist for his client can manifest itself in the portrait. A genial, sincere, and competent teacher appears on the canvas of an unsympathetic painter in a certain college collection as a clever, selfish and flattery-infested politician. It has been said of Monet's portrait of Zola that there is less of Zola than of Monet in it. So important is interpretation here that only the most deeply comprehending artists (using, of course, the fullest resources and most refined technique at their command) have so far created portraits which, like the Mona Lisa or the Baldassare Casti-

glione, hold their own among great works of imaginative art.

But in all the kinds—from purely imaginative to historical painting—intuitive interpretation plays an important part both to the creative artist and to him who enjoys his work. If a landscape were merely a “copy” of some given aspects and area of nature the scene itself would present far greater reality and richness than any “imitation” of it could possibly have. But, as a matter of fact, even a lesser artist’s work can give us a far more intense perception of what the landscape really is, and make us feel more keenly about it, than the actual scene which gave him his incentive. To depict *George Washington Crossing the Delaware* or the *Signers of the Declaration of Independence* in their precise dress, attitudes, characters, and in the actual environments of the events—if such a thing were possible—might arouse interest and imagination concerning questions of historic fact, possibly also a little patriotic feeling. But as with photographs, the feelings would flow from associations of ideas. Bonnet painted a *Crucifixion* with his most exact possible realism. Securing the body of an unprepossessing Hebrew from the Paris morgue (Jesus was reported to have been one “from whom we hid our faces”) he attached it to a rude cross and set it up on a bleak hill as nearly resembling Golgotha as he could find. Then with other circumstances corresponding to the record, he faithfully depicted the scene before him. The result was a picture of stark horror which impels one to flee the place in the *Palais de Justice* where it is housed. There is not the slightest suggestion of the loving self-sacrifice, the heroism, which led to the event. Yet the identical scene might, by the sympathetic insight of a fuller artistry, be made into a source of poignant, tender and even delighted imagination. It has been done over and over again in the history of art. Angelico, for instance, set his crosses against a roseate dawn filled with exquisite tints of green, blue-grey, rose and straw. Many of the figures silhouetted against the sky were not even contemporaries of the event. Learned doctors, men

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of affairs, writers and saints stand here, directly and symbolically to show forth the cosmic significance of the early Christian ideas, proclaiming the redemption story, as it were, in letters of gold. Many another painter has depicted this murder-scene, depriving it of horror and revulsion, transforming it into a source of serene joy. Intuitive interpretation with its attendant feeling is thus primary and essential. It is present even in the most negative, unsympathetic, and cynical realism, where it approaches the nadir of art.

But one can also overestimate the importance of interpretation in aesthetic experience. Leibniz characterized the arts as "confused cognition," an imperfect form of knowledge. And Hegel thought they were destined to disappear in the light of more perfect scientific and philosophical knowledge. It will shortly be evident how such an event would spell the death of civilization; also why it can never be consummated. The sciences and philosophy do, more or less successfully, avoid emotions. The artist cannot be said to exploit them, since artistry is always restrained and gives form to everything with which it deals. But a painting or a poem provides scope for emotions which not only pure science, but the conduct of our everyday affairs, forbids, or renders out of place. Such facts have led men like Veron and Tolstoi to regard the arts as essentially means for the communication of emotions. They have always run into difficulties, however, by the fact that feelings and sentiments are linked to ideas; also because they have found it necessary to make selection and limit the violent ones. Feelings are also linked to choices and overt action—which the work of art overcomes by inducing a contemplative attitude. But even if a work of art provided quite unconfused cognition and knowledge to satisfy Hegel's demand, it would remain a poor thing indeed, if it did not arouse and gratify emotions.

✓ No deep penetration is required to see that whatever arouses, and at the same time exercises control over our emotions, has much to do with determining the quality of our existence. The

chapter on poetry has probably made this clear by historical examples. The general who said he would rather compose his country's songs than win her battles realized it intuitively. Though the arts do not arouse the most violent of our emotions they have no small power to soften and subdue them. At the same time they give expression to the pervasive, deep-lying, and enduring ones. We often disown our transient rages, lusts, fears, envies and other violent emotions, because they do not express our "true selves." The feelings experienced in a great poem or symphony are not so easily denied. They stem from inner and intimate character. The deep experience of art not only integrates, harmonizes, gives scope and satisfaction to these intimate feelings; it approaches the miraculous at times in amelioration and control of distraction, desire, or violence. The myth of Orpheus by his lyre leading wild beasts captive is quite literal fact when applied to the grosser human emotions—assuming, of course, that the music is heard and perceived.

The painter's art gives expression to a great variety of emotions. But in considering them we must bear in mind that associations of ideas which accompany nearly all of our mental life also give rise to them and are often confused with the feelings the artist may intend to express. That the very objects depicted may arouse disgust, fear, lust or anger is a matter of common experience. A rattlesnake about to strike a sleeping infant, a raft in mid-ocean covered by half-drowned men and women, a patriot about to fell a tyrant—these are likely to arouse rather violent emotions. One's own memory may mingle with the suggested story bringing with it all its train of feeling. Luscious food may stimulate hunger; a saint incite to piety. We recognize with delight the familiar scene or person depicted. Many people are excited and moved to admiration of certain canvases by the prices paid for them. Some derive great pride from their physical possession. The rarity and antiquity of some paintings, their migrations, and stories concerning their

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royal or other owners, often surround them with an aura of variegated emotions.

None of these, however, are essential to the experience of the art. Many, perhaps most, of the feelings commonly felt before a painting are linked with ideas as extraneous to it as the price ticket. We like or dislike the prelate's dress; we wonder about the greenness of the apples in the Garden of Eden; we wish we might possess a form or character so magnificent; we chuckle with the court jester; we shudder at the corpse in the anatomy lesson; we resolve to fight for peace beside a gory battlefield. This is wholly natural and inevitable. More essentially aesthetic feelings—delight in the richness, variety, gradations, contrasts and balance of colors; serenity by their quietness, or liveliness by their vividness; satisfactions by formal qualities, such as inner integration and release from tension (sometimes from violent emotions) by smoothly flowing rhythmic lines, the awareness of poise, and finely designed balance; feelings of surprise and wonder by intuitive insight into scenes, events, character not realized before—all these may be obscured or totally absent to a man enraged by the subject, or envious of the painter.

We cannot avoid these associations of ideas and their attendant emotions. Nor should we. They help, after all, to link a wider range of feelings with the art, and offer a prospect of immense importance for the amelioration and enrichment of life. For the feelings expressed in the experience of art are also contagious and exhibit a "chain effect," in the sense that our delight derived say from color and line, our poise, serenity, vitality, wonder, inner integration, or the satisfactions we find in creative imagination and intuitive insight, tend very strongly to irradiate other parts of our mental life. Something of the same restraint, quietness, geniality and self-consistency then spreads to other emotions, sometimes even eliminating them altogether, "purging" the mind of what Spinoza called "enslaving passions." What we feel about the many superlative aesthetic qualities

and intuitions embodied in Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson* not only overcomes the horror and revulsion of a corpse in process of dissection but arouses a genial, even smiling, sympathetic interest in Dr. Tulp and his students. Other negative attitudes and emotions yield to positive and pleasurable ones. Were we to visit an actual dissecting-room soon after, something of this quiet, integrating influence would go along with us. If news of some disaster were to come while we were deeply feeling what Raphael expressed in his figure of Mary as she stands sorrowfully but sublimely realizing herself to be Mother of God, and her little son the cosmic Man of Sorrows, not a little of the grandeur, exultation, tenderness and serenity of it all would be imparted to any experiences that followed. It is so with our lusts, our vainglory, our vindictiveness, our envies, even our fears and personal desires. If we perceive and appreciate any refinement, charm of color, new meaning, geniality, sympathetic insight, indeed any aesthetic intuition, it will go far to soften, restrain and transform such emotions into more social and human ones. Of course it is often impossible to bring such influences to bear in times of distraction and turmoil. But they are potent when they work. Riotous crowds have been subdued by music. On certain short sectors of World War battle fronts music has induced fraternization in place of combat.

The subject of emotions in a work of art, and especially in painting, is thus complex and seemingly paradoxical. The matter set forth in a picture may arouse intense feelings which the aesthetic qualities embodied in it tend strongly to appease and overcome. A painting may seem for this reason not only to give expression to desires, yearnings, wishes, even acts of will, moral aspiration, or its reverse, but itself to be a product of them. Freud thought the arts in general, both in creation and appreciation, to be expressions of fundamental desires (sex being at the root of all of them), desires which, being suppressed by society, flow over into dreamlike, and sometimes abnormal, symbolic sublimations of them. Nietzsche held certain forms of

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art to be functions of a wild Corybantic will to power. Parker characterized the arts as a kind of "wish fulfillment." But if these emotions and impulses are due to extraneous associations of ideas rather than to the inherent, essential character and qualities experienced in the work of art itself, we can explain the paradox. We know that acts of will, howsoever violent, have not been able to command the resources of art. If wishes were horses many would-be artists might ride. There is, indeed, in common with other satisfactions, a desire, a wish, for the thing, before and during its gratification, both in creating and "consuming" art. But this is exactly the least characteristic fact about it. Other wants are a thousandfold more imperious as desires. The cravings we have for a painting or a poem are mild indeed as compared with those of thirst or hunger! If the experience of art could be significantly described as "wish-fulfillment" the wishes would clearly have to be of a special kind. And secondly, they would somehow be causally linked with the creation and enjoyment of it. But neither of these assumptions is supported by evidence. "Wish-fulfillment" as a common denominator, includes pushpin as well as poetry, and intoxication no less than money-making. If we were to limit it to *spiritual* "wish-fulfillment" it would still embrace prayer, friendship, and the discovery of scientific truth. Moreover even these, like works of art, are not the direct result of willing, wishing, desiring them. The presence of many feelings, impulses, drives to action, fears, angers, and other powerful emotions is, on the other hand, clearly due to associations of ideas.

Their presence, nevertheless, is a momentous fact. It helps to account for the powerful religious, patriotic, political, social, and sometimes immoral, influences exerted by paintings. Pictures, as a matter of history, have been no small factor in human destiny. Consider Communist propaganda, or the posters in support of our war-drives, or representations of the twelve traditional stations on the way to Calvary. That their persuasive, or deterrent, power is sometimes associated with gross exaggera-

tions, sentimentalities, garish colors, bad drawing, superficiality and unimportant intuition, surely argues for the disinterestedness of art. The life-furthering or weakening influence of such pictures is not to be attributed primarily to their artistry, even though positive aesthetic qualities may also be present. It is a serious mistake, however, to assume, as many writers do, that distinctively aesthetic emotions, such as delight in the formal unity, the new intuitive insights, serene reserve and exquisite refinement of a painting, or its robust strength, its daring but harmonious colors, exciting lines and wealth of imagination,—or even the “modernist” retreats from representation into abstraction,—are devoid of such influence. Even singly, aesthetic qualities give tone, stimulate, add zest, provide patterns which are spontaneously imitated, and bring joy to our labor. Or when negative, they can depress and muddle us, bringing with them feelings of futility, listlessness and carelessness. The positive emotions experienced in a work of art, especially in one of great beauty, can so profoundly influence the spontaneous, deep-lying, intuitive attitudes and responses, as well as the ideas and conscious motives of a man (and especially of a young man) that the character of his life is enhanced, and at times even glorified. To deny that this is a positive influence, or that the deterioration of human life induced by ungenerous, disintegrating, unsocial, and destructive emotions is a negative one, would be to fly in the face of the clearest facts. What generally arouses the desire to do so is the embarrassment arising from the equally obvious fact that the arts can have no axe to grind, no theory to advance, no emotions exploited for political, religious or any other causes, howsoever great or noble these may be.

The dilemma is resolved by seizing both of its horns. Art creation and enjoyment effect the tone and quality of our lives profoundly. Art creation and enjoyment cannot be made into an instrument for the purpose of affecting the tone and quality of our lives. The apparent contradiction is overcome by ob-

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(serving the nature of our emotions. It is impossible for us deliberately to arouse an anger, a fear, or indeed any emotion, without an idea, event or other cause from which it flows spontaneously. The effort to do so—go to now, let us love, or be jealous—invariably results in a false make-believe (sentimentality) which is itself possible only when some sort of object or idea is present. What is true of emotions in general is no less true of those experienced in a work of art. In other words, they are genuine, flowing directly and spontaneously from the intuitions, patterns, rhythms, and other aesthetic characters used by the artist. Whenever he, or anyone who appreciates his work, endeavors artificially to create them he stultifies himself and defeats his purpose—which never includes having an ulterior one. The meaning of Kant's paradoxical phrase "purpose without a purpose," which he used to characterize a work of art, becomes clearer when we substitute "emotions without a purpose." For when we try to make our emotions "work for us" whether inwardly or outwardly, they are mutilated, stultified and falsified, just as they are modified, and often destroyed, by introspection. They are not intentional and cannot be "used." They "arrive" as a free gift with no strings attached. What they do for us is not always of our own doing, howsoever close they often are to the center of our lives.

Yet as determiners of our destiny the feelings we experience are of first importance. Empires are built and destroyed, the pattern of our existence singly and collectively, is largely woven by them. And although we cannot *directly* create or control them, we have indirect means of doing so. The ideas we entertain, the conclusions of our reasons, the images of our imaginations, our immediate perceptions and insights, are linked with them, and serve both as creators and controllers of them. Here is where the prospective influence of the arts, and of painting in particular, stands out like a glorious transfiguration. For life can be given not a little of the splendour of great art by the gift of its own direct enjoyment. All that we love or hate,

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hope for, work for, justify, disdain, adore, emulate, weep for, in short, the whole gamut of our feelings, can be imbued with harmonious meaning, pervasive warmth and joyful elevation of spirit which in great art overcomes our negative attitudes and makes us amenable to generous motives. Bad art, as we know, can have very different results.

In estimating the power of painting we must always bear in mind that it is not one growing out of reasoned conclusions and deliberate acts of will; that duty, compulsion, rewards and punishments, law and casuistry, have nothing to do with it. Croce regarded reasoned conclusions as the only proper criteria for anything that could be designated as moral, and consequently characterized the arts as "innocent," and non-moral. But silent examples are sometimes more potent than precepts, and admired persons with nary an argument have been known to exert a greater influence in molding a life than the clearest proof. Herein lies the danger no less than the possible glory of art. For the painter can render malignant examples and injurious actions attractive by charming colors, intriguing designs, or harmonious unity, so that they too become objects of spontaneous imitation. As we have seen, the choice of subject can itself be important, since by association of ideas it may evoke deleterious as well as life-furthering emotions and become a moving cause (as in propaganda pictures) inciting to will and action. However clearly we dissociate this from aesthetic appreciation, the fact remains that pictures, and even bad ones, may be potent moral (or immoral) forces. Nor can we deny that in their very enjoyment as works of art they also exert a profound moral influence by bringing into being, fostering and enhancing certain feelings and attitudes, and modifying, or sublimating, others into harmlessness. They could certainly not be designated as moral if by the term we understood good objects attained by deliberation, discursive reason, and will. But when a painting, or any other work of art, imparts serenity,

peace, happiness, by inner integration, dramatic vitality, and other aesthetic feelings positive or negative it clearly helps to mold the life and character of him who experiences them. Is not this a truly moral result though it be devoid of argument, lead to no action, and be unintentional?

Aesthetic experience may, indeed, also lead to action, though the contemplative attitude involved tends strongly to inhibit impulses and desires. When we enjoy Giorgione's *The Tempest*, we are to be sure not consciously impelled to do or try to be what is there presented. Were we to wish that we might live in such a free, dramatic and humanly interesting environment, or to reason about the danger which these figures, even the nude ones, run with a thunderstorm impending, or to resolve upon reforming our conventions—all these would clearly result from associations of ideas. And yet the exquisitely serene, strong figures looking directly at you, undaunted by the impending storm, in sweet contentment with life though perhaps not fully aware of its heights and depths, invoke intuitions of character whose very existence in a setting abounding in charm for imagination and endowed with a form which induces inner harmony, tends spontaneously to make them objects of emulation and to urge to unpremeditated action. To this extent the very colors used by an artist can become an ethical influence—heightening, or muddling and depressing the tone of our being by feelings of excitement, interest, vitality, or possibly of commonplaceness, cheapness, banality, and thus indirectly help to determine even acts of deliberate will. We earlier noted certain physiological effects of colors. Our difficulty in appreciating their variegated psychological effects arises in part from the interdependence of the two; also from the frequent impossibility of distinguishing a deliberate act of will from an action consciously performed and yet habitual by more or less established attitudes of mind. Individual acts of will, even those characterized by logical deliberation and careful choice, can sometimes be of less importance in the life of a person than his attitudes and dispositions, his in-

tuitive insights and habitual backgrounds of character. These, indeed, are back of even the most clearly deduced voluntary choices and actions.

It is, of course, in these attitudes that the good works (or bad) of art chiefly manifest themselves. Cleanliness, in the ancient proverb, is said to be next to godliness; the love of either is not a product of proof. So, as Plato long ago realized, the appreciation of a painting expressing generosity of spirit, gallantry, inner poise, vitality, sympathetic interest, perhaps with rhythms kindred to those of life itself, begets and fosters the selfsame qualities in ourselves, at least to some degree. How far that influence extends is, of course, largely determined by the degree of our appreciation. Education in the arts is at the center of all hopes for whatever is generous, joyful and life-fulfilling in human existence. But, like creative art itself, it cannot be deliberate or formal, and comes largely by spontaneous self-awakening. The most erudite knowledge of poetry, or of the history of painting, or of musicology, can leave the scholar pitifully devoid of any deep and intimate appreciation of these arts. Our devices of learning are sometimes even destructive to it. Many graduates from colleges of liberal arts, and not a few of their professors, rarely read poetry for its own sake, feel keenly about, (or possess) pictures, or find deep gratification in intimate music. Only close acquaintance can provide means toward realizing the heights and depths of the arts. Yet the contagion of love and enthusiasm is a far more important matter. Without it, erudition can be like ponderous and exacting baggage on a golden journey of discovery.

It might also seem strangely paradoxical that, in this process of aesthetic education, individual aesthetic qualities should often be more important to our interests and emotions than are the organized, concentrated and meaningful groups of them involved in works of art. The mere color of an article of dress, or the taste of soup, may be more important to us than a beautiful picture near at hand—with far more abundant and richer aesthetic

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qualities. Yet the seeming paradox is really a matter of undeveloped attention, of mechanized perception, habitual attitudes and sentiments which, just as with cold erudition, stand in the way of more comprehensive experience and richer pleasure. Nothing is more characteristic of abstract, narrow or ignorant minds than a poverty-stricken range of aesthetic experience. The abstract scholar finds a name, or a law, for a thing and then no longer sees it; ignorant minds commonly content themselves with perceptions, interests, sentiments which are linked to their practical needs and desires; while narrow minds deliberately close their senses and sympathies to what is not included in their special object of attention. True that there may also be an embarrassment of riches in experience of aesthetic qualities—just as a wealth of unorganized ideas can spell distraction. But not when they are integrated in the kind of art which we have described as embodiment of beauty.

Let us confess. We are all of us narrow, abstract and ignorant in varying degrees. Consider how “little we see in Nature that is ours,” how few of the infinitely variegated characters of things we observe with seeing eyes. How rarely do we take note of horizon-lines, or examine even the commonest among hundreds of species of mushrooms—be they opalescent “corals,” “oysters” on trees, or even “fairy rings.” This poverty of visual perception and imagination is exemplified in nearly everything we see, the exceptions being those objects which demand attention by their practical, sometimes life-saving, advantages. We see the red light when driving a car though all else be devoid of color to us. And sometimes such a development may approach what psychologists call a “higher” or “super”-aesthesia. But how commonly a landscape approximates “as it is to a blind man’s eyes”! How rarely do we see the tints in their rich gradations, the far-away fascination of Rubens’ shapes melting away into tenuous space with the charm of an invitation to follow—even though in some measure these exist in our daily environment! The shapes of oak or arbor vitae leaves, of mignonette, lilac, or snap-dragon flow-

ers, the characteristic branchings of beech, ginkgo or catalpa trees, the reflected tints of snow-shadows, the color-designs of birds and other flying things, the colors even of our friends' eyes—all these sometimes present a challenge to our perception and memory.

The painter's art may thus be described in part as visual awakening or revelation. If he did no more than to help us see the world more fully and clearly his work would be an important one. Even as a realist he can greatly increase our joy in the splendour of things half-perceived before. Extending the range of our experience on a side which both informs and adds zest to the mind by new interest, discovery and the seemingly limitless possibility of perception, the realist can quicken the springs of our life and happiness. But when, as inevitably happens, the painter gives expression to something of his own inner life, we are given a chance to share that life, an experience which also reveals our own to ourselves. That we too can feel intensely about matters which were dull and meaningless before often comes to us as a surprising self-discovery. It has been said that "We live many lives in art." This implies nothing mysterious by way of "alternation of personality," or indeed anything unusual. It is a process of education, a "leading out" of our potentialities of perception and feeling. We see more; and our dullness, unresponsiveness, coldness, indifference and passivity of mind may be irradiated by something kindred to that for a beloved object, a feeling to give form and character to an hour, a day, or a lifetime. The artist also shares his imagination with us, and here is where his influence upon the course of civilization is even more important than in helping us see and feel appropriately about the world we live in. For the kind of vision mediated by his interpretation, intuition, selection, organization, projection of ideals, and "giving substance to things unseen," often provides an experience more important in directing, even molding, our attitudes and feelings than anything the most "objective" realist might reveal to us. "Without vision," we are told, "the

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people perish." Life without imagination would indeed be spiritual death. No event, fact, sensation, idea, action or passion devoid of imagination has the slightest value for us, since it leaves us quite without feeling of any kind. We have noted before how potent, and how dangerous, the least aesthetic quality, a color, a line, a rhythm, can be in the alchemy of an artist. But the gold, or the tinsel, is always that of imagination.

The same is true of meanings, insights, intuitions. A bare statement, howsoever true, which admitted no imagery of any kind (if such a thing were possible) would be both devoid of aesthetic qualities and completely indifferent. The enjoyment of a painting on its cognitive side, appreciating its meaning, depends upon active, and often creative, imagination. The subject matter therefore cannot be indifferent. It has been maintained by technicians that what the painter depicts has no bearing upon his product as work of art. A haystack is quite as important as a crucifixion for him to display his skill. Perhaps the best answer to this is to point to pictures exhibiting consummate mastery of technique, superlative formal qualities and great richness of decorative color—which yet have nothing to say. It is no disparagement of technique to show that where it obtrudes itself (as also in prestidigitation in playing a musical instrument) artistry is eclipsed. Nothing can be done without adequate technique; but it remains a means to an end and hides itself, as Heraclitus long ago observed, in great art. Much that a painter has to say is mediated through the objects he depicts. Only as they too, along with his imaginative design, space-composition and the rest, intrigue our imagination, does his work become significant for us.

This importance of subject-matter brings us back to our problem of association. For many moods, memories, attitudes and ideas which we experience toward any object go with it when represented in a picture. Paint a carnation or a rose and association will evoke something of its perfume. Some works are more "suggestive" than is great poetry—much to the bewilder-

ment of certain writers on aesthetics. For it is not always easy to determine just where the intuitions, imaginings and feelings of artistry break off into irrelevant associations. Even art critics and connoisseurs in assessing pictures provide us with examples in point. Thus E. R. Abbot, in appreciation of Giotto's *Meeting at the Golden Gate* writes (*Great Painters*, p. 19) "The meeting of Joachim and Anna suggests their whole life history . . . Recall the story of the meeting: Joachim hastening from the sheepfold, Anna from her home, to bear the glad news that miraculously, after the appointed time they were to have a child!" The story here chiefly makes the fresco intelligible and an object to elicit feeling. Berenson in writing of Giovanni Bellini (*Works of Venetian Painters*, p. 3) says: "No one can look at Bellini's pictures of the Dead Christ upheld by the Virgin or angels without being put into a mood of deep contrition, nor at the earlier Madonnas without a thrill of awe and reverence." "No one" means here, of course, from among those previously imbued with the Christian ideas. Hindus would not be thus moved. Elsewhere (*A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend*, p. 30) Berenson criticizes Giotto's *Funeral of St. Francis*: "It [the work] was not to commemorate the funeral of the founder, but a far more important event from the point of view of the order—no less an event than the confirmation of the truth of the stigmata. Jerome, a knight of Assisi, doubted their existence and at the Saint's funeral found the occasion to search his side, and feel the wound. Hence-forward he not only believed, but proclaimed the truth of the miracle. Now Giotto has not clean forgotten this important event but his Jerome . . . with his back turned toward us . . . fails to attract our attention." Can any intelligent student of aesthetics maintain that the subject-matter of these paintings, or certain interpretations provided by these critics are irrelevant to their understanding, appreciation and enjoyment as works of art? Later times have presented us with pictures free from any associations or meanings derived from objects and events or from any experiences other than sensory

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ones—expressed as “abstractly” as possible. These have the advantage of being enjoyed upside down, on end, or at other angles, and their subject-matter may be called irrelevant. But this is only one manifestation of the painter’s skill. In estimating the influence of the many and various schools of painting upon the course of civilization we are, fortunately, not required to define a sharp line of cleavage between pure aesthetic enjoyment and certain meaningful associations which seem to be part of it. Most of the “irrelevant” kind, from patriotic sentiments or personal sympathy for the artist, to speculation concerning his price-tickets, are, however, easily recognized.

We must now inquire more specifically what distinctive contributions the various schools of painting have made to civilization—how Realist, Idealist, Impressionist, Fauve, Surrealist and the rest, by their characteristic matter and forms of expression, have added to the wealth and happiness of human experience. As we noted before in referring to Realism, these schools are none of them cut off from the others by a hatchet. The Idealist with his vision of perfection clings to his hold on reality; the Realist inevitably exercises imagination in creating something more than an exact and coldly inexpressive work of science. The Impressionist, painting color, light and air, does not eliminate objects, nor does the Surrealist in search of a “metaphysical world” beyond what eye can see. The Fauve is never the exclusive savage in unadorned nature. By insisting upon geometric shapes and sharp angles, the Cubist distorts, but does not eliminate, objects. Even the Abstractionist shares linear design and color gradations, if not incipient space-composition with Symbolist and Futurist. So that our valuations of any group can only be of what is relatively most characteristic of it.

That all of them in varying degrees give wings of freedom to imagination, a freedom uncurtailed by space and time, or “standard” opinions of any kind, is matter of common experience. We transport ourselves to distant scenes or remote events, we feel as of the present the emotions of past tragedies, of glorious

triumphs, ancient or yet to be. The artist bids the patriot or the nihilist, the murderer or the saint, appear upon his canvas. He has *carte blanche* to make of them what he will, though he transmute a Caesar into dodecahedrons and a landscape into ham and eggs. None of his experiments can, *a priori*, be deemed unworthy of sympathetic understanding. He is, indeed, a very symbol of freedom, as well as of hope, in a mechanized or authoritarian world, the embodiment of liberty most feared by tyrants. But this freedom neither implies irresponsibility nor assumes that the various schools and experiments have, democratically, the same degree of success in helping us to realize and enjoy the resources of our inner life. This "leading out" to a greater richness of experience and happiness, which is the result of art-enjoyment, differs for different schools, as well as for individuals who enjoy together an identical work. But there is also a large area of common human experience. A vigorous sanguine person before Leonardo's *Last Supper* may find little pleasure in John's "softness"; or a sedately rational one in Peter's rashness. Both, however, can hardly fail to enjoy the dramatic unity of the piece through all the variegated responses of the Twelve to the sublime understanding and pity of Jesus as he says: "One of you will betray me." Even men endowed with small sympathetic imaginations enjoy Leonardo's perspective, his groupings of the figures, and not a few of his intuitions of character.

In estimating the contributions of Idealism in painting we must remember that its intuitions of perfection are mediated by certain aesthetic qualities. This indeed is self-evident for any school of painting. But the presence of qualities such as color harmony, refinement of line, balanced unity of design and others especially characteristic of Idealism is no small part of that influence, and easily overlooked. The perfection aimed for is one both of subject-matter and of the formal and sensuous qualities which give it expression. There are, of course, many kinds of perfection as envisaged in the intuitions of artists. But

they can be grouped together as the most fully developed and complete embodiments of the inmost-nature of their kind. Thus in painting men, the Idealist sets forth what is most characteristic, most finished, and excellent in human nature, in wide variety of minds and bodies, as perceived and imagined through the insights, intuitions, and technique at his command. Raphael in his *School of Athens* presents Anaximander, Pythagoras, Heraclitus, Plato and the rest, in their variegated maturity and nobility of character, profound intellect, and appropriate physical strength. He eliminates whatever might have been unclean, weak, ungracious, unhealthy, unpleasant, disproportionate or otherwise lacking in formal qualities. He surrounds the dramatically unified group with magnificent architecture (of a type which never existed in Athens) and by every means at his command, from space-composition to the delineation of unique character, exults in the grandeur and greatness of these men. So when an Idealist depicts any event, be it a barnyard manger story or a Crucifixion, a landscape, sylvan or urban, still life or Dante's *Inferno*, he searches for what may be found by way of matter to arouse admiration and sympathetic understanding, even when contrasted by what is alien to it.

Now the enjoyment of a vision of perfection is a very important matter in the life of a human being. The ideals of excellence most enjoyed for their own sakes in a community provide the best index of its civilization and culture. What most characterizes uncultivated men is that they find little to engage imagination in disinterested admiration and delight. The phrase of Thomas Aquinas: *Id cuius ipsa apprehensio placet*, really describes the heart of civilization. *What is pleasing to contemplate in and for itself* includes nearly all of the things we value as good and as beautiful. In so far as idealistic art serves to bring us delight in things of value directly, without mediation or ulterior purpose, it heightens and perfects our very inner being and existence—not by argument or proof, moral precept, religious or political propaganda, but, more pervasively, through joy in the thing

itself made vital by imagination. That it can do this even in the midst of religious or other propaganda has often confused and blinded moralists (and others) to the disinterestedness of art. And its enjoyment implies no stricture upon logic or precept in their places. These greatly serve in giving direction to life. But in providing substance, actuality and power to what we are delighted to contemplate, idealistic painting has profoundly determined, as a matter of history, the attitudes, dispositions and mental backgrounds of whole societies. Consider the (strangely similar) paintings of the Buddha as related to the type of life developed by his followers. Or the variegated figures of the Christ (most of them also expressive of national and racial ideals of character: Dürer a Germanic type, Rubens a Flemish, Velasquez a Spanish, and so on,) in mollifying the destructive passions of warlike European peoples, after every conflict bringing renewed spontaneous satisfaction in mercy, justice, generosity, and sometimes self-sacrifice.

The vision of ideal objects, tangible or intangible, when it brings delight in their contemplation is a creative force in molding the mind itself. By making whatever excellence is depicted a source of pleasure it also makes it more available to whatever other means (e. g., argument or external usefulness) may be required for its realization in fact. A limitation of Idealism, viewed as a force in civilization, is its easily possible want of connection with nature, its unreality as potentially existent subject matter. Here is where some measure of Realism is indeed necessary for every idealistic work—if we understand by Realism the depiction of nature, inwardly and outwardly, as we imagine it to be in actuality. A painting for us absolutely unrelated to the world in which we live, though expressed in colors of utmost charm and formally perfect technique, is a civilizing force only in so far as these aesthetic qualities are. How important they can be as directly affecting our attitudes, emotions and general dispositions, all the way from pleasure in refinement to satisfactions in color harmony, dramatic contrasts, coherent unity in design, grace and rhythm, has already been noted.

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Sharply contrasting with Idealism and also with each other are certain "modern" schools, such as Fauvism, Futurism, Cubism, Dadaism, Surrealism, Expressionism and some others. Yet ideals of varying kinds are expressed in them just as they are in mystic or idyllic Realism. When the Fauvist by means of "free speech," avoidance of "grammar," of academic rules and traditions, gives expression to what is elemental and "savage" in human nature, or heavy and crude in external nature, he tacitly adopts primitive man, instinct-driven, unshapely, undeveloped and unenlightened, as object of his interest and sympathetic insight. Although Gauguin's Tahiti figures give clear expression to the artist's flight from civilization, as he experienced it in Paris, they are also sympathetic intuitions of simple, healthy, honest men and women, unsophisticated, direct, fearless, devoid of strain and anxiety, unconcerned with stock-markets, political chicanery and the heart-burnings of social intrigue. The "noble savage" is unmistakable in them even though the ideal is given little support by the characteristic techniques of Idealism—sensual charm, refinements of line, color harmony, rhythm and the rest. The profounder insights appropriate to a face like that of Aeschylus or Plato are also absent of course. Something of Idealism is, indeed, present wherever the painter gives expression to sympathetic understanding for his subject. Scorn, disgust, contempt, shame and other negations are never inspirations to artistry, or to its appreciation. When Matisse by the crudest of lines, colors and designs endeavored to capture the unselfconscious ineptness and blundering naïvete of a five-year old it was not to ridicule him. It was rather to give himself and others the pleasure of imagining themselves back for a time in the carefree, spontaneous, amused and singing time of childhood, without responsibilities or conventions, when one could draw without corrections and still enjoy unquestioned approval. *Pas grand' chose* we may say. Yet the sympathetic understanding of childhood is not unimportant even if we hold Matisse's means in this case quite inadequate. The poet Schiller described naïve poetry as "the words of a god in the mouth of a child."

The simplicities of childishness (as when a person no longer a child adopts *as his own* the prattle, the random movements and emotions, or the imagined aesthetic expressions of the da-da age) are indeed unnatural, sentimental, and self-stultifying. Paintings to embody them can hardly avoid being predominantly negative. Yet even Dadaism can present an escape from the complexities, responsibilities, and oppressive knowledge of maturity into half-conscious or mystic states of emptiness, when "to know nothing is best" and spiritual Nirvana seems a happy refuge. Some artists have gone even farther back into imagined pre-natal experiences. The ideal of a little island of rest whatever it be, "brown furze or anything," in the tumult of life seems to be expressed in various "modern" schools. And such motives have in different ways been present for a long time in the course of history—not only of art but of religion. This fact has led certain writers to characterize art as a means of escape, and religion as an opiate. Such a description, however, does not apply to Futurism whose *Manifesto* declares that "We must express the universal dynamism, the whirlwind life of our day, dominated by steel, egotism, feverish activity and speed." This ideal (very different from those in quest of perfection whether in technique or in subject matter) is one of energy flowing over into bold and ruthless activity. Actual motion is striven for in the canvas itself. Thus in Carra's *Funeral of an Anarchist*, where one might naturally expect violence, explosions are indicated by series of positions for the same objects. But since perspective is regarded as an outworn academic tradition, these motions cannot be said to have any particular direction. This independence from space also permits Futurist pictures to be as good upside-down as left-side-up. Pure decorative quality seems to be suggested by this. But the Futurist scorns the "flattery" of sensuous charm and forms that please, preferring the title of "cranks" to all others, and bidding individual "egotists" resolutely to forego any and all memories of the past—including those embodied in their own creations. Is this the ideal of absolute progress—every specious present in any mind an independent

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record of advance? If so, it is the aesthetic expression of Gentile's theory of absolute Idealism. Be this as it may, however, Futurism clearly reflects not a little contemporary western civilization, forever on the go, not knowing whither or why, "progressing" without perspectives and at ever greater speed, ruthless, forgetful of "form" and "charm" no less than of "meaning," and prey to the moment's emotions be they hard as steel or mushy as the newest crooning love-song. Fortunately there are other and stronger motives.

Cubism also has both negative and positive ideals. On the one hand like Futurism it strives for "emancipation" from previous forms of aesthetic expression, sometimes denying even the relevance of knowledge to art, sometimes, as with Gleizes, restricting itself to two dimensions in order to avoid "falsification," the denial of its own nature as flat. On its positive side the dominant motive seems to have been derived from Cézanne's dictum: "Nature can be expressed by the cube, the cone, and the cylinder. He who can paint these simple forms can paint nature." Space forms would thus become the central interest for painting somewhat as the spatial configurations of simple protons, neutrons, electrons are to physicists. This interpretation of nature has long been an intriguing motive for human thought. Democritus in antiquity tried to construe all the complexities both of external objects and of human minds into different patterns of simple minute atoms differing from one another only in shapes, sizes and positions. Even a Plato, for whom mind was the central reality of the cosmos, tried to envisage the external world as made up of tiny pyramids, icosahedrons and octahedrons. Cubism is the expression of the more developed mechanism of the nineteenth and the present century in terms of aesthetic imagination and feeling. This is true not only in the sense that machines, and even isolated portions of them like cog-wheels, railroad signal discs, steel girders, parts of airplanes or merry-go-rounds provided inspiration to Léger and others. Non-Euclidian geometry, non-Newtonian mechanics and non-Maxwellian physics are given imaginative and emotional elaboration

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by designs which not only discredit our normal perceptions but confound them by irrational contradictions. Motions (by superpositions of several points of view for the same object), "fourth dimensions" (supposed to be visually perceived) and more frequently two-dimensional surfaces, often variegated by charmingly original designs, angles, tints, and lines, are used to give expression both to external nature and to human character. These bear no more relation to the subject-matter indicated by the painters' titles, than do the pointer-readings, graphs, symbols and imaginary concepts of a modern physicist to the things we see, or indeed perceive by any of our senses. "Something unknown is doing we don't know what—that is what our theory amounts to," wrote Eddington in 1929. And he added "I have read something like it elsewhere

The slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe . . ."

Numbers provide scientific character to "Jabberwocky." "Out of the numbers proceeds that harmony of natural law which it is the aim of science to disclose . . ." "Trinculo might have been referring to modern physics in the words, 'This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of nobody';" (*The Nature of the Physical World*, pp. 291-2.) Braque, Picasso, and their followers are, of course, not scientists. The discovery of abstract mathematical "harmonies" has clearly not been their interest. So there is no "tune" to the cubes and other shapes—portions of guitars, and clay pipes, alcohol bottles, newspaper clippings and disembodied letters—as they "gyre and gimble in the wabe." But they do express the temper of their age all the way from their relatively "realistic" figures of bronzed, angular, unemotional, metallic and mechanically efficient robot-men to their dubious, often undiscoverable, "women" of a purposeless, cynical and war-infested chaos somehow said to be expressed by seemingly chance lines, meaningless designs and symbols of empty mystery. Yet Cubists often

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express themselves by striking and pleasing aesthetic qualities, in a high degree decorative, inducing vague moods and dream-like satisfactions. When, with Abstractionists, they repudiate representation and all significance, as well as formal qualities from unity to rhythm, their works resolve themselves into congeries of isolated aesthetic qualities. Sometimes even the charm of color is disavowed.

The reason why Cubism so easily resolves itself into Surrealism should now be apparent. Gleizes, in despair of finding anything in the external world significant in itself, declared the "spiritual" to be the painter's object. Only as vehicle of the "spiritual" could anything visible serve his art. And for Gleizes, as we noted before, this must be in the two "undeceiving" dimensions. Surrealism does not thus restrict itself but aims to give the mind complete freedom of expression, especially in its half-conscious and dreaming states (in sleep). It professes itself to be not only a "metaphysics" disclosing the deeper-lying areas of the "spirit" but also a "way of life," an ethical, social and political theory. Its "metaphysics" is, of course, remote from the severe discipline of interpreting the ultimate nature of things in terms of mathematical and philosophical, as well as psychological, thought based upon comprehensive scientific data. It might be called the doctrine of absolute liberty unconditioned by any form, law, tradition, opinion, logic or restraint. "Classicism" according to one of its *Manifestoes* has always represented "the forces of oppression." The perspectives, unities, harmonious organizations, rhythms, laws of color complementaries and other shackles of "Classicism" are the artistic and intellectual counterparts of political tyranny. "Wherever the blood of martyrs stains the ground there you will find a doric column." "Freedom," however, in these official pronouncements, can also have a strangely authoritarian character. "Classicism" having been characterized as "the official creed of capitalism," which latter aims "to perpetuate the rule of a particular class," Surrealism is declared to be the aesthetic expression of communism. Its "freedom," however, turns out to be limited. Breton explains how from the

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beginning no effort has been spared to discourage those who could not subscribe "to a fundamental and indivisible scheme of propositions." Among these he includes dialectical Materialism, class warfare, the economic interpretation of history, and the "Realism" of non-Newtonian mechanics and non-Euclidian geometry. He also calls for the "abandonment of logical thought and 'suspicions' of sense," as well as of the family and all moral codes. The "depth of the abyss" which these "freedoms" disclose can only be appreciated by the "automatisms" of Surrealism whether waking or sleeping, reason or madness, past or future, "collective or individual, love, life and death." These so-called contradictions are overcome by the "fantastic" in which reason loses control, and our emotions have the fullest opportunity to express themselves. Thus do our dreams and other automatisms become the "link between objective humor and objective chance."

As painting, Surrealism is a brilliant expression of this irrationality, an irrationality whose "freedom" may be rational at times without knowing it to be so—since logic and all other laws are irrelevant. Its "world"—if one may use such a term—is one devoid of order; one so "fantastic" that anything can happen at any time. All the rhythms, proportions, harmonies and other perfections aimed for by earlier artists cannot express the "realism" of its flux, confusion, deceptive appearances, futility and ridiculousness. Only the phantasmagoria of the dreamer or of the madman can do that. "Now we turn to the dream with the same confidence that formerly was placed in the objective world of sensations" wrote one of its spokesmen in 1937. The "wonder" of this enchanted "insubstantial fabric" from which perspectives, gravitation, time, cause and effect have vanished, and all that we appear to see, taste or touch melts away into symbols for "free" emotions, is indeed arresting, often grandiose and apocalyptic. We seem at times to be face to face with sublime alternatives—as when a man athwart a soap-bubble (?) rides amid the mountains (?) of the moon (?), or "Constellations" suggests a beginning evolution of stellar or cosmic living organisms, bits of them

even human in shape. But rarely do the symbols of Surrealism suggest a relation between picture and title, or provide a basis for emotions growing out of some insight or intuition. Their chaos of imagination is somehow correctly linked in the *Manifestoes* with that of paranoiacs, degenerates, and young children not yet in possession of their reasons. Pictures by the insane and by young children are often included with their own in the *Manifestoes*.

It would be gross exaggeration to assume that Surrealism is an important index of our contemporary civilization, or that its "metaphysics," its "way of life," its political, or economic theory, is that of communism. Here the label fits the picture as badly as "*A Woman*" does through broad horizontal white lines on a blue background. Class-warfare is indeed chaos; and much in our "modern" life is "fantastic," as devoid of rhyme and reason as a madman's hallucinations. Even our scientific conceptions are more baffling with "wonder" than the wildest of ancient miracles. Who would imagine, for instance, that the actual mass, or matter, making up a man's body if compressed into a solid (without spaces between its atomic particles) would be invisible to the naked eye? Or that an "egg" of energy in the hand of an idiot might grow to a planet's catastrophe? It is easy to see how some painters come by revolutionary uses of time and space, contradicting our primary perceptions of the external world. Why too the fantastic mechanisms of their dreams are oblivious of moral ideas. Mechanisms and dreams are thus. The restless emotions of antagonism to whatever in human life is secure, serene, ordered, natural or rational (as interpreted by waking minds in coherent sense perceptions and self-consistent ideas) are, in fact, destructive to the very freedoms they claim. Has not Spinoza made it clear for all time that irrational passions are the source and expression of human bondage?

Civilization implies most of the functions, characters and qualities denounced by the Surrealist as "classical"—the quest for integration of life, individually and collectively, for more vivid intelligence and apperception to direct and control the

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blindly instinctive, subterranean, irrational and abnormal functions in our heritage, the urge to develop ever-greater perfection of body, mind, and environment wherever possible, the wide appreciation of form—of the rhythms, proportions and balance by which the harmonious functioning of our organs individually and socially becomes possible. Such “perfectioning” of life toward the greater happiness of all the “classes” is far from being a device of unsympathetic and static “tyranny.” On the contrary, the waking search for ever-expanding ideals of value,—new and “original” howsoever ancient they may be—is precisely the most intimate and inspiring form of freedom, the one most feared by tyrants. The love of excellence spontaneously engendered by these motives of artistic expression is at the very heart of sympathetic understanding and disinterested social cooperation. Deliberate moral argument, precepts or examples are not, as we know, the function of artistry. When, however, the Surrealist in his projected new art and civilization argues for “class-warfare,” the “abandonment of all moral codes,” together with coherent thought and all discriminations (“suspensions”) of sense-perception, he describes the antithesis of civilization, a license permitting no real freedom, a chaos of disjointed, meaningless, and fantastic “symbols” and emotions, not to be discriminated by his own tokens from a madman’s dream. Despite the seemingly boundless contradictions embraced in such a program, it can itself become a fixed authoritarian complex of the very “tyranny” it decries. Witness André Breton’s “fundamental and indivisible scheme of [Communist] propositions.”

Many other schools, and individual artists too, might here be assessed both as bearers and exponents to greater and lesser degrees, of a community’s spiritual life. But it should be clear by now how important a rôle pictures play in civilization whether as works of art, as propaganda (religious, economic, political) or bare representation; whether as congeries of unorganized aesthetic qualities eliciting moods and vague emotions, as symbolisms potent in their license of imagination (cf. Freud) or as sublime revelations of meaning whose beauty filling the mind

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with ecstasy, "informing it with its own splendour," gives tone, character, unmediated direction, freedom from care and other mental pain, generosity of spirit, and spontaneous inspiration to more abundant life. The alternatives of good and evil here to whole societies as well as to individuals are incalculable. Pornographic pictures and photographs secretly sold in the streets of Paris and elsewhere have fired the imagination of many youths to their degradation and even destruction. The superstitions of past history have derived well-nigh incredible support from the verification which pictorial representation commonly brings to uncritical minds. Political movements generally attain effectiveness far more largely through appeals to visual imagination than by arguments of the clearest logic. Even visual symbols (the cross, the crescent, the hammer and sickle, and other flags) can be more potent for national and other patriotisms than valid inference and conclusion, including moral argument. It is not remarkable then that painters who scorn even a symbolic representation of anything, as well as nearly all of the aesthetic qualities which have hitherto characterized works of art, should not only get a following but themselves claim to be exponents of a new world order and its philosophy, namely ancient materialism. Thus potent is ocular vision. "To see is to believe" not only of perception but of imagination and the causes it may support even with a modicum of aesthetic qualities. The "fantastic" itself implies something important even in chaos and self-contradiction. It is the same with space-forms whether in Cézanne's relative Realism or in Picasso's avoidance of perceptual objects altogether. Colors, of which the Impressionists have made so much, affect the human mind no less powerfully—and even independently of the ideas and convictions, to which, on the other hand, they can also make contribution. Witness how refinements of color can soften ignominy; and garish ones cheapen the loveliest face.

Realism too even in its closest approach to exact representation, contributes greatly to our knowledge and appreciation of

the world about us. We habitually see our environments, even the faces and characters of our closest friends, so superficially, that a painter, who may be more scientific than artistic, can often reveal a wealth of unsuspected beauty. Idealism, by selection, emphasis, and even distortion of nature, inner and outer, can make such knowledge more important and arresting, more revealing and poignant, but only when sufficient Realism links it with an "actual" or a possible world. What certain "modernists" such as Futurists and Surrealists, find lacking in both is freedom for emotions. When they acknowledge their parentage they claim to be descendants of Romantics and hereditary enemies of "classical restraints." But artistry would be no great asset to human life and civilization as exponent of completely free and unrestrained emotions. A life without emotions would indeed be one from which all sense of values had disappeared. But no less disastrous would be a plethora of unattached, meaningless, dangerous angers, fears, loves and the rest, running amuck about nothing in particular. Civilization implies a certain golden mean for many human qualities and functions among which emotions are of primary importance. Fish-blooded robots and violent geniuses are enemies both of society and of artistry. Indeed, as Schiller pointed out, "There is no passionate art." When André Breton, in revolt against the "tyranny" of "classical" forms and restraints, threw out *all* forms, *all* restraints, *all* distinctions between meaning and nonsense, waking and dreaming, sanity and insanity, he gave expression (let us hope in a dream) to the motive of suicide for civilization and its various arts.

Many are the relationships for both good and evil between pictorial art and civilization. From its simple, primitive realisms and vague arbitrary symbolisms to the profoundly meaningful, rich and endlessly intriguing expressions of a Leonardo's intuition, it exerts a variegated influence upon human life. It can arouse violent passions and irrational attitudes, just as we saw nonsense syllables do in verse. It can integrate the mind to

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strength and serenity and spontaneous love of the things we call excellent. It can be a mainstay of outworn, even superstitious, traditions and other deleterious mechanisms, cramping strait-jackets to human development. It can be a positive furtherance of many evils by the power it possesses to clothe human experience, even the foul and destructive kinds, with irresistible charm of color, light and design. By visions of perfection expressed in harmonious and arresting qualities it can induce in human minds and hearts a supreme, even though temporary, happiness irradiating and integrating our feelings and attitudes, giving wings to the ideas and insights we most cherish. The degree to which this art helps to determine the civilization of any particular group is, of course, various. But whether it be in the Golden Age of Florence when to many citizens painting was more important than bread, when the keen vision of its artists gave form and fire to the town's fastidious intelligence, and glorified so many of its very walls to the ends of the earth, or whether it be in some desolate milltown where only dubious chromos intrigue the imaginations of well-fed bodies, it is a positive force for better or worse. Potentially, as history shows, it is among the most important to determine a people's spiritual character and happiness. To appreciate this influence and its future possibilities we must envisage the art not only as masterpieces guarded in museums but as manifesting itself in a thousand lesser ways even to the expression of a few vivid aesthetic qualities in a poster, in a decorative design, or in the uncoordinated lines and colors of an Abstractionist "composition."

X

AESTHETIC EXPERIENCE AND MORALS

The wide variety of meanings connoted by the terms "art" and "beauty" has a parallel in the various and even contradictory senses in which "morals" and "morality" are employed. So that if we are to say anything at all significant and clear about the relations of aesthetic experience to morals we shall have to use our terms, if possible, without ambiguity. According to some writers there is no relationship at all between the arts and morality. The former have to do with experiences possessing nothing in common with decisions between right and wrong upon which morality depends. They are, to use Croce's term, "innocent," as not yet involving distinctions either between true and false, or good and evil. Plato, on the other hand, persistently maintained that it is of the very essence of artistry to be both good and true. He identified ideal beauty with ideal goodness and perfect truth. How can one mediate, or even discuss, so fundamental a contradiction without first examining and clarifying one's terms?

The minimal conception of "morals" is probably the commonest one. When it is said that "Henry's morals are all right," this generally means that Henry is sexually "straight" according to the accepted social code. It may also imply (for some) that he avoids drunkenness. His life may be otherwise lacking—intellectually, socially, aesthetically, religiously—he may beat his wife and neglect his children, and yet have "good morals," so long as he avoids the evils in question. Another wide-spread conception of morality is that of obedience to laws and commandments which are held to have been revealed in sacred books as

the will of God (or, as in India, of various divine beings). What conforms to these laws (and most often without reflection) provides moral standards for life and action. Less commonly, as in the philosophy of Thomas Hobbes, in some theocracies and in totalitarian states, the statute law of the land is regarded as criterion of what is moral. Both revealed and statute law may make the status of the arts (as of many other things we value, including life itself) quite arbitrary and even a matter of chance. Sculpture may be forbidden by divine decree, or poetry put into the harness of ideological propaganda. Other conceptions restrict the term moral to overt actions consciously performed by human beings. Sometimes these actions are held to be exclusively functions of thinking, that is to say, only decisions by logical inference possess moral quality, "There's nothing good or bad in heaven or earth but thinking makes it so." It is upon this basis that Croce separates the intuitions of art from morality which is a process of logical inference, or ratiocination, applied to practice or action. Every intuition, in other words, be it ever so lascivious or even pornographic, is "innocent," or free from moral quality, even as a young child not yet in possession of his reason.

The philosopher Kant held moral action to be in conformity with "practical" (though not with theoretical, or "pure") reason, and held such action to be invariably opposed to our natural inclinations. (This seems to be parallel to the theological doctrine that man is by nature totally depraved.) The commands of practical reason not only run counter to our natural desires and satisfactions, they are unconditional, absolutely fixed and identical for every human being in any given case "Act so that the maxim of your will might at all times be a universal law." From which it seems to follow that no action could ever be partially right and partially wrong, in some respects good, in others, evil. Nor does there seem to be any hope for progress to higher levels of morality. For Kant, only the *motives* of any given action can be called moral. Results have nothing

whatsoever to do with the morality of a deed. If with good will you blew up this universe (including yourself presumably) you might be doing the "right" thing. "*Fiat justitia, pereat mundus.*" Whereby "moral" and "morality" become expressions of a strangely irresponsible fanaticism, an incredible disregard of human welfare as measured by the results we call "goods" and "evils."

John Stuart Mill, in disagreement with this divorce between good will and natural inclination, held that the amount of *pleasure* derived from any action or experience is itself the criterion of its moral character. Good actions to a human being bring pleasure, the evil ones, pain. (This clearly ignores the total depravity doctrine.) Mill also held that motives have nothing to do with the morality of an action. Only the results of our deeds provide a measure by which they can be described as good or bad. Motives have much to do with the character of the agent; nothing at all with the character of the deed. At variance with Kant and the Puritan tradition, Mill thus finds morality an expression of man's natural desire for happiness—as Aristotle had long ago maintained. Only Mill tried to make pleasures themselves the measure of moral value, "The greatest pleasure (which is the same as happiness) of the greatest number." Thus the criterion of "moral" might appear to have migrated from laws (some eternal and divine, others statutes, which may be improved) and ruthless categorical imperatives, said to be products of functions somehow of minds naturally immoral, to the mensuration of agreeable and disagreeable feelings. Feelings (in contrast with logical reasoning) both as motives and as results, have furnished several other criteria, for example, sympathy, benevolence, self-forgetfulness. There have also been intuitionists—who find their final criterion in immediate insight precisely where Croce thought no moral discrimination possible.

The contradictions involved in this extraordinary variety can be traced to the fallacy of taking a part for the whole. The

complexity of a given subject often leads even our best thought to the false assumption that some relatively simple item, or single element, is the essence, or "heart," of the matter and explains all the rest. So it has been in the interpretation of morality, ethics, morals, and their kindred. Sex is an extremely important factor in many moral situations. But it is far from being the whole, or its essence, in any one of them. Self-sacrifice—which Fichte thought to be the one and only duty of man, completely fulfilling all his moral obligations—illustrates the same point. For "thought of one's self" is involved in many other duties. They who try to construe motives as the sole and single criterion of moral action fall into the same error, whether the motives be further described as obedience to law of one kind or another, as good will (completely severed by Kant from its possible results), as "loyalty to loyalty" (Josiah Royce), or as "love," which according to St. Paul, "fulfills the law." Must one not also take cognizance of the fact that love has often gone astray, that loyalty for loyalty's sake has inflicted untold miseries upon mankind, that uninformed good will (according to Kant even an informed one) can be extremely destructive? On the other hand, although a deed were to result in great advantages to all concerned, could it be described as a moral act if (as sometimes happens) its motive were malevolent? Both motives and results surely have to be taken into account in any moral action.

It is not otherwise with those who make logical inference, or immediate insight, or feeling a particular emotion, the basis of moral discrimination. A little examination of what we commonly call conscience will show why this is so. Our most logical reason may conclude that a given course of action, say aiding a neighbor in distress, is right. Yet we may do nothing whatsoever about it. Conscience, so far, is only partially active. Other mental functions must come into play—feelings, which depend upon imagination, volition (also closely linked to feelings) even to the innervation of muscles. Habit also is a factor

in all these functions including the resultant decision and overt action. Habitual inattention, a failure to exercise our imagination in perceiving our environment, and consequently a dearth of many feelings such as sympathy, kindly cooperation, even communicativeness and gentleness may characterize a fragmentary or partial conscience. Such a one may *know* without a shadow of doubt that it is right and good to yield one's seat in a crowded subway to a weary, strap-hanging mother and infant child, yet gaze at her with complacent apathy. How then can will, or emotions, or the knowing process, whether as logical inference or immediate insight, be abstracted from the rest, and set up as the one essential function of conscience, or moral discrimination?

They who hold that moral distinctions apply only to a certain kind of human behavior also take a part for the whole. One may, to be sure, limit, by definition, the meaning and use of any term one may choose to use, if advantages by way of new conclusions and insights are thus made possible. "Right" and "wrong" do, in common usage, generally designate distinctions concerning human conduct. (Exceptions are found in some forms of animal behavior. When for example, blue-birds destroy the young in a robin's nest built too near their own, we may describe their action as "wrong.") But any definition of "moral" based exclusively on the distinction between "right" and "wrong" quickly discloses by its own use that "right" and "wrong" are subsidiaries of "good" and "evil." Used independently of the latter, such an assumed "standard" (as indeed we have already seen) easily becomes merely formal, without actual content, abstract, even fanatical, and blindly destructive. There can be little advantage either to our enlightenment or conduct by this narrowing of "moral" to distinctions of "right" and "wrong." In practice it may actually confuse an action of unmitigated evil (the destruction of the earth itself and of every human being upon it) with "right" conduct. When, on the other hand, right and wrong are based upon and become exponents of

good and evil, our judgment becomes not only more reasonable, progressive and consequential, but less likely to be arbitrary, merely formal, or fanatical. The assumption that moral conduct means unquestioning obedience to fixed, immutable, decrees, to commandments derived from uncivilized peoples of long ago, to laws which are in practice destructive to human welfare, yet held to be "eternal" and "divine," has been a serious limitation to our ethical advancement.

When we see that "moral" quality and "morality" appertain to very much more than right and wrong as applied to overt human action, we may be inclined to ask, as we did in our chapter on aesthetic qualities, Where may not moral qualities be found? May not anything possessing the slightest advantage or disadvantage to human life be described as a "good" or an "evil"? The inference, in fact, is inescapable. Whatever has value (or is repugnant) to us attains moral character as contributing to (or detracting from) the fullness and perfection of our lives. (This ideal of perfection and excellence includes happiness, as we shall later see. But happiness is not its criterion.) Here we are concerned to show how not only overt actions but our very ideas and attitudes, our feelings and sentiments, the figments of our imaginations, as well as our motives and wills (good and bad), our external possessions, our friends and enemies, the knowledge we possess and strive for, what we may (or may not) cherish as religion—in short everything which we value, positively or negatively, and over which we exercise the slightest control, may by its actual or even potential, influence in helping to determine the quality and character of our lives, possess moral quality.

In the light of a more comprehensive conception of "moral" one quickly sees that not only the arts but aesthetic experience in its entirety, from a simple awareness and pleasure in form or color, to the sublime intuitions of an Aeschylus or a Beethoven, may be good or bad for human life. We say "may be" because, like aesthetic experience itself, the moral quality of anything

depends upon its being experienced. Some minds never realize the magnificence of the starry heavens or feel any exaltation from it. In speaking of the moral qualities of anything we assume then (as we did with the aesthetic qualities of a road or of a movement) that they are possibilities of experience dependent upon an apprehending mind. But we also take cognizance of the fact that, despite the variability of particular goods or evils to different minds, there is general agreement that whatever is good makes for the enrichment, enhancement, or greater perfection of our lives, and that evil works against it. Among the many items which may work toward these opposing ends few are more obvious, direct and unmistakable than the arts. The very qualities of life which we designate as good are in part described in terms of aesthetic qualities—for example, proportion, spontaneity, coherence, balance, vitality, dramatic interest, unity, variety, purposiveness. Who desires a disordered, dull, meaningless, drab, "cheap," commonplace, life, one devoid of appeal to imagination, or governed by mechanical necessity? How then did it come about that anyone at any time should have held that the arts have nothing to do with morals?

The reasons for such a point of view lie in partial, narrow, and even arbitrary conceptions of morality of which we have referred to only a few. If we assume that "moral" distinctions, or qualities, apply only to human conduct, or overt action accompanied by deliberate will, we clearly exclude, in our very presupposition, activities which characteristically are not brought about by deliberate will, such as contemplation, creative imagination, intuitive insight. If with Kant we assume that the good will which motivates whatever conduct ("whether in this universe or in any other conceivable one") is good, right or moral, must also be opposed to our natural inclinations, we exclude a great deal more: Not only all acts of friendship—as Schiller noted—but any and every action done with pleasure. Art-experience is one of the most spontaneously natural and pleasant expressions of human life. Only the deliberate embrace of un-

pleasant aesthetic qualities would seem to fit into Kant's select circle. If the "natural man" is immoral ("totally depraved") or even amoral (as lacking the capacity to make moral distinctions) then his aesthetic experience must also be amoral, or immoral in large part. This, however, calls for as little discussion in our day as a "right" or possible "duty" to destroy the earth. Our brief analysis should also make it clear that moral qualities may characterize a great deal more than human *wills*. Aesthetic experience is indeed in no significant sense a matter of deliberate "will," or voluntary action, either in creation or appreciation. True that a painter or a composer in a certain sense "wills" to write music or to paint. But the expression of artistry vastly transcends any: "Go to now let us create a masterpiece." The segregation of a mental function called "will" from other mental functions is quite unwarranted in view of the interrelationships which exist normally between all of them. No wonder then, that sharp distinctions based upon such a "compartment" or "faculty"—psychology break down, whether they are applied to moral discrimination, to art-experience, or to anything else. How inept, empty, and undirected, a conscience described as "will", cut off from imagination, attention, perception, feeling, inference, insight! All of the latter (and other aspects of functions in terms of which one might classify the varieties of our mental life) bear relationships more or less close to "acts of will." For the same reason one can describe aesthetic experience as only relatively strong or weak expressions of will, inference, imagination and the rest. A "pure" intuition is no less an abstraction than "pure" will or "pure" reason, and provides little help toward the interpretation of our experience anywhere. Moral discrimination must therefore be comprehensively described and used (as we have tried to do for aesthetic experience) if we are to understand the relationships between them.

Let us now explore more generally and specifically as well the various ways in which aesthetic experience may enhance,

or thwart, the perfecting of human life. To begin with the "matter" (as contrasted with the "form") of art experience, we first consider Plato's view that the kind of persons, actions, ideas, emotions, set forth in a work of art are of primary importance in determining its moral character. In the *Republic* and elsewhere he inveighs against Homer, Hesiod and the great dramatists, for presenting in their works the disgraceful and even criminal conduct of gods and men, as well as characters which are weak and vicious. He would eliminate all such from the arts of his new republic for the simple reason that all men tend to imitate what they perceive or imagine, especially when seductively set forth as art, and that this influence is destructive, especially upon the young, in any society where it is permitted. Crime presented upon the stage breeds crime; unworthy characters spontaneously invite imitation. . . . The argument is still with us and sometimes in no less drastic form. The censorship of Tolstoi (based, as the reader will recall, upon the repudiation of "beauty and the pleasures which characterize it") called for an *Index* voluminous enough to include most of the great classics of European literatures, most of its music, and probably all of its operas. Even Plato's "Index" would to-day have included *Beowulf*, *The Canterbury Tales*, *The Fairy Queen*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Paradise Lost*, not to mention sundry *Restoration* and modern plays. It might have included the *Kreutzer Sonata*!

The argument is irrefutable—in isolation from other possible factors in aesthetic experience. The bare matter we entertain in our imaginations or thought has a large influence upon the kind of persons we are. "I am a part of all that I have met" expresses a simple, empirical psychological fact. Everything that happens to us seems to leave its mark. Assuredly the matter we habitually enjoy in imagination has much to do with the direction of our "wills." Payot regarded it as the central factor in what he called the "education of the will." It is merely one aspect of the law of habit that when, say a moving picture, even

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if intended merely as an objective, realistic, scientific record of a pyromaniac's career, elicits impulses toward arson if seen a sufficient number of times. Vice,

though a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen

is nevertheless

"embraced" if "seen too oft."

We must immediately add, however, that this isolation of "matter" from other factors in our experience is extremely rare; that it is possible to entertain in imagination and thought the most terrible crimes and vicious characters without impulses toward evil actions; and that such images and ideas may even strengthen and ennoble those who entertain them. These apparently contradictory facts are to be explained by the formal and sensuous factors which help to determine the meaning of most, if not all, of our experience. If the firebug is depicted as a person charming to look at, clever and graceful in his dramatic escapes from the police, if he produces magnificent spectacles, and argues with seductive imagination as well as apparent coherence in his pleas for "change," "greater turn-over," or "more employment," he may move many to sympathy, and certain minds to imitation. Even a Hitler or a Napoleon bedecked with "flowers" of evil, moving to stirring or exquisite rhythms, mid radiant colors rich in variety, harmony, and originality of design, with lines and figures vividly appealing to imagination, and fine technique suggesting excellence in every detail, can be transformed into a hero. The noblest characters of history, on the other hand, set forth in vulgar and cacophonous words, disjointed rhythms, displeasing imagery, even in extravagant praise which violates restraint, or with the mock feelings of sentimentality, can be made foolish and ridiculous—objects of disgust rather than of emulation.

Subject-matter in itself therefore provides a quite inadequate

basis for moral judgment. It must be taken into account, but not in isolation from formal and sensuous factors which can actually transform good matter into evil, and evil into good. By such resources of his art Homer changed the "very blessed gods," Ares and Aphrodite, into objects of "inextinguishable laughter," and Raphael gave glory to man's most implacable foe. No matters of human experience can, indeed, be wholly alien to art-expression, though some are difficult and not a few art works are rightly kept from public places for the sake of young and unformed minds. Certain of the arts, notably painting and literature, are universal in the sense of giving expression to all possible human experiences. In all their long histories they are vindicated in their choice of subject matter, though not always with respect to other and more important factors. We realize this more concretely when we try to imagine what would happen to the stage, and to the literature of drama, if Plato's ideal characters and noble actions (however various their types) were the only ones to be found there. How we should miss Falstaff, and Cleopatra, Bottom, Brutus, Goneril, Iago and Shylock from the pages of Shakespeare! What would become of *Paradise Lost* or the *Book of Job* without Satan?

The remarkable fact emerges from the reading of Plato that he himself was aware of the great influence and power exerted by what we have called sensuous and formal qualities, not only in works of art but elsewhere. Certain rhythms, for example, in music and poetry can be "expressions of a courageous and harmonious life" or "of meanness, of insolence, of fury, and other unworthiness"; musical "harmonies" (our melodies) such as those of the Ionian and Lydian modes, are "relaxed," "soft," "drunken," "indolent," "effeminate"; others, like the Dorian and Phrygian, are "military," "severe," "firm," "resolute," "moderate," "courageous," "temperate." The tone quality of the flute makes for "lamentation" and "sorrow" (of which Plato will have no expression in his republic). As a means of weakening the soul, flute tones are more potent than "all the

stringed instruments put together." The meter of poetry is also a matter of great concern to him. He would not have "complex systems of meter, or meters of every kind" but only "simple" ones. For "beauty of style, and harmony, and grace, and good rhythm depend upon simplicity—I mean the true simplicity of a rightly and nobly ordered mind and character, not that other simplicity which is only an euphemism for folly." In the education of the young he would have certain rhythms and harmonies "find their way into the inward places of the soul, upon which they mightily fasten imparting grace . . . and . . . true taste," even before the student is able to know the reason why.

How then could Plato have failed to bring such facts to bear upon what he had previously said about subject-matter, especially since in the *Lesser Hippias* he had distinguished so carefully between beauty in itself and beauty as a source of good? The cause of a thing is not necessarily the thing itself. Beautiful things may produce beneficent results, but that does not identify them with these good results. . . . Yet he nowhere took cognizance of the fact that evil matter (as in tragedy) can be transformed into a source of noble feeling, of "firm," "resolute," "courageous" impulses and aspirations by the "sweetening" of its poetry, by its "simple" rhythms and meters, its sensuous charm, grace, and the other qualities he so warmly commended. In modern times we have been prone to overlook in the same way the power for good in formal and sensuous qualities. We generally recognize their possible evil, as when "glamour," "style," "color," "bravura," "irresistible dash," even cleverness of technique are seen to reinforce villainous and vicious matter (as in some moving pictures). But, with Plato, we commonly overlook the potency of aesthetic qualities both to overcome evil and to enhance the good. We too are likely to estimate subject-matter (especially if it involves action) as the primary, if not sole, factor in determining the moral character of a work of art. Yet how easily, by slight changes in "mere" rhythm, or meter or coherence (some incongruity), or even by awkward and

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“cheapening” words, a tragedy can be turned into comedy! Grandeur, on the other hand, may be exalted to sublimity by the words and forms the poet uses.

Even more misleading than the assumption that formal and sensuous qualities have no moral influence is the slogan, “art for art’s sake,” when, as commonly understood, it implies the possibility of an abstract art, cut off from any influence upon human impulses, attitudes, insights, desires and emotions in general. The very designs, rhythms and other aesthetic qualities into which it would abstract itself, are themselves, first of all, mental facts and never without influence upon our minds, for better or for worse. In the arts their influence may be so greatly heightened as to become momentous to the lives of individuals and to whole societies. If, on the other hand, the ambiguous phrase implies that only technical qualities (such as formal and sensuous ones) are properly to be recognized in art—that subject-matter is wholly indifferent to it—the point serves to help overcome the ignoring of certain elements in works of art, but at expense of ignoring others. “Art for art’s sake” may further imply that the motive of art-experience cannot be moral uplift, economic gain, or other ulterior purpose. This is, of course, an important fact, even though what we commonly understand by volition, will, determination to act, physically or mentally, is an unimportant factor in art creation and enjoyment. But in some degree it is present in all our conscious experience. In art we *will* chiefly the *means* toward its realization.

If we think of morality then as concerned with value-judgments about whatever contributes to (or detracts from) the greater perfection of human life, individually and collectively, there can be no doubt that all of the arts, and aesthetic qualities wherever else they are found, are moral factors in greater or lesser degree. Some, to be sure, are scarcely measurable, because so slight, others are vital and at times even fateful. So, for example, the mere color of a girl’s eyes, her grace of movement, or the lines of her silhouette. Darwin thought that aesthetic

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factors such as a bird's plumage or the special character of an animal's voice had not a little to do with the evolution of the species. If animals other than human had developed moral distinctions looking to their own more perfect life, they too would surely have recognized aesthetic qualities as having moral value. So far as we can discover they are unaware of this; and we humans are still so to a considerable degree. For example, we are most of us unaware of how far disjointed, wild, orgiastic, vapidly sentimental songs and instrumental music, influence, and condition, the minds of those who hear them habitually. We are generally quite oblivious of how the footless, lackadaisical crooning in falsetto of formless, meaningless drivel and wholly unnatural sentiment, not only infects the mind with intellectual stupor and listlessness, but like every falsity, makes for inner division and a lapse into primitive mental amuck. There is nothing mysterious about this. We are, indeed, surprised at times to find how profoundly the uncleanness, disorder, pretentiousness, or garish colors of some environments may affect us. We wonder how our relationships one to another could be so much influenced by the bright flight of a winged word, by a mechanical gesture meaninglessly repeated, by a little restraint, or certain inflexions of voice.

. . . "Was it touch of hand
Turn of head?" asked Browning that

"Never any more,
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before."

Immanuel Kant was surely right in describing all of our sense qualities as aesthetic. The taste of food and wine, the softness or harshness of anything we touch, all odors, organic sensations, and the varieties of pain we suffer

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belong here, and cannot, as aesthetic qualities, be differentiated from the colors of painting or sounds of music. Because the latter are amenable to form they make these arts possible. But far beyond the realm of art, momentous to our weal or woe, the power of aesthetic qualities holds sway over human life.

For weal or woe, for pleasure, displeasure, and even pain, these experiences seem to be coextensive with our mental life. But, as we noted above, the tempting assumption that the pleasurable ones alone make for a greater perfecting of life will not bear examination. The lapses into primitive emotions, orgies of destruction, and savage recklessness, by which some civilized men react against the mechanical monotony of eternal recurrence in their humdrum lives, as well as the milder expressions of atavism in crooning and some modern dancing, or in persistent tastes for deleterious plants, fermented and unfermented juices, drugs, and other destructive aesthetic experiences are all of them pleasurable, some to a very high degree. On the other hand, many unpleasant and even painful ones, from the performance of some valuable but undesired task, or the sight of terrible suffering which elicits sympathy and social cooperation, to mere growing pains, make for the greater perfecting of life. (Both physical and mental "good" must be taken into account as exhibiting moral value to our choice.)

There is, however, a great predominance of pleasurable aesthetic qualities over the unpleasant and painful ones in normal human experience; and we sometimes find the purest bliss to which we attain (unalloyed, moreover, by antecedent cravings, or deleterious after-effects) in certain works of art. We refer, of course, to those characterized by great beauty. Here again there are degrees: some works of art attain far greater perfection of form, sensuous charm, and meaning than do others. Although measurement is often difficult, the general fact of difference is obvious. One need but compare a few contrasting works with respect to their aesthetic qualities, for example, Raphael's *Madonna Granduca* with Lucas Cranach's *Charity*,

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or an *Ecclesiastical Sonnet* with *The world is too much with us*, to realize that there are many degrees of beauty. Far less widely realized, alas, is the closeness of the link between the experience of great beauty and of pleasure, unmixed, enduring and most completely satisfactory. Lack of acquaintance with great masterpieces, or failure to understand them, has much to do with this. How much of the purest pleasure we forego, and often make impossible, by habitual devotion to inferior works, on the assumption that the great ones are "high-brow" and the "popular" ones more "genuine" and "human"!

It is characteristic of all works of art to bring us pleasure. Even Tolstoi, after all his diatribes against the arts based upon beauty and pleasure, seemed eventually to realize this. But there are varieties as well as degrees of pleasure. At any rate, that derived from a voluptuous picture of seductive abandon, painted with little restraint or regard for balance and harmony and confused in meaning, seems to be a different sort from that of say the *Surrender at Breda* set forth in fastidious lines coordinated to a consequential unity, with balance and rhythm helping to give expression to sympathy for both victor and vanquished, all serving to glorify without a tinge of propaganda our intuitions of human dignity and freedom. We need not here be concerned with J. S. Mill's theory that pleasures can ultimately be reduced to a single "kind." Such an argument would depend upon what we mean by "kind." Mill himself admitted that there are marked differences in the pleasures we experience. He vividly contrasts those naturally chosen by an intelligent and cultured person with those chosen by an inexperienced "pig." We need only note that the same contrasts appear in art-experience and exemplify the fact that pleasures deleterious to human character may find expression there. This, as we have seen, is not to be attributed solely to subject matter, or to formal, or sensuous, qualities in themselves, but to all of them in coordination. We have become familiar with the seemingly magical power of artistry in transforming subject matter which by itself might lead

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to "swinish" pleasures into those of "intelligent" and "cultured" people by the power of significant intuitions, of refined imagination, of sensuous charm and superlative patterns. We know that the converse of this is also true: the destructive pleasures of insidious intuitions can be greatly augmented by glamour of sense.

The more perfect the aesthetic qualities of a work of art—the more perfect the coordination of its intuitions, ideas, meanings, with excellence of form and charm of sense—the greater the beauty to which it gives expression. The experience of beauty thus refined always seems to be linked with moral (life-furthering and perfecting) pleasure; and its absence, or relative weakness, to be associated with non-moral or immoral pleasures. These conclusions, based upon empirical evidence, also give us reasons for the "mixed" character of much art about which the question arose earlier: "What has art to do with beauty?" Often a great deal, sometimes very little. The resultant corresponding pleasures clearly support the Platonic intuition that beauty is intimately bound up (we do not say identical) with goodness—if we understand by good whatever contributes to the greater realization, or perfecting of human life. The evidence also helps to explain why happiness is necessarily included in any conception of excellence of life. It also gives us the reason why happiness in itself (whether "long-term" or "passing," as pleasures are sometimes distinguished from happiness) can never become a criterion of good. For a great many pleasures, even the life-long happiness of certain artists, or of men who exult in the tyrannical exercise of power, can be immensely destructive both to themselves and to others.

Every aspect of aesthetic experience thus gives evidence of moral power and influence once we have clarified the meaning of our terms. Before we undertake to summarize our conclusions, however, we should note the special and intimate relationships which the arts bear to morals by reason of their contemplative character. Our feelings are described by psychologists as origi-

nating from within, contrasting in this respect, for example, with sensations which result from external stimuli. Our attitudes are very largely determined by feelings, which are, of course, linked in varying degrees with other mental activities. In contemplation we deal imaginatively, reflectively, inwardly, with our experience, including overt actions, generally with expression of feelings more or less intense. Such feelings largely *constitute* our attitude (of longer or shorter duration), which in turn determines the value we may set upon the particular matter in mind. It is also a primary factor in our impulses, desires, and the choices we make. The young man contemplating an example of superlative skill, of financial success, or of benevolent action, may have not only strong impulses to admire, but to shape the course of his life accordingly—if, by virtue of his imagination he feels keenly enough about it. What in contemplation gives us pleasure is therefore of great importance to our characters and actions. When St. Thomas Aquinas defined beauty as that whose contemplation pleases, he gave expression to a clear and yet profound observation. Whether we judge ignorantly or with understanding, we call that beautiful which gives us pleasure in the contemplation, the inner apprehension, of it. St. Thomas might, in identical terms have described what happens in our minds when we call anything good. For, Kant to the contrary, it is our pleased satisfaction in the contemplation of it which makes it good to us both when we choose wisely and ignorantly. Contemplation here involves at its best all the factors we have already described as conscience, just as such appreciation of beauty involves all the given aesthetic qualities and their coordination. But pleased satisfaction is the characteristic earmark of both experiences. When we find delight in contemplating all the factors involved in art of the richest aesthetic qualities, focused, as it were, to a burning point, we attain our most nearly pure experience of beauty. Similarly when the various factors involved in conscience converge to bring us delight in the contemplation of an action we find an exam-

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ple of our purest good. No wonder then that good is linked with beauty in delighted contemplation!

To set forth these relationships diagrammatically we may say that: if we group the arts together and represent them by a circle that circle belongs within a larger one of pleasure; that all pleasures are divisible into life-furthering or enriching, and life-weakening or destructive ones; that this line of cleavage also cuts across the circle of the arts; that the area of beautiful art (which shades off into that of less beautiful and ugly art) is within the life-furthering segment; that the pleasures derived from the contemplation of excellence on the scale of beauty are very like those arising from contemplation of the good, so that the latter easily and naturally become associated with the former; and conversely, that with decrease in the pleasure derived from contemplation of beauty its own life-furthering power also declines and eventually ends in those joyless—or disordered, sense-repelling, meaningless and ugly—art-experiences which are no less easily and naturally linked with the destructive forms of pleasure.

It remains for us to consider more specifically how, and to what extent conduct, or overt action (which to some moralists is the only place where moral values are found) is influenced by aesthetic experience. The assumed “innocence” of the arts with respect to good and evil is based upon a theory that the particular function, or functions, involved in art-experience are without influence upon conduct. Other functions, such as logical reasoning (Croce) or emotions (Hume) are held to determine such behavior and the basis of our judgment of it. But the inherent improbability of such an assumption appears in the strong evidence provided by psychology, firstly, that our mental life is not divisible into isolated functions, and secondly, that mental changes always seem to involve corresponding physical changes. What we call “imagination” is dependent upon “memory” and the latter often shades off into the former. “Inference” is very often in large part “intuition,” and both are in no small

measure dependent upon "perception." What we call "feeling" illustrates the same normally close association between the various activities, aspects or functions, in terms of which we describe and analyze our mental life. "Feeling" may connote both a knowing process and emotions. All this does not imply that we are unjustified in discriminating as carefully as we can between "sensation" and "perception," "conception" and "immediate inference," "affect" and "imagery," "volition" and "instinctive action." Light is thrown on our mental life by all such valid distinctions. But it is a source of palpable error to erect such aspects of our mental activity into separable independent "faculties," one providing us with religion, another with scientific inference, or moral judgment, another with art, and so forth. How important both to scientific inference and to art experience is not imagination! How much in both cases intuition has in common with it on its creative side! Perception—the awareness of objects and order in sense-experiences—is surely not logical inference; yet how much the latter depends upon it—as also does aesthetic intuition! That certain functions are cut off from any possible influence upon our conduct is an assumption which runs counter to a great body of empirical evidence from physiology and psychology pointing to the likelihood that every mental change involves a corresponding physical one.

If we can show how our various mental functions are related to aesthetic experience and then endeavor to relate them to our experience of good and evil (including our choices of one or the other) we should be in a better position to see how the arts and aesthetic qualities may influence what comes to us as good or evil. We say *may* once more, because all such relationships (like the matter itself which they link) are far from being universal and necessary. Only he can understand them who in some measure experiences aesthetic qualities and distinguishes adequately between good and evil. How should we understand what has never entered our consciousness? We begin with sensations. Croce describes them as "formless," "mechanical,"

"passive matter," "what the spirit of man suffers but cannot produce." They are "animal," "brutal," "changeful," "imposed from without," and hence to be sharply differentiated from intuition, perception, imagination, feeling, and other free "spiritual" activity. Such a description is surely correct in part, but it loses sight of the fact that, so far, no "pure" sensation (one devoid of perceptual meaning) has been isolated. Sensations, even the organic ones of hunger and pain, appear to be invariably linked with stimuli from without the sense organ or nerve-endings. They are, therefore, correctly described as (relatively) external and passive. But only relatively, for the *quality* of every sensation (which is also aesthetic quality), for example, "red," "strident," "rough," "gentle," "sour," "painful," is not "mechanical" or "external" but distinctively "inner," "free," (also "changeful"!)."Form" in the sense of organization is also demonstrably present in some stimuli, for example, in the vibration rates of every tone and color. Vision and hearing are peculiarly aesthetic senses because they provide the possibility of formal qualities which we found intrinsic to all the various arts. These differences themselves show how important to artistry is the character of particular *senses*—even when linked with form and meaning. The arts, one and all, would, indeed, be impossible without the qualities we call sensory—because they are those of sensations.

What we experience through our senses also bears directly upon our distinctions of good and evil. Extreme pain is one of the most obvious of human evils. Physiologists distinguish between two groups of complementary colors: one the blues and greens, which are anabolic or restful and strengthening to the eyes; the other the katabolic (scarlet, reds and yellows) which fatigue and tend to weaken them. Other sensations, such as great hunger or thirst and some other organic ones, influence our attitudes and impulses directly, without intervention of ideas and reason. Perhaps that was why Croce used the term "brutal," which correctly describes impulses directly linked at times with

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certain sensations, but assuredly not those of others. Vision and hearing with no less directness can dispose us to refined and sympathetic attitudes: for instance, an exquisite voice (even an expletive!) or a vivid rainbow in the east combined with a richly-colored sunset. The fact that some moralists have designated pleasure, including that of our senses, as the mark and measure of goodness is surely significant even if in part mistaken. Sense pleasures may be deleterious to us physically and mentally, but they can also clearly indicate and even express, "the greater perfection to which we pass." (Spinoza)

Sensations, and even their particular qualities, are thus of great importance to our aesthetic life, and also to what we call good and evil in our experience. No wonder then that those who, like Plato, feel them more keenly than most of us do, plead for certain sensory qualities as direct influences in the education of the young. Plato urged that children should be permitted to grow up in an environment of "fair sights and sounds," such as might irradiate their minds with incentives to higher endeavor and the love of excellence. True that he nowhere clearly distinguishes between sensuous and formal qualities and often depreciates our senses. "Intelligence is better than ten thousand eyes." Yet he also maintains that "without their knowing it" youth dwelling amid fair sights and sounds receive the good in everything, an "effluence" "flowing into the eye and ear, like a health-giving breeze from a purer region, and insensibly drawing the soul from earliest years into likeness and sympathy with the beauty of reason." (*Republic III*, 401).

Such language may be overstatement. But it is a far more serious matter to underestimate, and (as some do) deny that our sense-impressions have anything to do with the quality of our existence. When we send our children to dreary, drab, and desolate schools, devoid of any charm of color or other appeal to sense, dirty, it may be, and malodorous, perhaps dismally disordered to boot, we assuredly give point to the scandalous phrase "chill places of instruction." For warm and vivid appeal to certain senses, chiefly those of eye and ear, is precisely the

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best, though not the only means, of bringing joy and enthusiasm to young minds for the process of education itself. And what is true of our schools and their programs is also true of our homes. That which continuously grates upon a man's senses may drive him to drink—which in turn is the desire for pleasurable sensations. Even a mother's nerves can be frayed by mere din outstretching her patience. A dirty wallpaper may depress one's spirit far below par. "Without our knowing why," the harsh, crude surfaces of things, unusual heat, humidity, or cold and even smells, may affect our dispositions for a day, or for a month. The ancient Chinese are said to have driven away their enemies, more humanely than in modern times, by the use of unendurable stinkpots. Sensations and their particular qualities are surely of some importance in relation to our choices of good or evil.

Of perception, the direct interpretation of sensory experience before we give expression to it by concepts or other symbols, little need be said. The meanings of art are largely perceptual, even though much more than perception is involved in most works. When, as in Croce's "inwardly completed" intuition, an artist envisages the poem, sonata, statue, which he may create without putting pen to paper, or chisel to marble, he still depends upon imagery, remembered sensations newly ordered and interpreted. Whether or not we call this perception is of little moment. That certain perceptions are significant both to aesthetic and to moral experience is however an important fact. Many perceptions are bare, factual, indifferent. Those which enter into our awareness of good or evil involve imagination and its attendant feelings. This is also true of aesthetic meanings which is probably a chief reason why the two are sometimes mistaken one for the other,—as when goodness is identified with beauty. That they have affinities and possess characters in common—such as balance, vitality, integration—does not make them identical. Other characters differentiate them essentially as we shall see in our study of other mental functions in

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their relations to moral-valuing and aesthetic-valuing. Here we may note how the former process is far more *extensive* than the latter. It endeavors to assess economic, social, bodily, intellectual, religious, indeed every possible group of values, not excluding the aesthetic ones, as they bear upon the perfecting of human life and civilization. Only if these two functions were coextensive could we identify one with the other. But whether an artist give expression chiefly to perceptual, or to other meanings, he clearly does not always voice concern about the fate of one or more of the many possible values. And when he does he cannot even try overtly to foster good, or diminish evil—even though like other men he greatly desires this. Even when he pleads a cause he contemplates it inwardly and disinterestedly. When Milton wrote:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold. . . .

he had no

intention of initiating a campaign, some action legal or ecclesiastical, or even propaganda for justice. Such motives may indeed have come to many readers of the sonnet,—but only when practical action dominated or supervened upon contemplation, as it commonly does in our strongest convictions of good or evil. Hence too the difficulty of creating works on moral, religious, or political subjects which give expression to disinterested contemplation.

The immediate insight devoid of argument or proof which we call intuition also provides a means of distinguishing between good and evil (as well as between true and false). Sometimes as utterly mistaken “hunches,” sometimes as “vision” which anticipates our keenest logic with all its available data and yet later turns out to be empirically and demonstrably correct, and then again in axioms for which no evidence or argument is adequate, intuition serves our awareness of good

and evil, as well as our judgment of it. That Croce should have described intuition as a form of cognition, or knowledge, which knows nothing about the truth or falsity as well as the good or evil of what it expresses, seems to be matter of individual definition. What is connoted by it is but a small portion of what, in common usage and by psychologists, in general, is meant by intuition. There are conceptual as well as perceptual, mathematical, religious, and scientific, as well as ethical and aesthetic intuitions. Important as the perceptual ones are to artistry, they also figure in mathematics. We can best discuss this matter, however, when we consider other functions for the light they throw on morals and art experience.

Imagination, which is distinguished from memory by its new combinations of imagery, may involve all of our senses; but those of vision and hearing are, for a number of reasons, preëminent. The importance of imagination to our moral life arises chiefly from the emotions which may grow out of it—emotions which in turn are linked with motives, choices, and actions. Everything we value depends ultimately upon what psychologists call affective states. Whether these are instinctive (the direct results of bodily changes following perception, according to James) or linked with ideas, intuition, and imagination, they are of primary importance as determining how we value things. Emotions seem to be endlessly variable as well as various in kind, from the consciousness of pain, or a blind fear, to sentiments about the most indefinite, dubious and abstract ideas. Just as with aesthetic qualities we were ultimately reduced to pointing and direct awareness of them, so with affective states. Who can tell us what envy or sympathy is if we have not experienced either? Psychologists however have classified affective states in numbers of ways. From a moral standpoint there would be no small advantage in being able to group them into life-furthering and deleterious ones. But as related to our problem a classification into “practical” and “contemplative” will be both easier and more illuminating. The first group, among which, for exam-

ple, are greed, jealousy, anger or fear, is characterized by an active relationship to one's environment, including persons. The feeling is directed toward something outside of ourselves. The contemplative ones are those concerned with what goes on in one's own mind, for example, when we follow a melody (or create it), enjoy a landscape, or take pleasure in a recollected event of childhood. They include, of course, the emotions of aesthetic experience and may be expressed about anything which enters into our minds—including emotions themselves. This seems paradoxical, but it is illustrated whenever we become aware say of violent grief depicted upon the stage, or pity ourselves because we feel poor. In this sense, all emotions may enter into aesthetic experience. But emotions of contemplation, even when they concern the practical ones, can be distinguished from them in ways other than the one we have mentioned. Contemplative emotions are always restrained, whereas the practical ones are sometimes violent. They are ordered, in the sense of being about something—as is not the case, for instance, when blind anger “runs amuck.” Both groups may, of course, be vague; but the contemplative emotions always have a rational motivation.

The emotions expressed in the arts are further characterized as pleasurable. This does not mean that negative and unpleasant aesthetic qualities and unpleasant feelings are absent in works of art but that as a whole they always bring us pleasure. The sorrow is “sweet sorrow” in poetry or music, the agony of tragedy becomes a transcendent joy by an inner ideal victory. How this transmutation is linked with form, sensuous charm and meaning, has already been set forth. Art experience both in creation and in appreciation also involves sympathy. The devil and the saint are both contemplated in the desire for sympathetic understanding. A “play” whose characters are all disgusting and whose actions arouse only antipathy is merely a contradiction in terms. So too a sarcastic, satirical and damning “poem,” or a “painting” whose contemplation to eye and imagination

arouses revulsion, antipathy, contempt, or disgust. Even when these emotions themselves are contemplated in art, our feelings become pleasant and sympathetic, the negative ones being submerged as it were in a flood of more pervasive, positive, and generous ones. In art-experience of great beauty, negative emotions may, for a time, be so completely overcome that ecstasy, or unmixed pleasure of a purely disinterested, self-forgetful kind, may take possession of the mind, inclining it toward generous and sympathetic feelings in general, somewhat as (on the negative side) a blind rage may strike at anything. Such facts very pointedly raise the question: How was it possible for any thinker to maintain that overt actions and the motives leading to them constitute the only matter for ethical judgment? For not only practical emotions and motives leading to action, but the contemplative ones as well constitute an indispensable part of human life, without which, indeed, our life would lose its chief excellence. Who would exchange a life rich in ideas, memories, images, insights, and creations of imagination, with all their joys and sorrows, and especially the never-failing delight in artistry and beauty, with one totally devoid of these, even though it were quite perfectly regulated with respect to all its overt actions? The alternative is impossible: contemplative and practical functions are in varying degrees necessary parts of every human life. But (as though to clinch our argument even where overt actions and their motives are regarded as the only matter of morality) the facts of human mental behavior show that contemplative emotions also have profound effects upon the practical ones, and through motives arising from the latter upon our overt actions. The way we feel about a character in fiction may not only declare and proclaim our own, but change it for better or worse, and alter even stable patterns of behavior. The emotions we feel about certain ideas, imagery, or intuitions are indeed sometimes far more important to moral action than, let us say, an ignorant "good will." Appropriate emotions of contemplation, that is to say those based upon enlightened ideas,

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are, in fact, back of every decision of will that can be called good. From all of which it follows that art-experience is part of the excellence of life itself and a potent factor toward the increase (or decrease) of that excellence. Also that on the side of action directed toward our environment, our attitudes and motives, when they are intelligent, are largely determined by the way we feel about relevant matter already in our minds. Among the contemplative emotions those of art are preëminent by the influence which their qualities, such as coherence, balance, originality, vitality, distinction, sense-charm, etc., may have upon our attitudes and through them upon our overt actions.

The importance of conceptual ideas, reasoning, argument, logical inference to morals has sometimes been overestimated. For our moral judgment (as well as moral action) is then at its best when all that is relevant in memory, perception, imagination, intuition and reason is linked with appropriate emotions. A purely conceptual interpretation of good is not only impossible psychologically; it would be as futile as an emotion about nothing is blind. But this does not bring in question the indispensable function of concepts and reasoning in ethical discrimination. There simply is no moral choice when reason is absent or beclouded. Our problem here concerns the possible function of logical inference in aesthetic experience and how the latter may then be related to moral discrimination. That concepts are the medium of the literary arts is open to no discussion. That they figure in arguments logically, that is to say, consistently, coordinated to set forth some conclusion is attested by much great poetry. Shakespeare in his *Sonnet*:

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past . . .

lists a poignant series of sorrows and losses which had come to him, and then triumphantly adds:

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But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

This conclusion, though not in syllogistic form, or intended as proof of a colorless proposition such as: "Friendship takes away sorrows," is nevertheless a valid inference for which the implied propositions can be syllogistically stated quite as in enthymemes from the logic books. Great numbers of examples from Greek literature, Chaucer, John Donne, Wordsworth and others might be cited as arguments which are in every way parallel to: "Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is mortal." Let a single one from Swinburne suffice:

For death may no man born resist
Nor make appeal when death comes on.
I make yet one more question:
Where's Lancelot, king of far Bohain?
Where's he whose grandson called him Son?
Even with the good knight, Charlemain.

How can one deny the presence of ordered, consistent (and sometimes mistaken) inferences in the literary arts? It is absent, to be sure, in all the other arts. But this fact grows out of the limitations of colors, stone and other media whose arts express perceptual meanings, and never articulate intuitions or conclusions. This distinction of literature helps to explain why it stands so much closer to morals than architecture or music does. Its concepts and conclusions may present to contemplation the profoundest philosophical interpretations of life and destiny, the very alternatives discriminated by morality—never this by itself or with practical intent, but (as art) with the resources at its command. Yet, as we have seen, even wholly disinterested contemplation spontaneously and directly influences the contemplator, and through his character and attitudes may indirectly help deter-

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mine his actions. Less however, as "pure" ideas or "pure" thought than as imagination and feeling—which is another way of saying that a great poem may be more potent toward the perfecting of human life than volumes of impeccably, even mathematically, demonstrated theses of science and philosophy. This cannot be said of art-works wholly lacking in conceptual ideas and articulate conclusions. Yet the perceptual intuitions of music, sculpture, and other arts, expressed in great perfection of form, with superlative sense pleasure and abounding meaning, can also be "makers" of character, and through it of destiny—albeit unintentionally.

A word should perhaps be added about intention, choice, and will, the active, deliberately motivating aspect or function of consciousness. This, as we have seen before, is sometimes regarded as the only matter for moral discrimination. And since the arts make no deliberate appeal to our choices of will they are, by presupposition and hypothesis, ruled out as a moral factor. No one can question the importance of choice in relation to moral *action*. No one would hold a person responsible for what he did against his will, or even subconsciously, as in sleep or hypnosis. But there are many "goods" other than those of overt action which are only indirectly, e. g. instrumentally related to choice. Some come to us subconsciously and are only later discovered. Yet this does not affect their value. Even in a time of conscious decision we may be wholly unaware of how our characters are determining our choices. (In fact we *always* are in our best decisions.) But this does not alter the moral value of character. So it is with many other "goods"—for example, friendship, health, happiness, religion—which can never be directly willed, much less brought into being by deliberate action. The "goods" of aesthetic experience also belong to this group in which overt action can provide only instruments to serve them. Inwardly directed activity also involves will, to be sure, and contemplation can be one of its most persistent and intensive forms especially in aesthetic creativity. But that

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activity being wholly for its own sake is never practical. The purchase of a studio, paints and canvas, musical instruments or blocks of marble is obviously instrumental. Only less so is work with chisel or brush—the reason for the uncertainty generally being that as his work progresses the artist's ideas and intuitions may also change. But contemplation does not imply foregoing the use of one's senses! It does not mean going into a vacuum—though it is also true that too great preoccupation with one's environment tends to produce an inner vacuum. As we are psycho-physical beings so we are both practical and contemplative ones. Fundamentally different as these aspects or functions of our minds are they are always present in varying degrees to our conscious life. They may hinder or abet one the other—and for that very reason alone have possible moral value. But aesthetic "goods" also come subconsciously, as when, without our knowing it at the time, music lessens our physical weariness, or dispels a sour attitude.

Such ends are in no way less good because they are not deliberately chosen. We cannot be said to be wholly responsible for them. It would however be a calamity to our moral life if only those things for which we are directly and wholly responsible were regarded as having moral value. No one can be wholly responsible for his own health, or for the happiness of his community. Yet it surely devolves upon a human being to do all that is reasonably within his power to foster and extend the means and instruments through which such objectives may become more easily available. Both freedom and necessity, a fixed order determining our own minds as well as external nature, are requisite to every moral value. A group of thinkers, whom we did not consider when we tried to clarify the terms "morality" and "morals," deny the possibility of moral values altogether because they hold there is no freedom anywhere, all of our "choices" being the inevitable expressions of an absolute order—natural, physico-chemical forces operating with mathematical regularity in our brains as elsewhere. We cannot avoid this theory in our chapter on philosophy and aesthetic experience. But in

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this place it suffices to note that if there were no definite order not amenable in large part to our wills there would also be no possibility for moral values. It is fantastic to consider what would happen to us all if say the weather could be brought entirely under the control of human choices—no single one of them being supported by any sequence of events! How could good be recognized, much less fostered, in a world in which no fixed order, no causal sequences, no necessary law existed? How could it be described, or indeed anything said about it? The fact of world-wide order, including that of our own minds, is thus itself a moral one in so far as it helps to make possible the values we cherish and seek after. Absolutely free choice would be no less devoid of moral value (and responsibility) than a completely mechanistic order in which all our choices and decisions (along with all our sensations, intuitions, ideas and the rest) were merely part of a physico-chemical order and its necessary changes.

Possible goods and evils thus present themselves through the whole gamut of our experience, including the ideas and interpretations we make of ourselves and of our world. Either of the alternatives we have just presented, fully realized and accepted as true, would tend to check one's effort toward the attainment of a projected good. So too would many other ideas which we might have cited. Our use of aesthetic examples to show how sensations, perceptions, intuitions, imaginings, feelings, ideas, impulses, choices and overt actions are related to human goods and evils, was, of course, intended to show how indefeasibly moral aesthetic experience is, in any adequate interpretation of "moral." The fact that during such experience we never *will* overt, practical action toward the attainment of "goods" or avoidance of evil, does not alter the intimate, spontaneous, and profoundly effective influence of contemplation upon such choices when they are later made. Whether aesthetic contemplation concern relatively abstract perceptual intuitions, or conceptual ideas and thoughts which delight us and perhaps elicit

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assent, or great creations of musical imagination involving feelings of aspiration, of security, of selflessness, perhaps even of ecstasy, its influence is in the citadel of our inner life, where ultimately the quality-character of overt actions is itself also determined. Even if we regard only those "goods" (or evils) which come within the scope of our wills and for which we can be held responsible as moral, aesthetic experience itself abounds in alternatives of choice to make or mar a life. The seeming paradox that artists do not, and cannot, undertake to capture the citadels of other men's minds, even for contemplation's sake, is resolved, finally, when we recall that such an effort would itself be practical—as directed toward one's environment. However great its moral influence and power, conscious aesthetic experience is throughout free and disinterested.

XI

MUSIC IN HUMAN LIFE

No art more clearly than music exhibits the influence of single aesthetic qualities upon the character and happiness of our race. To gain any adequate ideas of its origin and development one has to take account of all heard sounds which have so far been called music. In the end we shall see that much which has been so designated is neither beauty nor art. But all of this rich variety, which has brought joy and sorrow, ecstasy, fear, aspiration, love, social sympathy, sometimes terror, tantrums and madness to human minds, shows unmistakably that long before (and after!) the development of music as an art, single, or miscellaneous, aesthetic qualities have had a powerful, sometimes a fateful, bearing upon human attitudes and character. Witness the rhythmic beating of tom-toms among the pygmies of Africa and the current syncopations of jazz. When we keep our ears open to all sounds which have so far been called music we do not, of course, include the "music" of pictures and statues, or the so-called "frozen" music of architecture. This use of the term, as we shall later see, is a metaphor, and a highly strained symbolism.

It is very probable that the most primitive expressive sounds were vocal ones, like our own expletives, of no special pitch, giving vent to and communicating emotions, as they do in our own day, far more powerfully and poignantly than words. From the high-pitched staccato shriek of terror to the low, soft cooing of a mother at her cradle and the scornful "ha," to the grunt of appeasement or the falling inflection of humble acquiescence, hundreds of these sounds (inherited most likely from a remote

past) function side by side with articulate speech. They are unlearned, intuitive expressions, sometimes of meaning as well as of emotions, and directly apprehended by the hearer. These expressive tones and inflections have no form and are remote from music as an art. But they are among the primitive or elemental items and aesthetic qualities which enter into the making of music and can still be recognized in any song. An important step forward was taken when first two or more tones were uttered in a sequence. This involved not only a contemplative attitude when, no longer overmastered by emotions, one enjoyed them, say, in retrospect or anticipation, but also an incipient awareness of form as soon as the tones were felt to belong together, a sequence which might indeed also have been a melody. Such primitive melodies doubtless existed long before notes or tones definitely arranged on a scale of pitch relationships were discovered. The contrasts between the voices of young boys, men and women, whose differences in pitch nevertheless coincided at certain points (octaves), very likely had a good deal to do with the dawning awareness of intervals between these points. As a matter of history a great variety of scales developed in different cultures—Chinese, Siamese, Polynesian, Indian, Greek, Arab, not to mention Yasser's projected 19 note scale for future American music—most of which seem to point to habit as the reason for the establishment of certain sequences of notes as "standard" or traditional for the group. Indian melodies seem to Western ears at first hearing to have all of their notes out of tune, and out of "natural" relationships one to another except, of course, as octaves. Yet it is possible by training to learn to enjoy the immensely variegated and profoundly expressive melodies which have developed in the Hindu culture. Apart from habit and tradition there seems to be no valid reason why, so long as music is purely melodic, it should not make use of an indefinite variety and complexity of scales from among the many possible notes in any given octave. This would involve a rather difficult process of new learning and adaptability, but it might well mean a new outlook for Western music. Indians claim a great superiority

for their music and its high quality must be granted, both with respect to its profound expressiveness and the richness and variety of its tone color. Indian, Arab, Greek and other non-diatonic scales do not, however, except as octaves, allow of harmony or the sounding together of notes that blend and have affinities for each other. Ancient Greek music, like the Indian, must by all the accounts we possess of it, have been extraordinarily moving and variegated. But it too lacked harmony in our sense of the word. When Chinese orchestras sound notes together (which generally bear no relationship one to another) the result is a species of noise. Like certain "modern" Russian music, however, this can also give expression to violent and chaotic passions. Noises, or jumbles of tones in which no single one dominates, *i.e.*, serves as "fundamental" to the rest, also have an extraordinary variety.

Future possibilities for the development of music are also suggested by the historical evolution of our sense of harmonic relationships. Many chords which were once regarded as discordant and inharmonious are now greatly enjoyed in music. On the other hand, sequences of chords which in earlier days were accepted as excellent are forbidden in our own harmony books. We do not know the exact order in which the various chords now used in Western music became acceptable. Pythagoras in the sixth century B.C. already knew of perfect fifths (such as our C to F below it) and fourths (our C to G below it) and tried to interpret them mathematically. But these intervals did not figure as harmonic progressions, such as accompaniments to melodies, during the whole of antiquity. Tetrachords, or perfect fourths, were used by the Greek theorists to analyze their music. But the very fact that these tetrachords were divided into quarter-tone steps, as well as intervals greater than a full step, made such sequences of chords almost impossible. On the other hand a great variety of Greek modes, or scales, developed from these intervals. And from the diatonic series (for instance, approximately our E to E below it on the white keys of the piano)

one might have expected some development of harmony,—if not from the enharmonic series (which included quarter tones). All the scales used in our Western music stand related to the Greek modes whether the octave is divided into twelve steps (chromatic scale) or six (hexachords). And their development is an interesting study. But harmony as we understand it did not appear until the fourteenth century despite the fact that the various church modes continued the Greek diatonic modes, and the diatonic scale was already made quite definite by Ptolemy in the second century. Of peculiar interest in the development of harmony even to our own day is the fact of change in the appreciation of certain chords and their successions. For instance, in the fourteenth century, successive fourths and successive fifths, which in our harmony books are absolutely prohibited, were quite acceptable. In days not far gone minor thirds (e.g., C to E flat), chords which we esteem very highly to-day, were regarded as discords. So too the dominant seventh (e.g. C to B flat), the diminished seventh (such as C sharp, E, G, B flat) and the chord of the ninth (e.g. the dominant seventh above with D added) all of which had a long struggle for recognition. These, and numerous other examples which might be cited, point to an extension in the range of our appreciation of harmonic relationships as well as to increased refinement of discrimination. The limit of this extension seems to be formless noise in which there is no longer any perception of notes or of relationships between them. This limit has indeed been reached by certain modern composers who exhibit the immense potentialities of aesthetic qualities in noises. There also seem to be many new possibilities of harmonic tone-combinations (some of them in the projected new scales) for future music-makers to explore. But unless a momentous new discovery is made among harmonic relationships based on some new scale (a discovery which might make all the harmonic music we now possess obsolete and even inaccessible to the modified instruments) our present scales seem likely to hold their own

against time and creative curiosity. Since the early eighteenth century, when J. S. Bach perfected the traditional scales by equalizing, so far as possible, the mathematical ratios between corresponding steps in the series starting upon each of the twelve tones, these scales have served us well. The great wealth of classical and modern music, the orchestra, for instance, with a hundred men playing instruments of widely different character and pitch yet together expressing a single intuition in finely harmonious splendor, is based upon them. They even lend themselves to noise in the hands of clever contemporaries. The "well-tempered" scales of J. S. Bach are, indeed, not mathematically perfect. Tuners still have to distribute the "wolf," or slight, and seemingly inevitable, inequalities, among the various scales. But how irreparable would be our loss by the abandonment of harmony whether in the interest of more expressive noise than has so far been attained, or for the sake of more notes in melodies!

Other single formal qualities are of basic importance to music as an art. Time and its "measures" are always involved even though the latter have also gone through a process of development. Old Dutch psalm books do not divide the series of notes into measures. But change and movement are implied in the very fact of a series of notes even when it lacks definite divisions. The parts of a composition are correctly called "movements." No single note or static chord, howsoever elaborate or "impressionistic" it be, can be called music. But the motion is never spatial. "Up" and "down" on a scale are purely metaphorical and probably grew out of the use of horizontal lines and spaces to indicate notes. Indeed the ancient Greeks called our "up" "down," and conversely. The perception of change which we call movement in music is mental and never in itself spatial, though we do, in beating time and the dance, imaginatively associate them together. (This fact has important bearing, as we shall see, upon the assumption that music imitates or represents objects and events in the external world.) Of extraordinary interest, however, in the "measures" of mental time involved in music

is the fact that they are coordinated with "objective," metronome or chronometer time which ultimately is the measure of motion taking place in the external world. In music it is we, our own individual minds, who do the movements involved. This initiative is finely described by Schopenhauer even though he mistakenly assumes that notes stand for or represent external objects, for instance, low bass notes the heavy masses of the planets. Nowhere are we more free surely than in creating a melody or even when in listening to one we join in its "adventure." Yet a melody also "obeys" natural law in the sense that its sequence of measures will not do too great violence to metronome time. Which is to say that music depends upon a happy balance, a mean between individual initiative and natural law with respect to time. An absolutely regular, mechanized series of notes is never music; nor is license, individual caprice, in complete disregard of common measures.

The principle has wide application and is again exhibited in rhythm, or the ordered groupings of notes by accents within the measure; and in phrasing, or the larger groupings of measures and parts of them into patterns. Rhythms, as separate aesthetic qualities, even without notes, have great variety and wide expressive range. That was why Plato in the fourth century B.C. regarded musical rhythms as a fit subject for legislation in his new republic. Certain of them could be more potent than maddening drinks by way of inducing violence and lawlessness in human minds, while others enervate and "loosen" the mind into characterlessness. Rhythm even more than time grows out of inner initiative. But there could be no rhythm at all without the measures of time, that is to say, "outside" and sometimes physiological controls, which we are accustomed to call natural laws. Patterns held together as phrases clearly depend upon the span of attention, how much we can grasp and hold together at one time. The upper limit is approximately four measures but within that span there is an almost incredible possibility of organization. In larger groupings when a number of

phrases are brought to a half-cadence (just as in a sentence by commas and semicolons) or to a full cadence (period) when for the moment the composer has said what he intends to say, free initiative and natural law are even more strikingly exhibited. The laws are in large part psychological, and habit plays an important rôle. But within that order, which includes not only the "grammar" of our musical culture so far,—with its scales, given instruments, academics and other social constraints or restraints, even to economic demand and supply,—but the mathematics of harmony, the composer has a large measure of freedom. Witness certain "modern" tonality-free (scaleless), melody-free, harmony-free, academy-free, and meaning-free compositions which attest the liberty if not the essence and glory of art. Just where initiative and order find reciprocity and balance is, of course, a problem of the artist's discriminating intuition. That balance again is not "without the law." We perceive its presence even when we cannot formulate its law. A number of other formal qualities—dynamic balance, unity, variety, harmonic coherence, the structural refinements growing out of the independence of melodies in counterpoint, seemingly inevitable leadings by modulations, suspensions, cadences and so forth, even rests and repetitions—might have served as further examples of freedom within the law. They might also have illustrated the importance of single aesthetic qualities. But this by now would have been redundant.

A prospect of further development in the sensuous qualities of music also seems to present itself. When Helmholtz in 1885 demonstrated how the various qualities of human voices and musical instruments (as well as of noises) depend upon the number and relative strength of overtones to the basic, or fundamental, tone, he did it by analysis of given notes, picking out the various ones involved by means of resonators. Air waves, which are the stimuli for all the sounds we hear, like waves in water, generally have little waves "riding upon" the bigger ones. A violin string, for instance, vibrates not only as a

whole but in numerous fractions of its length. The latter help to give "character" to the fundamental notes. Or they drown it out altogether as in the "screech" of a violin inexpertly played, or in noise. The pleasant qualities of human voices depend upon the elimination of certain overtones, as their "cracked" character involves the presence of undesirable ones. In recent years means have been invented for the *synthesis* of fundamentals and overtones in a great variety. By mixing different degrees dynamically, as well as different numbers of them (as can, for instance, be done by the Hammond organ) an astonishing variety of tone qualities or timbres, can be produced for a single note. The simple arithmetic of permutations and combinations demonstrates this even though many of the differences cannot be detected by the human ear, and most of them that are sensed have too great abundance of "character." But among those that remain after subtracting these, there are many tone qualities which suggest new, as yet uninvented, orchestral instruments, and seem to promise even greater and richer expressiveness for music of the future, especially when linked with developing harmonic and contrapuntal forms.

That music has meaning or expressive quality for our intelligence, has been denied by some writers who perceive in it "arabesques" of sound, "patterned notes in rhythmical succession," or "the concourse of sweet sounds" signifying nothing, howsoever potent they may be in arousing various emotions. Other writers not only insist upon the cognitive character of the arts in general but characterize certain forms, for example the music of J. S. Bach, as overmuch "intellectual." Some composers too, past and present, have undertaken to present in music accounts of events in the external world such as the story of Peter and the Wolf; or to describe in terms of themes and movements the characters of historic and imagined persons, such as Egmont, Isolde and Don Quixote. The issue is an important and complex one and can best be met by trying to clarify our basic terms. If by intellect we understand the function of draw-

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ing logical conclusions by means of definite terms and clearly understood propositions we have no alternative to a denial that any music has intellectual character. Definite terms, propositions, logic and conclusions are all absent. If by meaning we understand coordinated ideas which can be expressed in articulate conceptual language, we must likewise deny meaning to music—as well as to other arts with the exception of literature. On the other hand, when we realize by simple observation and analysis of our experience, that everything we perceive is, in greater or lesser degree, an interpretation of our sensations, and that most perceptions are inexpressible in words, we see that meaning is a very comprehensive function. It is indeed an almost universal activity of our waking life. Psychologists have no little difficulty in isolating “pure” sensations, that is sensory experience devoid of meaningful associations. Sensations of touch, pain, smell, taste, as well as of vision and hearing are usually linked with past experiences so that they become vaguely or definitely significant, “signs” of something to be avoided, “objects” out there, things having certain qualities and relationships one to another, pleasant or unpleasant. The meaningfulness of any given perception depends upon our previous experience and is, of course, extremely variable. But it is difficult to find any sensory experience which is totally devoid of such meaning.

In the light of such facts there would seem to be nothing distinctive about perception in music to set it off from other forms of perception. There is indeed a considerable variety in the interpretations we make of our sense experiences within the non-verbal group, and these can be classified. There are, for example, simple perceptions in which the interpretation involves only one sense. A particular odor recognized, as say musk, without any mental picture of the deer from which it is derived, or of any sense imagery other than olfactory ones, would be an instance in point. Composite interpretations involve more than a single sense—as when a boy perceives a certain indescribable expression on his mother’s face as linked with painful

punishment, or the sound of a beloved voice immediately brings to mind her eyes, her hair or her movements. Complex perceptions may be described as further involving "hunches," insights, intuitions, many, perhaps most, of which are inexpressible in words. For example, a certain (indescribable) movement of a person's eye, face or hand makes us perceive that he does not favor us, or that he is false. Gazing upon a rich landscape (or even a bleak one) may bring with it discovery of many new designs, contours, lines, gradations of color, contrasts and other interesting relationships, together with imagery from other senses, significant memories and associations—while, suffusing all of these, an intuition may arise that somehow all the scene is part of yourself, or that some kindly spirit pervades it all, or, still more likely, an insight inexpressible in words. "Feelings" (which we sometimes correctly describe as cognitive) as well as moods and emotions may also be bound up with any perception. When the painter selects, intensifies, amplifies, makes the same landscape richer, more interesting and significant, as well as redolent with emotions, he introduces no esoteric perception, no exclusively aesthetic meaning which cuts it off from "ordinary" perception. He may enhance our vision by seeming miracle but it remains continuous with the most nearly "pure" sensation of a child.

Meaning (knowing, cognition, understanding) is thus far from being confined to intellect, and is in large part inexpressible in words. What words cannot convey with all their importunity is art's unvexed, serene opportunity—even in poetry where imagery is often more important than argument and intellect ancillary to perception. Realizing then that the meaning of music has no fixed terms or symbols to stand for objects and transactions and that its so-called "language" has neither propositions nor inferences, let us, even in our verbal importunity try to describe it. The difficulty arises not because that meaning is remote or esoteric. It can, indeed, be most intimate, a surprising revelation to ourselves. But, like many a familiar ex-

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perience, it strains the resources of language to describe it. Of much we can only say "That's that." It is true that a symbolism similar to that of language has also been attempted in music. Some composers have designated particular themes, sometimes harmonic motives, to stand for given characters or certain actions, as, for example, in the operas of Wagner. Words after all hardly ever bear any similarity or relationship of any kind to what they represent. So why not musical themes as well,—symbols which are hardly more arbitrary than the vocal and sometimes visible linguistic signs for items in our experience? That, somewhat like a new system of Chinese characters, they can be so used is clear. But alas, any theme so far chosen, or created, is itself dependent upon language to have its representative function made known. Moreover, there are no links, such as language possesses in verbs, prepositions, and other parts of speech, to connect a given theme with any other one. When words and music "go together" as in a song, the verbal meanings can indeed be greatly heightened by the music. But this is quite apart from any imitation or representation. The melody does not "stand for," or duplicate the meaning of the words. Other meanings can also be enhanced by the same music. Why this is so will soon be clear.

Within the scope of perceptual insight and direct intuition, unmediated by concepts, logic, or argument, there is a wide range of experience which must be called knowledge. Merely to perceive a far-flung mountain range in snow without uttering a word, or to follow intently a simple melody step by step, is a little piece of knowledge no less certainly than a persistent effort to calculate mathematically the movement of a body in astronomy. This continuity of the knowing process has often been forgotten in our pride of intellectual attainments. The importance of emotions to the arts has also made their meanings suspect to scientific discussion, since "emotional" ideas are anathema to science. It must be said, however, that divested of perceptions the most nearly "pure" abstractions of intellect

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approach meaninglessness at one end of the knowledge process, just as "pure" sensations do at the other. Also that emotions are never absent in the process and need not disqualify its meanings or its truths.

Though we describe the meaning of music as primarily knowledge by acquaintance ("That's that") and inarticulate (non-verbal) insight or intuition, we still have the problem of the many verbal meanings which have been imputed to it. What answer shall we make to those writers who have found Beethoven's Seventh Symphony "a paeon of joy to express the deliverance of Germany from the yoke of Napoleon," or to Marx's conclusion that: "The music describes a southern race, brave and warlike, such as the ancient Moors in Spain"? Schumann found in the second movement of this symphony a description of a rustic couple's marriage ceremony, while D'Ortigue held it to be of a procession in the catacombs or in some ancient cathedral. Ulibichev interpreted the *Finale* as expression of Beethoven's disgust for the drunken revels which were so popular in his day. Wagner called the same movement "the apotheosis of the dance." Tschaikowsky himself declared that his Fourth Symphony "has a program. That is to say, it is possible to express its contents in words, and I will tell you—and you alone—the meaning of the entire work and its separate movements." He then proceeds to explain for Mme. von Meck the specific meanings of particular themes. In the first movement a motive by horns and bassoons tells of "Fate, that inevitable force which checks our aspirations toward happiness before they reach their goal . . . and is forever embittering the soul . . . There is no other course but to submit and inwardly lament." Then a melody by the strings asks: "Is it not better to turn from reality and lull one's self in dreams?" Soon follows a clarinet solo: "O joy. A sweet and tender dream enfolds me. A bright and serene presence leads me on." The importunate first theme of the *Allegro* heard afar off then awakens the dreamer and dispels both gloom and happiness. "Waves drive us hither and thither until the sea engulfs

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us." In the second movement clarinets, cellos and bassoons tell us "How sad that so much has been and is gone. And yet it is pleasant to think of the days of our youth. We regret the past, although we have neither courage nor desire to start a new life. We are weary of life." Only in the *Scherzo* do we have no definite feelings and think of nothing. Capricious arabesques, intangible forms, and confused images, incomprehensible, bizarre, fragmentary, flit through the brain and "have nothing to do with reality." The fourth movement finally, teaches you to look to others' happiness. "Go to the people. See how they can enjoy life." But "scarcely have you forgotten yourself, scarcely have you had time to be absorbed in the happiness of others, before untiring Fate again announces its approach (No. 1). The other children of men are not concerned with you. They neither see nor feel that you are lonely and sad." Nevertheless "Happiness *does* exist, simple and unspoilt. Be glad in others' gladness. This only makes life possible."

Can one affirm that these meanings, and hundreds of others which might be cited from the writings of composers and interpreters of music, are delusions? Every answer to this question must take account of the fact that many meanings are individual. Even in discursive reasoning we sometimes say: "I mean by that" and give expression to a personal point of view which may remain unshared by others. This is not only possible, but (with the great variety in human backgrounds of experience) very likely, in music. When transcribed into language these meanings are largely individual. It is likely enough that the perceptual meanings and direct intuitions are no less so. But this implies no ground whatsoever for rejecting Tschaikowsky's interpretation of what these melodies meant to him. Others who enjoy the Fourth Symphony with his ideas in mind may, or may not, find the same meanings there. No argument can enforce assent. A given theme may at different times mean something different to the same person. Everyone seems to have the unlimited privilege in music of saying "I mean by that" . . . and

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need no confirmation or proof.

But are such meanings really significant—anything more than irresponsible fancies? Must they not be the same for everyone in case they are to be designated as genuine or true? Is it not a measure of the composer's success that we recognize the pictures, events, characters, intuitions, identified by his "program"? This demand for uniformity (which is rarely satisfied) easily leads to the conclusion that musical meanings are not knowledge, at all, and have nothing to do with truth, which can hardly be so diverse and personal. But such a demand taken strictly would limit knowledge and truth to an identity of experience which can never be established between any two people, and results in a skepticism so complete that, like Gorgias, we could venture no statement whatsoever, not even that anything exists or that an event has taken place. We assume, when two people look at the color blue, or assert the same proposition, that they experience approximately the same thing. We call a wide range of inner experiences "true" because they appear to stand in certain regular relationships to what we call "external" things or events. These, especially when supported by the pointer-readings of laboratories and the inferences of mathematics, give us our scientific accounts of "reality." Other experiences appear to lack both observable regular relationships to "external" things and events, and any discoverable reason for assuming that they are identical, or even similar, in two people. How can they be described as significant or true?

That Tschaikowsky actually experienced at the time what he set down as the meaning of his symphony will hardly be questioned by anyone. So Wagner's interpretation of Beethoven's great *Finale* and at least the bulk of the many and various ideas to which a multitude of others have tried to give verbal expression, will hardly be repudiated *in toto* as falsifications, illusions or delusions. Surely they are, in large part, genuine experiences, even when Tschaikowsky thought certain conclusions concerning the nature of things or lessons in human relation-

ships and happiness were associated with the sequence of his themes. These may not (probably never will) be exactly thus experienced by anybody else—though something kindred to it may be induced and fostered in hearing the music with his “program” in mind. One cannot demonstrate the truth of these meanings, perceptions, ideas, intuitions, by their “correspondence” with external things or events (to use Locke’s definition of “truth”). But might they be true in Plato’s sense of a coherent set of ideas, perceptual experience, and intuitions which satisfy and integrate a knowing mind? Is it not a distinctive character of aesthetic meanings generally, that they give expression to what is true concerning the mind itself rather than what is true concerning nature, science, history, facts, principles, inferred conclusions? If this is so, the painter depicts not facts or objective truth in a figure or a landscape, but an expression of what he inwardly experiences about it. Then poets, even in their use of the linguistic symbols of science, give us true accounts, not necessarily of objects and events but of what happens in their own minds. These experiences may in both arts be nowhere at variance with a true interpretation of facts, objective reality, history or science. But such truth would not be intrinsic to either. The objective meanings of music, whose medium, melodies, and forms of every sort are created by the mind itself with no perceptual relationships whatever to the external world, would then appear to be miraculous if found to be “true” in the sense of Locke.

If we grant then the possibility of subjective truth (which need not imply that with certain Idealists we regard the knowing-process as exclusively a question of the mind itself, *i.e.*, cut off from any real “external relations”) we can more fairly weigh the truth-claims of music. Let us deal with specific examples in point and assume the sincerity of the experiences described, realizing however that, here as elsewhere, there is the possibility of falsehood—the deadly enemy of art no less than of truth. When a Beethoven or a Tchaikowsky (or anyone qualified by educa-

tion and intuition) perceives in the sequence of certain motives or movements an irresistibly impelling onward force, we should not interpret it as external power. Both great composers did, it is true, go on to liken their experience here to that of an imagined *Fate* ruling the destinies of all with iron necessity. Tschaikowsky also drew certain logical and ethical conclusions which might follow from the assumptions said to be implicit in the Symphony. Everyone will welcome these further contributions by the composer for the light they throw on his own mind and genius. But no one should assume that he intended by them to express anything more than metaphorical meanings. He found a certain similarity between the experience of the music and that of some verbal propositions concerning Fate. He might have found parallels between his first movement and Delacroix's *Raft of the Medusa*, Michelangelo's *Moses* and Henley's *Invictus*. So too with his ethical propositions: Some themes have the same gracious quality which is found in the enjoyment of others' happiness; some suggest a firm resolution to stand in defense of a cause. These parallels are true as describing correctly a real experience. But they clearly do not express the "truth" of music. The relationships which obtain between the terms of a true proposition can nowhere be found in music. Nor can the terms themselves. How far better to express such truth in a medium which has the means of conveying it! Even Tschaikowsky in concluding his letter to Mme. von Meck quoted Heine's "Where words leave off, music begins." While the art may have certain qualities and meanings in common with a great variety of other experiences, including some expressed in "objectively true" propositions and religious or ethical aspiration, its own distinctive significance lies in its perceptual meanings. To describe them in terms of concepts involves the same indirectness and metaphor which we encountered before.

Perceived meanings in all of our senses, but especially those of vision and hearing, have a great variety. Probably no two painters of a landscape would perceive it in identical colors,

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lines, chiaroscuro, vividness, atmosphere, serenity, or the many other means and qualities available to their art. Yet all sincere expressions of their meanings may be called "true," in the sense of personal confessions. In this sense only can musical perceptions be called true. For, unlike painting and other arts, music has no perceptual relations to the external world. "Truth" in painting may include correct interpretations of external reality. But in music there is no way of perceiving the correctness of any perceived meaning. Quite in the sense of the radical Idealist the individual mind creates these meanings for itself out of its own inner experience. We assume indeed that human minds have much in common, and hence that many of these meanings are communicated by music. But, as in all other perceptions, there are wide differences here depending upon the individual person and his background of experience. Charles Lamb and some other "unmusical" men have confessed that music was meaningless to them. To others, such as Dryden, life itself without music would be bare, bereft of some of its profoundest experiences and meanings.

Can we not, despite these limitations, describe now in general terms, some of the fundamental meanings which we perceive in music? We can do so; and with hardly greater abstractness, or disagreement, than we find in our efforts to describe perceptions of external things. In neither case are they proofs by propositions. When I call this round, shiny, yellow, flat object before me "watch," the perception is parallel to that of experiencing a chord of music as "incisive," or a series of them as "linked together." Both are open to question, especially by those having little previous experience of watches or of music. But even allowing for a considerable "spread" between the experienced and the inexperienced man, our common human nature expresses not only very similar emotions but perceived interpretations which seem to have basic resemblances. When we describe some theme or movement as "on-rushing," "inevitable," "hard," or "harsh" and another as "quiet," "gentle," "smooth,"

"tender," we are likely to find as much agreement as we do when we describe a certain face as "intelligent." Errors and relativities beset our conscious life in its entirety. But the agreement of the competent remains the last court of appeal, all the way from "pure" sensations to mathematics accessible to perhaps a dozen men on a continent.

It is with such limitations in mind that we may describe the meaning of the *Andante* in Bach's Second *Brandenburg Concerto* as "plaintiveness," "hopeful yearning for what is not" without implying particular matters about which one may be sorrowful, without indicating what is hoped for, or suggesting any specific basis for hope. We can do this with almost the same assurance with which we designate a certain object in external nature as a "grosbeak," or another as a "lily." In both cases there may be wide differences in the specific items with which individual experience may fill in these symbols. As the general term "lily" may conjure up a great variety of visual images in the same person at different times so too may "plaintiveness" in music. Numerous *Gigues* and other movements in Bach's piano *Suites* give expression to merriment, playfulness, vitality, sometimes to boldness, impetuosity, persistence, adventure, laughter, as though "on general principles" without specifying anything more than the perceived music as causes for these experiences. If then with Goethe we imagine a splendid procession descending a great staircase while we listen to music expressing sumptuousness, magnificence, glory in life, or perhaps see gorgeous colors in great variety as some music-lovers do, we are merely exercising our common right imaginatively to make more specific a perceived meaning, or, as in this case, associate other sense imagery with it. This holds too for Tchaikowsky's association of logical and ethical conclusions with his Fourth Symphony. They helped to make the perceived heaviness, gloominess, hopelessness, yearning of the music more significant by association with parallel experiences of a non-musical sort, experiences foreign to the very medium of music itself. It was the same

kind of metaphorical parallel which led Robert Herrick to associate "experiences" of daffodils with those of men, or to link a bitterness of *taste* with the thought of death. So there is music of the clearest devotion, reverence, adoration, generosity, or self-effacement without implication of any special objects of devotion, any cause in which one forgets himself. The vigor of mind we know in irresistibly on-rushing movements (such as the *Finale* of Brahms' First Symphony) may indeed innervate our muscles and help to make us resolve upon a particular action (whether good or bad depending largely upon the mass effects of previous thoughts, emotions, choices and inherited disposition). But the action chosen sheds no more light on the meaning of the music than do the actions of a particular virgin (or imagined angel) on the whiteness of lilies. Such associations may be interesting and imaginatively delightful. They are fanciful, however, except when they enhance the directly perceived meaning of the music. Concepts sometimes do that by stimulating and guiding perception. The moods we have here used to describe musical meanings serve, let us hope, to bring together, clarify, and in some measure reinstate inwardly certain of those previously experienced by the reader. But they too are symbols—one thing made to stand for something else—and cannot be used, as concepts are, in argument. We cannot, for example, infer from the fact that numbers of slow compositions give expression to dignity or reverence, that these qualities are causally related to one another. How absurd to conclude by mathematics that doubling the length of one of these compositions you would also double its reverence! We cannot infer even from one kind of perception to those of another sense organ. Perhaps the most extraordinary example of this is the attempted mathematical coordination between spatial (visual) perceptions and those of music. Melodies are said to be "lines" which traverse space. Two of them together form "figures" which can be "plotted" according to their "distances" from a "base" (usually middle C). Additional melodies bring in more "di-

mensions" and more complicated figures. But the fancifulness of these spatial coordinations appears when we realize that notes *might* (though less conveniently) be indicated by letters or Chinese characters, instead of by lines and spaces between them. The "arabesque" theory builds upon the "decorative" quality which musical forms possess for the ear. This is doubtless a correct description. But in so far as it implies, *exclusively* decorative qualities it is at variance with fundamental perceptions.

To make a comprehensive list of meanings which have been, or yet might be, expressed in music would be impossible. It would also be to little purpose except as exhibition of their wide range and number. Our vocabularies quickly become exhausted even in attempting to describe the shades of meaning in a single short composition such as Beethoven's *Cavatina* for strings. The range of meanings perceived by one who, albeit imperfectly, appreciates the *Cavatina* is immeasurably greater than that of a Charles Lamb. It is not at all remarkable when one considers the different stages of human development and how various even our common perceptions of simple external objects are, that the refined meanings of music should also involve disagreements. No upper limits to these meanings can be ever established if music continues to develop, and the lower ones can only be schematically indicated. If and when we are aware of no more than a congeries of disconnected, formless, chaotic notes, we may be said to experience irrationality or meaninglessness and with it to approach the lower limits of music. But short of this suicidal goal (which is sometimes approached in modern music) there seems to be little whose inner significance cannot be expressed by this art. Commonplaceness, arrogance, fantastic *hocus pocus* (as in scherzos, which, however, when works of art are held together by underlying order) wildness, inner discord, self-assertion, petulance, falsity (sentimentality), perversity, sexuality and many kindred items have found expression there. Unpleasant matters are, of course, "overcome" and even

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made pleasant by agreeable aesthetic qualities, in music just as in the other arts.

Our emotions, moods, and sentiments are also distinctively "inner" experiences—originating there rather than by stimuli from the external world. And music is closely associated with them. So it is no wonder that some writers (and especially the unmusical ones) have interpreted music as non-cognitive, simply the expression of feelings about nothing. Both its creation and appreciation are said to be merely expression of moods, attitudes, dispositions, parallel to those produced by physical exercise, variations in blood pressure and other physiological states. These, although quite literally "about nothing" in themselves, give color, nevertheless, to "external" as well as "internal" experience. So the communication of emotions, fleeting or more enduring, in music is said to bear no relationship to anything we know, sense or "have in mind." Such a theory makes large assumptions concerning human nature. That serious-minded men the world over should be as deeply concerned as they are in music, over the expression and communication of their meaningless moods and dispositions seems to be quite unlikely. If there were dangers to be avoided, or positive advantages to be gained by them such a point of view might be plausible. But music itself never has practical motives—whether they be the gaining of a wife, or of customers. What makes the theory untenable however is something more than its improbability. Man is a psycho-physical organism. What affects his body can affect his mind and conversely. The experience of music clearly illustrates the relationship. It can affect our physical well-being and induce cheerful or depressing moods. But the changes effected occur *through consciousness*. Nothing takes place when we do not *hear* the music. The induced moods, emotions, dispositions, come about *by perception*. The fact that perceptions heard are not of the visible world of "objects" does not take away their cognitive character. Even the taste of sugar or odor of violets has

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that, howsoever small it be as compared with the perception of a rich landscape. The presence even of overpowering emotions (which may result from the simplest perception) does not alter this fact, though it may obscure the knowledge involved. The great variability of emotions, as compared with the stability of what we accept as knowledge, also lends plausibility to the emotion-theory. But when we consider how almost infinitely variable our *actual* perceptions of any given object may be (as we change our position, or the illumination of the object, or link past and present imagery with the sensations involved, or pay special attention to certain ones) we also appreciate how multitudinous *perceptual meanings* may be—and *all* of them “true” if actually experienced. We do indeed *choose* certain ones from among these perceptions which are used as standard of reference for knowledge. We could not possibly deal, for instance, with *all* the perceptions presented by this “watch” before me. So we invent concepts, and *assume* the “truth” of all possible perceptions. In music (where we so largely *create* for ourselves the perceptions involved and possess only metaphorical symbols to stand for them) it is not at all remarkable that there should also be considerable variability in the emotions involved. The arts generally give freer scope to perceptual meanings. Music, which presents the greatest freedom to imagination also elicits the greatest *range* of human emotions. These are doubtless of greater import as influencing the character of our lives than the cognitive side of music is. Artistry indeed restrains emotions, and, in contemplation, deprives them of the “practical” or direct relationships to immediate situations. Yet Plato was clearly right in pointing to the great influence which the very “modes” (scales), melodies, rhythms, times, and instruments themselves have upon the character and conduct of life.

In considering our present and possible future enjoyment of music we must take account both of its positive and negative influences in civilization. Like every activity, agency, institution

or profession, all arts are subject to ethical criteria. We cannot avoid trying to determine the degree to which they foster or thwart the happiness and perfectibility of human life. Such a yardstick is not in itself one of artistry. But many writers have overlooked the fact that there are some marked correlations between the two. Ethical values are clearly enhanced when certain aesthetic qualities such as restraint, vitality, inner unity in rich variety, certain pleasures of senses or dramatic interest are given expression and fostered in our lives. When, on the other hand, music induces inner disunity, flabbiness, a sense of cheapness, commonplaceness, weakness, characterlessness or perhaps unbridled power running amuck in savage lust, it shows unmistakably that some aesthetic qualities and the feelings associated with them are correlated with negative ethical values. The kinds of feelings expressed are so important because all that we value is so closely bound up with them. Their expression, even contemplatively, strengthens them, and to that degree helps to determine values (positive or negative) dependent upon such feelings. This will later be made more specific in our discussion of Ethics and the Arts. Here we need merely note that General Wolfe in wishing that he might write his nation's songs instead of winning her battles, did not exaggerate the power of music in human life. Morale (which is much more a function of feeling and imagination than it is of argument) has often, as a matter of history, been more potent than military and economic resources, or scientific knowledge, in determining a people's fate. Feeling and imagination will do more than knowledge of facts to determine the future of mankind in relation to its agencies of destruction or of cooperation.

From the cathedral to the barroom, in age and youth, on great political occasions and in the intimacy of solitude, at the cradle and at the bier, in peace and war, music in its various forms has been a potent vehicle of human feeling and imagination. There are songs of aspiration and despair, of ecstasy and sorrow, of irresponsible lust and monastic sacrifice, songs that

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are themselves intoxicated with strong drink, songs which express, perhaps better than any other vehicle, the inwardness and essence of friendship, or of love, ditties to add delight to the tiny affairs of children, songs giving wings to sincerest patriotism (or perhaps bolstering its imitation by false sentiment and make-believe). War and other crimes have been aided and abetted by sentiments which music has enhanced a thousand-fold. The same is true of sentiments which we esteem to be of the nobler sort. Thus every fostering of music will have its ethical as well as its aesthetic side. As we progress ethically we shall increasingly find less satisfaction in songs of vice or the desire that "impure blood may fill our ditches"; also in every expression of inwardly false sentiment, of insane disorder running amuck, or of orgiastic rhythms. We cannot too strongly emphasize these alternatives. But only the individual's cultivation can draw the lines for itself.

It is a major matter of civilization that music which both expands the range of intuition and feeling and enhances the quality of our lives may be increasingly enjoyed amongst us. Though more widely appreciated than any other art, such music is far from having attained its potential significance in any one of the many ways in which it might enrich our existence. Consider singing for instance. How many of us Anglo-Saxons get the physical and mental exhilaration from letting out our voices either at work or at play? How rarely do our farmers sing in the fields as do the Italian *contadini* 'mid their vines and olives! Our children do, even inventing their own tunes and words. And we sometimes envy them, feeling perhaps the force of R. L. Stevenson's wish: "Give me singing men!" But they soon lose their desire to sing, a process which is often accelerated by the school exercises. On occasions of special elation, perhaps on some vacation, we hear little echoes of that spontaneous joy in song. But how rarely do men or women in their homes give expression in this way to what enlists their imagination and true

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feeling! No doubt one reason for this is the character of the songs most commonly published, broadcast by radio, and sung in our places of amusement. The crooning of false sentiments, nonsensical trivialities, and ever-recurrent innuendoes of sexuality is too like a confession of dubious character on the hearthstone of one's inner life.

But there are other and more potent deterrents against our singing, especially for others. Many songs, not a few of them extremely simple, expressing meanings and sentiments which appeal very strongly to us, remain unsung because of what may be called our "technique complex." This is the assumption that singing (and the rendition of music generally, but especially solo music) is an occasion for the exhibition of skill, a display of one's talents. "Professionals" often contribute to the growth of this complex by learning to "perform" feats which may dazzle their audiences. Singers do acrobatic wizardry in voice manipulation, juggling with high G's and C's and arousing as much astonishment as Blondin dancing on a wire above Niagara. Pianists suspend our breath by seemingly miraculous prestidigitation. When they do this they aid and abet the idea that artistry is an exhibition of technique, the more difficult the technique, the greater the artist. And this is a fundamentally false interpretation. Technique is, indeed, of first importance *as a means* by which any musical expression, the art of music in its entirety, becomes possible. But when it is made an end in itself it negates and frustrates that art. To the extent to which technique obtrudes itself upon our attention it turns the mind away from the possible meaning and feeling of the music to the person and actions of the performer.

Now the interaction of artist and audience in this matter of supply and demand for technical display not only militates against what may be called *intimate* music, it discourages singing and playing altogether. We mean by intimate music that which is enjoyed inwardly without either self-consciousness or any great attention to the means employed by the artist or in-

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deed to one's whole environment whether persons or things. In such music the performer "loses himself" being wholly given over to its purport and meaning unmindful even of the means he employs. He does not come between his audience and the music except in the sense of leading on, joining with, what is spontaneously growing up and going on between them. His technique is taken for granted, howsoever elaborate it may be, by both himself and his hearers. If and when the display motive enters into intimate music it comes no less destructively than does some physiological demand such as "The lighting is painful here," or the observation: "The gentleman on my right charms me by his manners." Singing in home circles is discouraged by the all too common assumption that a song is but a means of exhibiting the singer's quality of voice or skill in using it. How often, even in a group of cultivated people, embarrassment and unnatural constraint follow the request for a song! No one wishes to "exhibit" himself. Yet singing is no less natural and spontaneous a human function than speech. Consider what would happen to our conversation if everything we said were persistently viewed as elocution! This in no way implies that voice-training or speech-training is undesirable. It argues rather that the expression of our intuitions and sentiments in song may yet be a source of satisfaction and joy comparable to that which we have in spoken language. Intimate music in the home is one of the loveliest prospects and objectives of human life.

Any development of a serious interest in music implies activity, participation, the playing of some instrument. We often hear it said that the radio and recorded music have done wonders by way of giving us opportunities to hear good music and this is true. But mere acquaintance with great works, howsoever comprehensive and detailed that knowledge may be, can remain a passively receptive, external and even superficial experience in itself. It is not unlike studying case-examples of love without having experienced it yourself. Playing an instrument even

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though it be with limitations of technique can go farther toward the realization of what music means, its intuitions, qualities of form and all the rest, than encyclopaedic information about it. The fact in no way minimizes acquaintance with great works, courses in music appreciation, or discredits musicologists who have themselves never sung a note or had an instrument in hand. On the contrary it enhances all these by pointing to the means by which their service can be made a hundredfold more significant. It shows the primary importance of doing a thing yourself to some degree if you are to appreciate its problems and difficulties, realize its essential nature, and the meaning of excellence. Only thus can it be fully enjoyed. Self-activity gives the "absorption" or "consumption" of music the means by which it enters into the marrow and fibre of our being.

All this implies multitudes of new "lovers" or "amateurs"—a word which alas has come to denote for many the embodiment of whatever the "professional" dislikes, especially limitation of technique. It is time that we cleared away some of the unjust and destructive ideas pinned upon the lovers of this art who practice it for its own sake without regard to remuneration. It is natural enough that professionals who practice their art for remuneration should not favor those who do not. But it would be as unjust to the former to characterize them as "money-grubbers" as to call the latter "dabblers" and "incompetents." That there are not a few bunglers among those who try to sing or play goes without saying. Weak-minded, hopelessly diseased, and even insane persons have derived pleasure from their unskilled performances. But to group all who try to express themselves in music (except perhaps those who earn money by it) as "amateurs" is a flagrant calumny. It is like calling saxophone players, drummers, cymbalists, xylophone performers, village organists, night club stuntists and radio crooners the really characteristic, the true "professionals." They belong to the group by the same logic which includes dabblers among the "amateurs." If it be held that the distinction between "professional" and

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"amateur" is one of technique it must be remembered that this is a relative matter. The technique required to play a saxophone or triangle is hardly to be compared with that demanded by a violin or piano. It is relative even for the same instrument, and, as we have already noted, can be a negative as well as positive factor in one's equipment. Moreover there are not a few "amateurs" who in point of technique are highly competent, even surpassing many "professionals." This is true as well in other matters of musicianship. Probably every reader will have heard the violin played by someone of limited technique (as respects say Paganini's *Studies*) who nevertheless gave expression in restraint, directness and sympathetic poignancy of utterance, to profound experiences of meaning and deep feeling with exquisite taste. How often have we not found far less satisfaction in the interpretation and musicianship of one who commanded something of Paganini's "virtuosity" yet had little to express concerning the heights and depths of human experience! Who then is the one truly equipped, the real artist?

The odious distinction between "amateur" and "professional," which stigmatizes *all* of the first group because *some* are to be blamed, is curiously exaggerated in music and does great damage to the wider enjoyment of the art. In poetry, where there are also failures and successes, incompetents and masters, lesser and greater artists, a line of demarcation based upon facility in the use of elaborate rhythms, patterns, mellifluous sounds and other techniques hardly redounds to the honor of the "professional"—both when he devotes his entire time to his work, and uses poetry as a means of livelihood. Far more important matters than wizardry of technique determine our appreciation and enjoyment of poetry. We do not assign to the limbo of "daubers" the many thousands who express themselves in oils or water-colors for the love of the thing and do not make a "profession" of it. In all the other arts we are much more likely to consider the work *ad rem* (as logicians say) that is, by its actual qualities and intuitions, including its technical means and devices,

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rather than by arbitrary shibboleths. How this unfortunate use of the term "amateur" in music can paralyze incentives and actually destroy enjoyment even among the competent! Suppose you invite a "professional" pianist and a thoroughly equipped "amateur" to your dinner table together. Neither of them can be asked to play in the drawing-room, the "professional" very likely because he performs only under certain concert conditions, the "amateur" because he must not play in the presence of the other. Rare indeed are the prospects of intimate music under those conditions even for the simplest Chopin *Preludes* or Brahms *Intermezzi* and though they might delight your entire group.

The wider and more intensive enjoyment of music for which we are here pleading is sometimes limited and dampened by the assumption that the "musical needs" of a community can be supplied by a "concert series" or "music festival" with half a dozen distinguished occasions presented by great virtuosi or organizations. As sources of the purest pleasure and inspiration, especially when artistry gives expression to the heights and depths of human experience without exhibitionism, in great works greatly rendered, such concerts are surely to be fostered with all our devotion and wherever possible. But their full value is realized only when they provide incentives to self-expression and examples of excellence to emulate in our own active participation. Such occasions—as also some radio and reproduced music—do much to turn the bungling performer from the error of his ways. They also silence, alas, not a few. And conceived as "satisfying" a community's "need" for music they can actually be destructive to its real development. For participation is the crucial matter, the basis of hope for any florescence. The audience itself is largely supplied by amateurs. We can observe this in certain colleges where music is thought of primarily in terms of great occasions, where there may be in addition no little emphasis upon historical information and theory but scant regard, sometimes even scorn, for what is called "practical" or "applied" music. (Incidentally both of these terms are mis-

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leading. No music serves a "practical" purpose, or is "applied" to some object beyond itself.) Practicing the art disinterestedly, without regard to external advantages leads to the deepest love of it and its fullest possible floescence in individuals and societies. Where this is discouraged (whether by scant "academic" recognition, poor instruments, emphasis upon rare great occasions or otherwise) the result is to strike at the roots of musical culture. Attendance of students at the concert course itself is directly proportional to the amount of other good music created on the campus.

A curious stricture on the development of music in our society is presented by the all too common disregard of music's "frame" and "setting"—which is silence. Sculpture requires its pedestal; the drama its stage; and painting its frame. So music requires its own "world" of contemplation. We all recognize this instantly at a concert, where we deprecate even an unnecessary cough or whisper. We do not converse in a drawing room while music is going on. But in many other places music is merged with dish-clatter, explosions from bottles, and what you will, by way of noise. This is nothing short of a prostitution of the art, most often committed, alas, by "professionals" under constraint of their employers. The music is made to serve as a half-perceived background, an aural "decoration" to cover the hubbub of practical operations. A similar purpose, generally with a more successful coverage of noise, is served by organ preludes and postludes to accompany the entrance and exit of the congregation. They, like the dinner music, receive, it is true, scant attention, howsoever loudly the organ may speak. But any ignoring of great and noble things, as well as using them for ignoble purposes, lowers and dishonors them, even though custom may long have blinded us to its crude insensibility. The destructiveness of this evil habit is quickly appreciated, however, when we try to imagine a Kreisler, Caruso or Rachmaninoff giving expression even to music of lesser importance—while the audience is taking its departure. Liszt instantly stopped his rendering of a Beethoven Sonata when he

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heard the voice of Czar Nicholas I at whose palace he was playing. He excused himself with considerate courtesy by saying, when the Czar inquired what was wrong: "Everyone must be silent when the Czar of all the Russians speaks." To which the latter replied: "Say rather, all must be silent when Beethoven speaks." Consider what it might mean to the cause of organ music, to the honor of its composers, to the self-respect of organists, to the greater reverence, joy, aspiration, and other attitudes, intuitions, and emotions so incomparably expressible by that noble instrument, if the prelude were an introduction and the postlude a rounding-out of the service, enjoyed in silence!

Despite these entrenched customs and the current commercial abuses of the art, there is abundant reason to hope for a future florescence of music greater than has yet been known. Its medium is easily accessible—perhaps too much so for crooners of idiotic matter and advertisers in songs of praise to pastes and pills, soups and soaps. (But the latter are gradually learning how ineffectual even economically, such abuses are.) Music is produced, disseminated and recorded by relatively cheap means. Its nearly universal language is almost spontaneously learned in its "root" meanings by primitive as well as cultivated peoples whose articulate languages may remain sealed books among them. It has almost incredible power of giving expression not only to what we inwardly experience about simple matters but about the most sublimely incomprehensible ones. In all these, as well as in its power of eliciting social sympathy, it possesses the elements of a truly popular art. But such a development clearly depends upon a wide-spread appreciation, and active, rather than passive, enjoyment of it. This implies an ever-increasing body of amateurs, in the sense of actively creative music-lovers dominated by the craftsman's self-forgetting motive of excellence—the same which by the common effort of many workers erected Greek temples of the Golden Age and thirteenth century Gothic cathedrals.

Education is, of course, the primary basis of our hopes for

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all such ends. And here again there are misunderstandings and serious handicaps to be cleared away. In general the arts are so lightly esteemed by our public school boards that, whenever retrenchment of expenditures is called for, the so-called "luxury" courses are the ones most likely to suffer—music and drawing being unnecessary "frills" on the real substance of geography, algebra, and American history. In the judgment of many experts the quality of instruction in public-school music is far from being what it should be. The incredibly low requirements to qualify as a teacher or "supervisor" of music often have not a little to do with this. We know, of course, that many teachers greatly exceed the requirement of "being able to play easy hymns and to accompany folk-tunes" (in the great state of New York) and realize how exacting as well as inspiring are the demands of every art. But according to the reports of experts, far too many other instructors and supervisors have incredible aptitude not only at killing off the spontaneous interest of children in the art, but at ruining their voices as well.

Public opinion, the great arbiter of life in democracies, is itself dependent upon education, and re-education, in the matter of learning to value the arts. How often do we not still hear it said that devotion to them makes people "queer," "arty," and sentimental! Such statements are as true as the claim that doctors are quacks, and lawyers "shysters" and crooks. There are such, of course, as there are poseurs and really eccentric Bohemians among musicians, especially the showmen and "wizards." But as a group, sincere artists, both "professional" and "amateur," are among the sanest, best-balanced, most essentially human, broad-minded, and sympathetic of men, however unusual their insight and capacity for feeling the significance of human experience may be. Their renditions which give expression to their own minds even in performing the music of others, are themselves, when successful, characterized by coherence, unity, balance, consistency and intuitive rationality. It is time that a better informed public opinion gave greater scope in our whole

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educational scheme to those who foster the "humanities," the studies and disciplines which lead to the enrichment of life itself. How a greater devotion to the arts, with their ever-present examples and incentives to excellence, affects the lives of students may be illustrated by one or two examples. The High School of Music and Art in New York City provides opportunity for the serious study of the arts under competent guidance and with means for creative self-expression in them. The nineteen hundred students enrolled there find the day far too short to carry out their work. Great numbers of them have to be "evicted" when the janitors find it necessary to close the building. Boys and girls are described as "on their toes" from morning to night in delight with their work. They have organized six orchestras as well as numerous choral groups and a symphonic band. They not only learn to play their instruments well, and sing without injuring their voices, but to compose and have their pieces rendered and criticized. They learn the craftsman's motive and modesty. They learn team play in its most exacting sense. Contacts with perfection in their performance of great works give them insight into the meaning of excellence both in the composition and in its rendition. The influence of these demands for excellence also affects the quality of work in their other studies, from mathematics and the sciences to history and languages. The rated intelligence of students in the High School of Music and Art is 12% above that in the other high schools of New York. The curriculum elicits nothing "arty," queer or unnatural in these students. They are as husky and fond of sport as are others. Something of the quality of play pervades their work itself. And surely the ideal of a balanced life, physically, emotionally and intellectually together with that of social cooperation, is greatly fostered by such a program. It makes for that joy in labor and excellence wherein artistry and human life as a whole are most blest.

An example to show how the zeal of a single competent music-loving instructor can influence the life of a community,

is afforded in the Springfield (Mass.) Classical High School. A lady teacher of the highest academic standards and most severe discipline has inspired four hundred girls and boys year after year to sing great choral compositions together, for example Verdi's *Requiem* or Haydn's *Creation*. Accompanied by an orchestra of sixty-five players, all of them members of the school and mostly studying their instruments with high ideals of excellence, the group presents the masterpiece in the civic auditorium at the close of the school year. Sometimes four great singers are engaged for the solo parts. But apart from them the work is presented entirely by the students in course—excluding even graduates. Under the severe yet enthusiastic direction of this disinterested conductor (who is, of course, adored by thousands) the pupils attain a quality of performance which a distinguished music critic once pronounced "impeccable." How the students regret to "graduate" from such groups! The joy and influence especially upon those who participate in such exercises in high excellence, are incalculable. And how greatly they could be further augmented by civic groups, orchestras, choruses, quartets, etc., continued with the same disinterested craftsman's spirit! Speaking generally we can say that all of the liberal arts pursued with that motive will ever be a great satisfaction to whatever is generous, inspiring and perfection-loving in human life.

There will doubtless come a time when concert halls—and theatres—will be regarded as no less a part of our community responsibility than the public schools systems, which already in many states extend through the universities. Before the first world war there were in Europe a considerable number of municipal concert buildings and orchestras—as well as opera-houses and municipal players—all of them supported by the local or state governments as educational institutions—as well as sources of community pride and pleasure. Some of them were nearly or quite self-supporting, as our public schools, libraries, and museums never are. Problems and difficulties arise in connection

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with such projects, especially from the standpoint of programs and personnel. But they are no more insuperable than are those of municipal botanical gardens and museums of natural history. We do not deny ourselves public libraries because of religious, political or catalogue problems. The presence of a fine civic orchestra (as in Baltimore) probably contributes as much, if not more, to the cultural life of the community than, say the zoological garden. There seems to be no valid reason why any community (whether larger or smaller than Bethlehem) should not have its chorus and little orchestra performing fine works within its scope, (perhaps even its own little operas and other local compositions,) with a pride and delight to the tax-payers comparable to that derived from one or more museums. Consider the Welsh examples! The chief handicap to such organizations is, of course, incompetence, which is due to the lack of active, participating music-lovers devoted to good music. Another is the cynical snobbery of so many people concerning "amateurs." A great number of choral and instrumental works of a high order are well within the competence of many music-lovers, and can even be "impeccably" rendered by high-school students whose technique is quite inadequate for the showman's pieces. Yet how numerous are the people who, although they may be very fond of Mozart and Beethoven, are still uncertain whether even their simplest masterpieces are quite worth listening to unless performed by some virtuoso of world-wide fame.

Education of the young, here as elsewhere, is a strategic matter. And fortunately most parents are desirous of providing music lessons for their children. But community action is again very important. Far too many music teachers are not only poorly equipped for their task but actually destructive to the interest of their pupils in the art. We protect the bodies of our citizens against quack "doctors," and set examinations to determine the qualifications of our civil servants from postmasters to teachers of the three R's. But anyone, though he possess no qualifications whatsoever, is permitted to concern himself with the souls

of children in matters incomparably more important than geography or algebra. Surely before long all music teachers will be required to possess certificates of competence issued by some adequate public authority. How much this will add to the self-respect of the profession as a whole! It will also go far to eliminate the pitifully destructive methods of instruction which assume that the teaching of music is a training of vision rather than of hearing. Year after year music publishers, motivated by the law of demand and supply, produce "materials" for teaching, pieces described as: "A Policeman Chases a Thief," "A Dutch Windmill," "Puritan on his Way to Church," "Little Sister's Birthday Cake," "Boy Meets Girl on a Bridge," or "Blue Icicles on a Red House." The idea of such "material" is doubtless to provide additional appeal to the child's imagination beyond that of the music itself. But could a more effective means be found to envelop any child's spontaneous interest in music with a nimbus of unreality, falsity and sentimentality, than to direct his attention and feeling to what is not there and can never be found there? The child's visual, olfactory, gustatory interests may, of course, be intrigued for a time. But to assume that some melody of his own, or from the "material," represents "Grandmother's Slippers" or the odor of carnations, turns his attention away from the music itself, muddles its own intuition, and falsifies any sentiment expressed by it. No wonder that so many children are soon eager to drop their music lessons! Rarely does this happen, however, when pupils learn to know and feel the actual, direct, natural, honest, intimate, sentiments and intuitions of great masters in their own medium.

This does not imply a condemnation of all "program music," that is, such as is designed to suggest or express experiences of something other than the music itself. Such extraneous associations sometimes add to our enjoyment of a piece. But since they involve a *tour de force* very like that of associating a series of odors with the movements of a dance, they cannot but turn young minds away from their native love of melody by such

artificial links with extraneous matter, links which not only misdirect their attention but falsify whatever sentiment may be involved. People with a mature love of music itself are sometimes intrigued, and enjoy these clever experiments even with associations which may have to be labeled in order to be recognized. But they too are likely to find such pleasure superficial and ephemeral. In the degree to which such experiments in translating (or better transmuting) music into visible, factual, olfactory, or other perceptions, succeed, they serve to divert and disperse, sometimes to distract, attention.

The fostering of community music will clearly depend upon increasing numbers of actively participating music-lovers. And this growth in its turn is very largely dependent upon the intelligence, experience and skill of our music-teachers. We say experience, because the teacher who does not know something of the ecstasy, the sorrow, the aspirations and tragedies of human life can neither express them in music nor imbue others with their significance. Technique, "getting the notes" is the usual alternative. But whatever his technique may be, the "mere musician" is wholly inadequate to the function of teacher, whether he be a master of methods and materials in a conservatory or a private drill-master. The great ideas, past and present, which have helped to determine human destiny, the feelings and motives which hold sway over human hearts early and late in their brief existence, the wealth of imagination presented in literature and other arts, the alternatives of good and evil, knowledge of the glories and terrors of nature in great and small, in short, all things human are relevant and cannot be alien to the true interpreter of music. The future of community music is also vitally related to the *kind* of music which is cultivated there. As bad literature often drives the good out of circulation, so "cheap," trivial and vacuously sentimental music drives even the gold of the greatest masters into hiding. For a number of years a community Annual Music Festival in an Eastern American city studied and presented choral composi-

tions of a high order, along with important orchestral works within its scope. It was magnificently successful. But some members of the managing committee then pleaded for more "popular" and "easier" compositions. Their plea prevailed. A long, inferior work, easy to perform, with slight demands for excellence anywhere, abounding in "effects" and forced sentiment was announced and presented. There was little enthusiasm either upon the stage or among the audience. In the following year the Annual Music Festival ceased to exist. So it is with the individual's cultivation of music, unless he learns to aim for high goals worthy of long devotion he is more than likely to sink into apathetic indifference. Who can tell how many children's spontaneous love of music has been sacrificed to so-called "popular" music, that is, to inferior, ephemeral, and often clap-trap, show-pieces and "cheap" songs. The really enduring and truly popular music is found in the folk-tunes and songs of a people. These frequently possess the character of classics measured by every standard of excellence, and have often been used by great composers in their works. Young people spontaneously express themselves in these classics, and so too older people who have a little music in their souls. Such facts help to account for the extraordinary influence of great melodies from the masters in molding and sustaining musical culture.

Good music, that is to say, music rated high by the standards of excellence—sensuous, formal, and expressive—which have so far been discovered, is thus a major factor in civilization. That such music is not always immediately recognized does not alter the fact. New and more refined discrimination will develop as we progress to more adequate appreciation of the art. Some "classics" of to-day may stand less high in the future. But it is a wholly unwarranted faith to assume that everything "new" implies "progress"—in music or anywhere else. It is possible to predict with a high degree of probability that works devoid of any recognizable form, melodic, rhythmic, harmonic or contrapuntal, are not destined to become classics. Nor are those con-

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sisting chiefly, or entirely, of noise; nor are abstractly "objective" works which avoid any appeal to intuition or emotion by mechanical or mathematical arrangements of notes never put together so cleverly before. In this list also belong other works which, though characterized by fine sensuous and formal qualities, are false in sentiment, or empty of intuition, striving for "effects" by meaningless unmotivated impressiveness. As we have noted of other arts good music is an expression of the richly variegated, integrated, happy, vital, balanced, above all unfalsified life of man even in its most "Dionysian" experience of sublimity.

Consider the many ways in which good music informs human life with something of its own splendor! From the most public to the most intimately private portions of our experience it can help determine the character of our existence. It is a social force of the first magnitude. Let people of diverse political faiths, of different religious sects, of various national and racial origins, competitors in business, even enemies, appreciate together the serene grandeur and tragic sublimity of the "Eroica." Incipient friendliness, sympathetic understanding, even a sense of brotherhood, may take possession of their minds, leaping trenches in the spirit of fraternity and generosity. As expression of our intimate personal life good music can bring us into contact with perfection, which, before it is experienced seems to lie above and beyond our mundane existence like the projected Heavens of imagination. But Lo, the thing is with us, not its semblance but itself, even part and parcel of our being, bringing freedom, strength of vision and joy beyond our highest hopes! Henceforward our life can no longer be "dull, mechanic toil," held in any "prison-house" of commonplaceness, oppressed by the seeming lack of purpose and emptiness of ever-recurrent monotony in a hum-drum existence. How almost miraculously potent even a snatch of great melody by a charming voice in the infinite tedium of a military camp! Schopenhauer, crabbed and almost absolute pessimist, deprecated the shortness of such

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relief from our life-long dissatisfaction resulting from the cravings of our wills, the alternation which like a pendulum swings us from practical strivings into boredom and back again. While we enjoy art, and especially music, we are indeed relieved from both, moving and creating in a world of free spirit. But Schopenhauer seems not to have realized the irradiating power of music even in our cravings, our drudgery and boredom. There are, to be sure, limits to our enjoyment. We cannot listen even to the most glorious music, beyond a certain time. Beyond that time of enjoyment, its pervasive influence in dignifying, inspiring and giving meaning to our days, is also limited. But it is a potent fact.

The simple fellaheen of the desert who sing their primitive tunes both expressing and lightening the burden of their toil, the mother beside her cradle, no less than the worshiper of the Unseen under the influence of Mozart or Bach in great chorale with the king of instruments flooding a great cathedral, know that power. The light-hearted serenader with his guitar, the soldier on his way to battle, the dancers to the rhythms of minuet, waltz, cakewalk, or rumba, know it. It can irradiate homes, schools, whole communities with the spirit of liberality, friendliness, pride in excellence, genial sympathy, and that sense of belonging together which is the heart of a true society. In giving expression to whatever ideal motives may arise there, it also fosters them—never deliberately but in the spontaneous, direct, realization and appreciation of their meaning to our intuition and feeling. Whether it be the gay notes of a flute in a distant mountain camp, the plaintive song of a 'cello heard in a city street, or a great ensemble of orchestra, chorus and organ doing the Mass in B minor, that power manifests itself not only in time of immediate enjoyment but long after the music has died. Feelings, memories, attitudes persist through other days and experiences. Granted the framework of silence, there seems to be no sphere of life, no occasion, no experience from birth to death, to which music is alien; no work, no play, no prayer for those

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who crave support, no dance to those who lust for life, which music cannot celebrate, glorify, or it may be, appease and hallow. Being mindful of its disinterested function—which is never a means to an end—and envisaging the almost incredible resources of the many instruments we have (some difficult, others easy to play), bearing in mind too its almost universal availability together with its persistent invitation to perfection, we can hardly fail to see how music is a chief hope for more abundant life and happiness in future civilization.

XII

THE STAGE AND CIVILIZATION

If as Aristotle said, life consists of action, the stage should present the greatest opportunity for its aesthetic expression. Deliberate action is clearly the most essential subject-matter of drama. Without plot there would be no play. A series of living pictures, narratives of events, delineations of character, endowed though they be with all the resources of great poetry, or, as in opera, integrated with fine music, set forth in addition with magnificent stage-decoration, colors, and lighting effects, would still fall short of being a drama. A ritual of song and dance performed under religious auspices on festive occasions seems, in Greece, to have been the origin of Western drama. In India a similar origin is ascribed to their great art in recitations of dialogues from the *Rigveda*, with pantomimes, also performed on religious occasions. The secular Chinese mimes and mimics also grew out of the union of song and dance, symbolic it seems, of such matters as harvest, or war and peace. But song and dance and pantomime are not yet drama, however overwhelmingly the emotions of the onlookers may have expressed themselves. The early Greek "comedies," or revels in honor of human fertility, probably had as little plot as a modern variety-show. Their early "tragedies" in honor of Dionysos' death and resurrection seem to have been very like mysteries and the medieval church plays. So our pageants and spectacles vaguely symbolizing Spring or the return of peace, may indeed have dramatic qualities, just as an ode or a statue may. But they are clearly not dramas.

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To do justice to the great variety of influence which may be exerted not only by the dramas of a Sophocles or a Shakespeare but by the most fantastic, pointless and extravagant moving-picture we must pay some attention to all that happens on the stage. Our emphasis, however, should be upon what in its various forms is most essentially dramatic there. As Wagner perceived—but mistakenly interpreted when he assumed that all of the arts could be synthesized into an "*All-Kunst*," or one great art—all of the arts have a possible arena of expression on the stage. Architecture, painting, poetry, music, sculpture, the dance, as well as drama, have entrée there. But we need not here reconsider the colors and designs of the "spectacle," or the visible stage, as a picture which we may enjoy as we do a painting. Nor shall we discuss poetry, music, ballet, and the rest save as they bear upon the influence and success or otherwise of the dramatic action.

Dramatic action is deliberate, outwardly-directed, overt action which we earlier called "practical" and differentiated from contemplation. This fact might seem to be in contradiction with our description of the arts as non-practical. It is not the case, however, since our enjoyment of the drama, whether read in solitude or heard and seen upon the stage, is also inwardly-directed, or contemplative, even though it concerns itself with practical action. Author, players and audience are none of them bent on bringing about changes in their environment. William James in his *Psychology* cites the case of a Russian lady who was moved to tears by the sorrow and anguish presented upon the stage before her, and who was nevertheless wholly oblivious of how she was herself inflicting identical sufferings upon her serfs. The case presents a moral delinquency, of course, if she did not later act. But it illustrates how during the time of our enjoyment of the art we are concerned with the matter as contemplation. The stage itself, which is generally constructed so as to segregate the actors and their environment from the audience, also illustrates this. What more absurd and destructive mistake can be made

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than to have a member of the audience clamber to the stage and go to the defense of the hero by delivering a knockout blow to the villain?

Historically speaking all sorts and conditions of men and most of their actions seem to be admissible to the stage. From a moral standpoint Plato and many others would limit both characters and actions to a select few. We have already noted how destructive both to drama and to morality itself so extreme a form of censorship would be. There are, however, actions which everyone would call indecent if presented upon the stage and are therefore excluded, as there are characters who are almost, if not quite, useless there. Such facts illustrate how, according to our present conceptions of human good, certain forms of action should best remain un contemplated in art. This also has an aesthetic and psychological basis, since whatever forces itself upon our attention practically, such as a stinking odor or the consciousness of shame, limits, and may even thwart our aesthetic experience. We are psychologically so constituted that a number of our actions are linked with shame and deep humiliation when we know they are seen by others. These are not necessarily immoral actions, though immoral actions also belong here. They may indeed, be life-furthering. Aesthetic and psychological factors, rather than moral ones, thus determine what actions are appropriate in drama. The fact is also illustrated from the standpoint of what we earlier called positive and negative aesthetic qualities. As no music can be constructed wholly out of painful discords so no drama overwhelms us with disgusting or otherwise negative aesthetic qualities. Whether the pain, disgust, shame and so forth, be good or otherwise for us, does not alter this fact—which as we shall later see has profound significance for any philosophy of art. But we must also keep firmly in mind that, art or no art, it remains indefeasibly subject to moral judgment.

What in general characterizes dramatic action is tension growing out of alternatives important to one's imagination and feel-

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ing. Many actions have this. The story of King John or of Henry V possessed it long before Shakespeare wrote his plays. But the great dramatist enhanced it a hundredfold by the resources of his art. The motives, choices and overt actions of certain (chosen) characters are linked together around an idea, purpose or goal toward which they contribute, or against which they militate. Meanings are very much in evidence in dramatic actions, and for that reason the drama is more directly intellectual than say sculpture or music, and may involve not a little consecutive thought, as well as perceptual intuition and direct insight. Dramatic actions also have unusual and often surprising, even overwhelming, latent power or importance, especially when they are seen to be fateful in their course. That is why the tragedies of an Aeschylus in which all the actions follow by irresistible necessity from the power of *Moirai* are so much more dramatic than even the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies. In *King Lear*, for example, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that a little more discretion on Lear's part, a deeper insight into the characters of his daughters, would have altered, perhaps stopped, the subsequent course of the play. Dramatic actions also exhibit formal qualities, for example, consequentialness, inherent unity. Redundancy, as presented in meaningless or casual actions, detracts from the perfection of a play. Unconnected actions lack dramatic quality. But many factors determine their connectedness. Actions distant from one another in time are more difficult to link together than are those of a single day. They may in fact be closely dependent, the later upon the earlier, and yet call for so much effort of imagination and thought as to make such a series unavailable. The same is true of place. Actions occurring far away from one another in space are difficult to realize dramatically. Yet the rules about a single day or week, or the size of a province for action, must always be arbitrary because so much depends upon our ability to realize imaginatively the connectedness upon which dramatic actions depend. Of far greater importance than "unities" in time or place is the inherent

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and yet purposive sequence leading to a climax, now impeded, and then again aided by events and actions, in its powerful course. But it too can be enhanced by them. The *Antigone* attains a greater dramatic power, for that reason, than does even *Macbeth*. The question of variety in a single play, tragedy and comedy in one, for example, must await later discussion. Here it suffices to note that some actions possess certain inherent formal as well as meaningful qualities which help to make them available for drama.

Since actions are also expressive of character, persons are integral and indispensable to a play. Without them there would be no play—although with them there might also be none. The kind of persons who appear in a unified drama depends upon the nature of the action. There could be only slight use for Bottom in *Julius Caesar*. But our interest in the persons of a play is a primary one. The actions of wholly common-place people, devoid of any distinction of character either pleasant or unpleasant, are ill-suited to arouse imagination and feeling. True that they are more likely to do it when represented upon the stage than seen in actual life. Such is the power of representation all the way from photography to mimicry. Even the most realistic playwright knows, however, that Babbitt's lust for material power, or the Parson's politics have to be emphasized. But not exaggerated since too great a departure from what seems possible to our imaginations, both in act and person, curbs and restrains dramatic power. The criterion and arbiter here in the last analysis, is our own experience of life and character, which in turn is variable and extensible. Whether the Martians of H. G. Wells, superior as they are in many ways to *homo sapiens*, could ever for us attain dramatic quality in their doings and persons would seem to depend upon the degree to which we might experience the sort of life they do. The figures of Walt Disney with their implied human parallels also illustrate this.

It has been said that we live many lives in art. Certainly one of the great advantages of dramatic art is vicariously, but also

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intimately and sympathetically, to give us an incomparably wider range of experience than any individual life by itself affords. Kings and chimney sweeps, heroes, villains, saints, not only give us vision into their intimate selves; they enable us, in great dramas, to live their lives for a time, in the fullest degree to which a person can share another's experience. Not a little of this sharing may come to us in prose literature and lyric poetry. We "feel ourselves into" the statue, even the architectural pillar. (Let him who doubts this *draw* one that is about to topple over!) The musical motives and adventures become our own; we go along with Titian's Bacchus and his revelers. But in no other art do we come so near to living another person's life as in great drama.

Every such experience may clearly be a learning process; and the perception or creative imagination involved is in large part dependent upon what we have before experienced. But it is not overt instruction. Instruction would once more be practical and thwart the spontaneity and disinterestedness of the art. Morality, and other forms of didactic plays, when they attain dramatic power do so in those portions when one may be unaware for the time being of the intended propaganda. These are rare, however, when personified abstractions such as Pride or Gluttony, perform actions which might equally well have been done by mechanisms devoid of motives and wills. Whether propaganda be political, religious, or any other kind, its direct effect is deadly to dramatic action and tends to make its characters ancillary and insignificant. Only persons can enact dramatic action, and the more significant they are, the greater the possibility of such action. A Thersites will not do for Agamemnon.

We learn greatly from drama then, not only by intuition and creative imagination but also by reasoned conclusions. Schopenhauer to the contrary, in this art we trace even causes and effects: we realize what follows a given decision or course of action; we see the relationships between character and action. We may also find or create for ourselves ethical, political or

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religious ideas whose truth we accept as we do any other truth which serves no master and is freely chosen for its own sake on valid evidence. We learn mere facts: "So that was the spirit of Mark Antony," or "such were the sufferings of the Trojan Women in captivity." But facts are secondary in a double sense: first because they serve more fundamental intuitions and conclusions; and then, since creative imagination is involved, facts may be colored, transformed, transposed and altered to suit the artist's purpose. Something of this occurs, to be sure, even in our most accurate writing of history. Historians inevitably see the persons and events of the past through their present lights and ideas. But far greater (though not complete) freedom is accorded the dramatist. Throughout the play, realism—as a demand that he should remain aware of inner (or outer) reality—asserts its indefeasible right. So that some dramatic facts are as sure and secure as any that we possess.

The great advantage of such knowledge as is gained through the arts lies, of course, in its appeal to feelings and sentiments aroused by the intriguing of imagination. So long as knowledge remains purely abstract, as, for example, the binomial theorem, it is not likely, even though unassailably true, to affect human destiny so far as we ourselves have anything to do with it. The essential (and root) meaning of "abstract" is "cut off, withdrawn, separated, out of relation to other things,"—in this case other functions of consciousness. A bare shape or color, a "pure" perception, image, idea, intuition, emotion, experienced as far as possible by itself, unlinked with other parts or functions of consciousness—these are all examples in point. We also call knowledge abstract as contrasted with "concrete," when it does not involve certain senses, especially vision and touch. But this is merely a particular case of the general meaning. Through all our discussion of the various arts we have found them far from abstract, both in the general and the particular sense referred to. All of them involve sensations, imagery, perceptions, ideas, meanings, intuitions and emotions. A great poem can be a far more

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complete expression of our mental life than the most secure and comprehensive truth of philosophy or science—for these on principle exclude emotions, fully creative imagination, and sometimes even sense-perceptions (as in higher mathematics) from their domains. The advantages of this to the cause of “pure” truth must not be overlooked, and will later be considered. But pure truth by itself would be poor diet for human minds; it would transform us in the end to characterless, feelingless, emasculated and ultimately will-less sub-humans.

By virtue both of its subject-matter and the aesthetic means at its disposal, the art of drama is potentially perhaps the greatest force in civilization. Its subject matter presents the most interesting, intriguing, characteristic, inner, and essential nature of human life in action. The comprehensiveness of its range, as including good and bad, strong and weak, wise and foolish, delightful and painful, characters and actions, provides an arena where everything human may have opportunity to express itself. Even ordinary insights, knowledge, judgments, gained from experience in such a field, one by nature closest to ourselves, could not fail to be important in the conduct of our own lives.

Enhanced by the resources of artistry, such knowledge, gained in the spontaneity and freedom of play and with the interest of discovery, pregnant too in concentration of insight, unified into a thing that has nothing redundant, expressed with language (whether poetry or prose) redolent for memory and imagination yet woven into the woof of the speech we know, embodied in actors to whom none of their doings or words are false, affected or meaningless, and with accessories or external embellishments of color, light, and scenery which do not distract attention from the course of action—such knowledge may indeed be momentous to him who gains it. It is far more potent than even the best of instruction which enlists the student’s imagination and delight. Instruction is always practical; and however rich in positive aesthetic qualities is never art. By arousing and satisfying deep emotions great drama involves the roots of hu-

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man personality and may change, even remold it, as only great joys or sorrows through profound insight in direct perception can. So we have reason to think that drama, holding the mirror up to human actions and character under conditions possible only to this art, has an important, even strategic, place in the future of mankind.

That as yet it is far from having attained this place is due to many factors and circumstances. The art is still a recent one in western European history. This does not mean, of course, that no actions or language had dramatic qualities in western Europe before the fifteenth century. Even animals, and probably for ages, have had their playful "dramatizations"—the cat with the mouse, the dog with his fellows or with his bone. From early times human beings appear to have had special interest in certain actions and characters, even as our children do *now*, because conflicting alternatives enlist imagination and feeling. The Miracle and Morality "plays" of the Middle Age are further testimony to this interest, even though the practical motives dominant in them deprived them so largely of their disinterestedness. We are, of course, not unmindful of the seeming miracle, the incredible heritage of Greek dramatic art from the fifth century B. C. That these great works, and especially the tragedies, should have been created and so widely enjoyed nearly two thousand years before the art came to its own in the West is a poignant commentary on human culture and progress. The fact that many thousand "ordinary citizens" of Athens foregathered as frequently as they did to the marble, open-air Theatre of Dionysos—it seated twenty-two thousand—to see and hear *Agamemnon* or *Prometheus Bound*, *Oedipus the King* or *Antigone*, *Iphigenia in Aulis* or *The Trojan Women* is itself amazing as showing how great a force dramatic art can be in life. Such plans also reflect the age quite as definitely as the Hanswurst, Pickelhäring, Jan Bouset and other gross and ribald buffoons and killers who occupied the German stage with wide favor in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It is also de-

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pressing to realize, as a matter of history, that when a florescence of drama has come to a people in modern times it is now in the past. Spain had her Lope de Vega and Calderon in the seventeenth century; France, her Corneille, Racine and Molière in the same period; England, her Elizabethans; Germany, her Lessing, Schiller and Goethe in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

The reasons for this clearly stem not only from the inspirations of the writers of drama but from the public and the stage itself. A play for which no actors are available is a lost one except as read. The greatest of plays to which no audience responds is also lost in the same sense. So that here to a far greater degree than elsewhere the artist is aided or thwarted by factors outside of himself. Of these the most potent is probably the widespread misunderstanding of the art. Where the purpose of the theatre is commonly held to be the amusement and entertainment of an audience, what reaches the boards will obviously not be tragedy or even serious plays. It is more likely to be of the order of vaudeville, farce, or, at best, good comedy. This does not mean that serious drama, including tragedy, is not a source of pleasure when understood and appreciated. The full realization of a great tragedy is surely one of the most overwhelming satisfactions in human experience. But if one goes to see and hear it with intention and expectation of being amused and distracted there is bound to be disappointment. It is parallel in this respect to going to a symphony concert "for the fun of it." On that motive one is likely to look for something unusual in the conductor's movements or perhaps in a player's mannerisms, listening possibly for the few notes of bassoonist, piccolo-player, or harpist, as one smiles about their otherwise futile existence on the platform—and, in short, misses the music. Distraction, the usual motive of amusement, is the antithesis of concentration which a work of art requires. No suggestion is here implied that entertainment by distraction, whether variety-show, slap-stick, or the silliest farce, should be banished from the

stage. Our plea is, rather, for greater place in the understanding and desires of our fellows, for dramatic works which enlist coherent interest, penetrating insight and pleased imagination by more comprehensive expressions of artistry. These are always serious—not because they deal with sorrowful or difficult matter, or lack some of the purest and most enduring pleasure which we humans can experience. Even comedy is serious in the sense of enlisting our keen intelligence, our sustained attention, our enjoyment of aesthetic qualities, not piecemeal but unified, albeit spontaneously, into a purposive whole. The demand for amusement from any art, whether it be from painting, music, architecture, poetry, sculpture, dancing, or drama is destructive to our enjoyment of that art. Like the distracting wail of an infant which disrupts conversation, this is only bald psychological fact. But it bears upon the history of the drama.

Another stricture upon the development of the art has, in modern times, been the widespread use of the stage as a means toward the gaining of money. The financial success of a play then becomes the measure not only of its external success but of its very quality and existence. Only money-getters can reach the boards, or stay there—if by some “fluke” a “dud” should arrive at the footlights. This is a prostitution no less unmistakable than a mensuration of love in terms of its money-gaining value. As with truth, freedom, friendship, character and other intrinsic values, the price of art is “beyond rubies,” beyond all computation. Only exchange value, or demand, can be measured. A system which compels drama to “pay its way” appears at first to imply self-respecting independence, an unwillingness to accept “charity.” But this is a specious fallacy. What additional “self-respect” would accrue to a public school system if it “paid its own way” by fees? Or to a public library by its dependence upon admission tickets? The problem is clearly one of creating sufficient public demand for a cause, and utilizing all available and appropriate means towards its realization.

A project which promises great scope for the development of

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drama is the municipal or community theatre, supported in part (perhaps eventually entirely) at public expense. If carried out and managed with the knowledge and respect for art shown by the directors of our public museums of painting and sculpture, it would contribute in no small measure to the enrichment and enjoyment of our existence. Being so direct a presentation of life in action and of what inevitably interests us most in human character—namely its expression in the course of significant choices and strategic events—the art of drama, released from bondage, would probably exert a greater influence in our communities than art museums do now. Freed from the necessity of catering to the passing fads of the market, currently described as “sensational,” “thrilling,” “breath-taking suspense,” “knock-outs,” “glamour-girls,” “spectacular kings of romance,” “split-second escapes,” “unbelievable adventures,” “something to scream about” (in the words of their advertisers), drama, as a disinterested art giving expression to more comprehensive human life, and not merely its excrescences, artificialities, diseases, and jaded sexualities, may expect a glorious future. Even the fine presentation of masterpieces from the heritage we already possess would justify public support for the project. But the stimulus toward the production of new plays which such an institution, rightly directed, would afford, alike to playwrights, producers, and audiences, is also of major importance.

The creation of works whose medium is the stuff of life itself, works revealing the nature and essence of our existence through all its range, its functions, joys, crimes, triumphs, sorrows and seeming destiny, molded too in the form, charm and significance of a thing of beauty—in short the working motive and idea of the dramatic writer, would thus be given immense encouragement. So too production. For participation of far larger numbers in the presentation of plays is implied in the project, a result which is greatly to be desired. The educational value of insight and sympathy into the actions, feelings and characters of other men portrayed and enacted by the players is an incom-

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parable means of helping us spontaneously to see ourselves as others see us. Men are also normally endowed, even from early years, with a genial and social drive to play, of which playing a rôle imaginatively is its more intellectual part or aspect. Its healthy gratification is no mean factor in a balanced human life. The social cooperation and individual love of excellence involved in any serious effort to present a work of art are likewise unmixed "goods" which might well be realized in many "amateurs" to our general advantage, including incentives (perhaps inspiration) to playwrights toward the erection of new masterpieces. The functions of the audience in the community project, both in giving and in receiving, are obvious and point to the root problem for its success.

There is profound and widespread misunderstanding of the art to-day. A few misconceptions and destructive presuppositions have already been alluded to. But even more fundamental is the substitution of certain aesthetic qualities for the art itself—and the converse assumption that aesthetic qualities have nothing to do with the art. Among those of the first group is the very common conception of tragedy as the setting forth of terrible actions leading to an unhappy ending. Even our language reflects this: as when "tragic" is used to describe any horrible or destructive event. An accident involving a person's death, for instance, or a hurricane uprooting extensive forests, is often characterized as "tragic." But a moment's reflection shows how the destruction of an entire invading army under horrible conditions *might* bear no relationship whatsoever to tragedy. It might be a happy delivery. Release from the threat of a Vandal or a Nazi conquest by extinction of its entire force might have little of tragic quality. All depends upon the values lost or gained by the action, the presence of a high cause or ideal for which the sacrifice was made. A young moron walks across the path of an oncoming train and is ground to pieces—a sad, a pitiful, a pathetic event, but not a tragic one. The soldiers who with Leonidas sacrificed their lives to a man at Thermopylae in the cause of Greek free-

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dom and enlightenment were tragic figures because the cause for which they died was, and is, inestimably precious. Not every death, not even those bearing the agony of the cross, but those of exalted figures howsoever simple or obscure they be, who fight and die for great causes, provide the matter of tragedy. The ending of a tragedy, moreover, may be happy—as when the cause for which a hero dies is made triumphant by his action. Unhappy endings do perhaps characterize the most overwhelming tragedies. But they are not its criterion or distinctive quality. Without important values or ideals brought into jeopardy by the action which takes place, without the decisive participation of one or more high characters with exalted motives, and greatly suffering for their cause, there would be no tragedy, howsoever unhappy or otherwise the ending might be. True that such causes may themselves be dubious, and even heighten the tragedy thereby. If the cause for which Jesus died on Golgotha had been mere superstition, himself self-deceived, then his last words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" would present perhaps the most tragic matter ever expressed. To be sure, implicit, unexpressed values may also be involved,—in this case, reason or the very mind itself.

Other examples are found in stage exhibitions which portray character somewhat as paintings do, with the added interest of life and movement. Character is surely an important matter in any dramatic work. But when it is made the sole, or even the dominant interest as in Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, to the subordination of action, we have one more example of taking a part for the whole. Worse examples are exhibited when scenic effects, dazzling color and light, "symbolic" shapes, kaleidoscopic changes, fabulous dress-goods, in short, charming visual perceptions, are made the essence of the "show." These and many more aesthetic qualities of the sensuous group have their rightful place, but always in organic relation to those of form and of significance. When we go to a play (even a Shakespearean one) for the purpose of enjoying a "star," say an Irving, Marlowe or

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Evans, whose voice-control, grace of movement, unique interpretation of lines and general character claim our predominant interest, a similar mispraisal commonly results. Sometimes (but certainly not to those just mentioned) the play becomes chiefly a means of displaying the star's virtuosity. This is parallel to the obtrusion of technique in the performance upon a musical instrument by which the music itself is eclipsed.

Puritans and others who condemn outright all that happens upon a stage show the most nearly complete misunderstanding of drama. The fact that not only in tragedy but in comedy, ideals, patterns and standards of behavior and character, implicitly or directly come in for consideration should have tempered their condemnation. These patterns, in the light of which not only particular actions but whole plays are cast, are of no small importance in determining the function and value of the latter. Parallel to causes in tragedy are the social or other standards of which we approve or disapprove in comedy. Whether we sympathize pleasurably with the rebel who is out to overthrow some convention or pattern of behavior, or whether we are delighted to see how futile his efforts are—perhaps also how much he has to smart for them—such standards of reference are never absent in drama. What has doubtless obscured their presence in the art of comedy has been the assumption, by both playwrights and audiences that its function is to raise laughs at any expense.

The distinctively human function of laughter is a strangely complex, variegated, anarchic and self-contradictory phenomenon. We laugh at dwarfs, giants, and average shapes, at styles we doted on a month before, at love, hate, religion, honor, insolence, wisdom, depravity, scurrility, obscenity, and the misfortunes of our friends. No institutions or ideals are beyond the power of its malicious scorn; no crime too base for its irresponsible sanction of approval. Yet a hearty laugh may be the best evidence of a man's humaneness, generosity of spirit, kindness and social cooperation. Some disconnected, "vagrant" laugh in our vicinity can instantly arouse instinctive resentment; it can

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also bring unmixed pleasure by mere contagion. Bergson who thought laughter essentially cruel and malicious, could point to abundant examples. It is, as he noted, a heartless, almost mindless mechanism to enforce the accepted habits and patterns of the group. But it can also be destructive to the most intrenched and powerful of these. For we laugh *at* and *with*; and, what is more remarkable, in both ways toward the same object, at the same time. Consider how we laugh accusingly *at* a friend's folly—and yet *with* him, excusingly, as well.

They who assume that the function of comedy is merely to raise laughs might appear to derive support from Aristotle's description of comedy as "imitation" of the ridiculous in bad, or inferior, characters. "The ridiculous" (what we laugh about) he held to be a species of "the ugly" (which is also reprehensible or blameworthy.) So that in addition to being a setting forth of what is ludicrous, the art might be supposed to present wholly unsympathetic matter arousing antipathy in the audience, or the readers of the play. But to attribute such opinions to Aristotle is quite unwarranted, if for no other reason than the fact that he repeatedly describes a work of art as an organism having definite formal qualities, together with *dianoia*, or meaning and purpose, and other characters (different for different arts) down to pleasant accessories. It is impossible to claim Aristotle as an advocate of laughter at any expense! The disappearance of the book he is thought to have written on comedy is probably no inconsiderable loss to civilization itself. For it seems more than likely that his influence would have been against the persistent degradation of the art into a means of tickling by any sort of risible titillations.

If our description of laughter is correct, however, we cannot say that the ludicrous is always reprehensible; nor is it always ugly. We laugh at children in their most innocent and graceful movements, at the playful, kindly sallies of a man's humor, no less than at a wart on his nose, or at his meaningless mechanical gestures. The love-antics of a princess are no less ludicrous than those of a shepherdess. A noble or great man may, indeed, be

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doubly funny by his deviation from some social code—say his strong preference for wooden shoes at home. We also laugh at destructive actions and events as well as at “turpitude unattended with pain and not harmful”—as Aristotle further characterizes the ridiculous. Some men laugh to see the walls come down—as at the San Francisco earthquake. The destruction of enemy bastions and troops by successful artillery-fire elicits a similar response. The deadliest actual hatred, as well as our anger, concerning the imagined objects of invective or satire can express themselves in laughter. It is not remarkable then—since the stage cannot be *wholly* cut off from life—that anxieties arise about laughter at any price, not only among Puritans with their pitiful negations, but in all who cherish the idea of a richer and happier human existence.

The function of comedy then can as little be described in terms of means we possess to raise indiscriminate laughs, as it can in terms of box-office receipts. The attempt to do either is related to the effort to define the art in terms of pleasure. Not every sort of laughter—or of pleasure—is involved, but specific kinds of both. The fact that laughter is so often dominantly practical in character—involving a direct, active relationship between him who indulges in it and its object, as, for example in scorn—itself points to necessary distinctions. For this art too, like all the rest, is contemplative, not practical. As music or poetry seldom arouses violent emotions, such as anger inciting you to strike your neighbor, or fear to make you run away, so the art of comedy contemplating people and actions of almost any sort including the most violent, arouses restrained feelings. The people and actions contemplated are laughable for many possible reasons, but not because we are doing something to them directly, or they to us. Our laughter moreover is dominantly pleasurable. This is far from saying that we contemplate only pleasurable objects of laughter in comedy. As we have seen, human beings laugh at unpleasant experiences as well as pleasurable ones. Perhaps there is a tinge of pleasure associated with every function we freely perform. But unpleasantness *dominates* a great

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deal of our laughter. That of Odysseus at the Cyclops was not dominantly pleasurable, nor is that of most humans at the clever success of the villain. We can state our point more generally thus: the arts may involve much that is negative (-1), as unpleasant, even discordant items of experience; but the sum of both sides in a work of art invariably comes out positive ($+1$). Thus the dominantly unpleasant laughter of invective, or of satire that shows no way (except perhaps violence) out of an ugly mess, calls for a large measure of the positive kind. It might, for example, be delightful ideas and contrasting actions set forth by a beautiful character—to save it from being *minus* as a work of art. That is also why sympathetic laughter *with*, far more than laughter *against*, characterizes our great comedies.

The importance of ideas and ideals to this art is strikingly illustrated in the meaningless laughter of idiots, which serves little purpose on the stage and hardly describes the response of an audience to comedy. Meanings, insights, keen perceptions, clear discriminations are here even more important than in tragedy, where profounder feelings and more passionate action dominate. The pleasures we derive from such knowledge and especially from the play of ideas in new interpretations which render innocuous the stings of untoward actions and events, are expressed in so few of the forms of laughter that we need a far more adequate term than “the ludicrous” to connote the matter of comedy. Language here again is wanting, and our only recourse is to point to further qualities which characterize the particular delights of comedy. But first a word concerning its matter. William Hazlitt held that “distinguishing peculiarities of men and manners,” “picturesque dress and costumes,” in short, the unusual in human experience, constitute the essential matter of comedy. He bemoaned the non-existence of real characters in the life of his day when all men seemed “drilled into a sort of stupid decorum.” Plays about such a life easily become “trite, tedious, as full of formal grimaces as a procession of mutes and undertakers.” But his own language illustrates how the

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stupid decorum, the procession of mutes and undertakers can be excellent matter of comedy. In fact and history nearly the whole gamut of human experience can, by vivid ideas, imagination, arresting language, and especially perfection of form added to all these, elicit the delightful laughter of the art. Breadth and variety of experience, keenness of discrimination and perception doubtless contribute to humor in general. But in the absence of ideas the most fantastic dress, or wholly unpredictable, unticketed sorts of human behavior, are as funny as a landscape to the bovine eye. There is surely no lack of matter for the clear-eyed genial Muse! Hazlitt's fear lest the "correction" gradually of the "faults and weaknesses" from which comedy is said to draw its "sustenance" might destroy its very existence, is, for more than one reason, quite unjustified. The matter of comedy is created as well as given. Even that which is given is not "corrected," much less "eliminated" when we laugh *with* it. Nor is the function of the art practical—a means to any ulterior end.

It would be a serious mistake to assume, with Charles Lamb on the other hand, that the matter of comedy is "an altogether speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatsoever to the world that is." "The great art of Congreve is shown," according to him, in the creation of characters who are "alike essentially vain and worthless," "all from the land of cuckoldry" where "pleasure is duty and the manners perfect freedom," characters "for whom you absolutely care nothing." But such indifference is surely abnormal in human beings. We react naturally to the simplest perceptions which enlist our interest. The matter—as well as the form—of works of art by intriguing imagination and eliciting feeling surely does not leave us *indifferent*. Whether it be a sculptured figure, a chord of music, or a Lady Teazle that so much as gets our attention, their presence makes a difference. We need not here again describe the various ways in which (quite within the sphere of contemplation and free from any overt moral purpose) the process takes place—in spontaneous imitation, sympathetic *Einfühlung*, releasing habits

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of imagination and feeling, ideo-motor action, instructive attitudes pleasant or unpleasant, and perhaps some other ways. But we should bear in mind that no strictures upon the characters, ideas and actions of a drama can be made independently of its formal and other aesthetic qualities, which are sometimes more important than the matter itself in bringing about both good and evil results.

Form, which is generally recognized as of first importance to a tragedy (as it is to other works of art from architecture to music), is sometimes little esteemed on the comic stage. This points not to the formlessness of comedy but rather to imperfect development of the art. A series of unconnected jokes, or of actions and characters that arouse our mirth, as a revue or variety-show does, would by few be mistaken for comedy. But many of our plays to-day show little more coherence and sequence in their parts than is provided by the reappearance of *personae* from previous scenes. Action is of relatively less importance to comedy—but can one be conceived without it? A narrative of ludicrous actions told in the dialogues of a group of people, though it were wholly fascinating, is clearly not this form of art. Sometimes a dominant idea serves the unity of the piece, but, for the most part, badly, since general ideas and conclusions are so commonly deliberate, rather than spontaneous, in their purpose, and thus impart a mechanical, external, and sometimes arbitrary, character to their unity. Imagine a group of *dramatis personae* and most interesting actions and events conflated to show how, say, "Women are queer masters!" Like technique everywhere else in art, the means employed to bring about organic unity in a dramatic work do not obtrude themselves. The inherent spontaneous consequentialness of action in great comedy is supported by equally free ideas. But the latter do not assume the rôle of master or director. Actions and ideas *grow*, as it were, together into the organism. Like tragedy, comedy has a beginning, a middle and a conclusion. It is perhaps for psychological reasons that both do not exceed a certain length, no more than can be held together without strain and fatigue in three or

four hours. Rich and interesting variety, which is complementary to unity, also figures, of course, in the relative matter of length. One act is too long for certain performances!

Unity seems to be a far more important consideration than variety to the future development of drama. The inclusion of long essays on historical, political, and even philosophical subjects—so tempting to one who takes the art seriously—commonly sins against both the unity of the play and the span of human endurance. How much, both on the side of ideas and of action, can be irrelevant to a particular situation! Too much emphasis again even upon wholly relevant thought, can make action ancillary, merely matter to illustrate the ideas set forth. The question of commingling the kinds also resolves itself into one of unity. That certain scenes, from Aristophanes for instance, are wholly incongruous with any imaginable tragedy, is obvious. But we justify Shakespeare and others in their alternations from comic to tragic and tragic to comic by the strong dominance of one or the other in the piece. As Goethe observed, a relatively small measure of contrast can heighten the importance of a given experience. Perhaps the most extraordinary example of this is the grave-digger scene in *Hamlet*. But it is rare even in the great masters; and it must be granted that Sophocles by the total exclusion of anything laughable from his tragedies attains a more overwhelming grandeur of feeling, thought, and action, than do those of Euripides and Shakespeare in which commingling takes place. If ours were a work devoted to dramatic criticism a great deal more would have to be said about this and other matters. We should have to consider how diction, the delight of language, the winged word, fascinating phrase, figures, repetitions, sharp cacophonies as well as euphonies, rhythms of prose no less than of verse, and all the wealth of meters and other historic forms contribute to drama. We should have to consider its setting, its many accessories all the way from music to dress. But our purpose here is to clarify, as best we can, the meanings and functions of tragedy and comedy, and thus make it possible to distinguish them from other

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stage-performances, as well as to realize their significance in the past life of humanity and their promise toward a richer and happier future.

If we bear in mind the general distinctions made above we quickly see why all that presents itself upon the stage is not dramatic art. Burnt-cork minstrels in a row, however brilliant their repartee, revues full of charming songs and dances, skits and other "features," overtly moral and propaganda plays for the best of causes, as well as satires without a foil to counter-balance their destructive negations, and those long invectives which in ancient day served as outlets for barbaric rage—all are not yet drama. Nor are those farces which elicit only negative laughter, and the disconnected flamboyant spectacles (human and otherwise) of melodrama in which meanings too, if present, have no coherence. Comedies of manners which present fashions of behavior, as one might styles of dress in a dance around a Maypole, as pretext for action, abide our question for the same reason that the most penetrating and delightful stage studies in human character seen even against a back-drop of most important events, do so. The opera too in which music (often the best of music) holds so dominant an interest that the characters and their actions become accessory, a kind of visible support to it, and even words no longer need to be significant or even intelligible, is also in question—as drama. The same must be said of symbolist and abstractionist plays when human actions and characters are made to serve as mere illustrations, signs, or symbols of something remote from life, or beyond all perception. The problem play when it utilizes the essential matter of drama to prove a thesis, assumes a function other than that of art, namely a scientific one.

If our analysis be not somewhere mistaken or inadequate, a drama gives expression, directly and disinterestedly, to interconnected human actions and characters in the course of a crisis or a series of crises, by language (and on the stage by added perception) setting forth arresting intuitions, ideas, and implicit

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or explicit ideals which elicit predominantly happy feelings. Although these are never violent, being contemplative and never practical, they are strong, vital and pervasive. They have a wide range both in tragedy and in comedy. In addition to pity and fear, the former may arouse anger, emulation, sympathy, generosity, reverence, and numerous other feelings and sentiments in the spectator. Comedy gives voice to malice, admiration, pride, magnanimity, disdain, inner freedom (sometimes blissful irresponsibility) and other feelings which here depend more upon ideas than upon the kind of persons and actions set forth. Both may present characters of distinguished or of low station in life—which also applies to the hero of tragedy. Men of distinction going to their doom in devotion to a high cause are indeed more easily heroes of tragedy than, say an unknown soldier. But the nature of the cause together with the spirit and mind of the man are far more important factors. The unknown soldier who is also a young genius, an obscure poet of the highest order, done to death while he successfully defends a child from the enemy because a friend mispronounces a word, can also be a hero of tragedy—perhaps all the more so by his obscurity.

We must also reconsider certain traditional strictures upon comedy. We have already noted how extensive and variegated a genus "the ridiculous" is. Perhaps any part of it may be contemplated and enjoyed as art. But if it were true that comedy is "concerned with" (in the sense of being limited to) "a species of the ugly" which is also reprehensible, it would have small scope as art. Nothing blameless or beautiful in itself could there have expression. In so far as art were realized it would come by imparting pleasurable sensuous qualities, form and meaning, to purely ugly matter. Perhaps the miracle is possible, but it seems improbable: Matter or medium wholly ugly, form beautiful; married both become beautiful. But if "the ugly" is also reprehensible the implicit inference is that comedy deals wholly with what is blameworthy and hence immoral. This, as we have seen, is contrary to fact. The assumption in question,

however, has served to create widespread misunderstanding; it has influenced the development of comedy, on the one hand toward crude and sometimes destructive irresponsibility, and, on the other, toward preachment and propaganda.

We may now try to summarize and show a little more comprehensively how the stage has influenced the course of human life and promises to do so in future. By "stage" we mean to include all writing designed for it, and all performances upon it which have any similarity to drama. Just as in the other arts we found works which had numerous aesthetic qualities in common with masterpieces but yet could not be called works of art—buildings solid and useful but lacking form, color-designs or charming melodies created by children—so the "stage" includes much which possesses the aesthetic qualities earlier described as dramatic, but is not yet drama. To realize the full character of the art it will be well first to pass in review some of these partial expressions of it. We know too little about ancient *mimes*, in which scenes from daily life were set forth with dialogue apparently to make all as ridiculous, ugly and blameworthy as possible, to do justice to their positive character and influence. We can only surmise how far they went in the direction of negative aesthetic qualities and practical motives. They may have been "anti"- many things. Possibly they exerted political influence. But our knowledge is too slight here to bear valid conclusions. Much the same is true of ancient (Roman) pantomimes, dumb-shows to burlesque some well-known story or myth altogether by bodily, especially facial, expression—except in so far as a chorus made observations in interludes. It is easy to surmise that among the practical Romans these burlesques may have had many a local "hit" and abundance of slap-stick. But if the *Satires* of Juvenal are indicative, they may also have served to lampoon some current sin or folly. The later development of pantomime in western Europe, both when dramatic art was all but forgotten and in times of its florescence, is extremely interesting and significant. The obvious limitations of dumb-show as

expression of individual character and specific action have not stood in the way of its popularity. Perhaps its very indirectness and symbolism (when bodily movements and gesticulations stand for ideas) have contributed to freedom of imagination. But however it be explained, dumb-show has held its own through the centuries. It developed distinctive types in various countries. The mediaeval church in its shows made considerable use of Harlequin, the clown, Pierrot, Truffaldino, and other traditional figures most of which developed in Italy. Its most characteristic forms to-day are the ballet and "modern" stage-dancing to instrumental music. The former makes strong appeal to sensuous charm and pleasure by formal qualities, much less by significance of idea or of action. Both, however, can elicit a variety of fundamental emotions among which erotic ones are usually strong. Spoken language here seems to act as a limitation upon imagination. Interpretive dances, far from being "modern," are probably as old as human society itself. In range of "subject" and variety of feelings expressed, the modern forms doubtless surpass the war, snake, initiation, fertility, seasonal and other dances of primitive men. The strong appeal which this kind of dramatic action has to all sorts of humans is curiously illustrated by the spontaneous interest of multitudes in even the dullest of bodily movements—on a stage. So persistent is that interest that it survives the most hideous contortions, the most ungainly gesticulations, painfully angular perspectives, and the simplicities of naïvely childish ideas—such as bodies rolling down an inclined plane to express the descent to Avernus. Such facts, however, should point not to destruction but rather toward a future development of this art in which greater ideas and more potent aesthetic qualities may express themselves to the delight and profit of increasing numbers. It implies not elimination of the negative qualities, but their subordination to positive ones in an organic whole.

"Music-drama" presents the problem of synthesizing two major arts—one of them distinctively an expression of our inner life, its matter and form entirely a creation of our own minds,

and the other setting forth particular persons, events, actions in the external world with which music cannot directly deal. As do other arts, both of these have numerous aesthetic qualities in common, they give expression to similar emotions. Music gives voice to the same feelings of elation, sorrow, strain, resolution, suspense, devotion which we may experience in a drama. Its rhythms are the same as those of the march, the dance, and the more complicated ordered movements of visible opera. Certain melodies, harmonies, counterpoint, suspensions, discords, syncopations go well with particular actions, characters and events. The tune and rhythm of a march may bring us keener satisfaction than actual marchers on a stage. There might seem to be no valid reason therefore, why music should not supplement the performance of dramatic works, provided it were suitably coordinated. Chopin's *Funeral March* would not grace a wedding.

But more specific coordinations seem to be impossible. Only in the expression of more generalized feelings and attitudes do music, actions and character have relationships. No melody, chord, or musical figure can stand for, represent, or express a particular character or specific action. A given *Leitmotiv* stands for a Tannhäuser or a Siegfried quite as arbitrarily as a child's drawing of two unequal rhomboids with four lines attached to the larger represents "Daddy." We accept the symbolism, perhaps because of some vague mediating idea. And so it is when an "allegro" (literally "happy") movement suggests rapid motion on somebody's part. As we earlier noted, music has nothing to do with spatial movement whether "up" and "down" or horizontal. So it is not remarkable that correlations between them are possible only through symbolisms based on general ideas and the vague emotions associated with them. The fact that we cannot concentrate upon two important matters at the same time, especially if they involve different senses, also bears upon this effort to merge the two arts. When we listen intently to Walther's *Preislied* we are only vaguely aware of the stage-scenery, or of

Walther's physiognomy and movements. To the degree that we concentrate upon the music the particulars of visible character and action sink into the penumbra of consciousness—just as any music does when we greatly enjoy our caviar, or are intrigued by the sights of a restaurant. This also helps to explain our embarrassment as to whether we have *seen* or *heard* the opera. It clears up too the apparent anomaly that Juliet may quite acceptably be fifty and have far more than average girth, or that Puck may be no smaller, or more nimble, than Falstaff—in opera. In short, visible characters and actions there serve as background and framework for imagination to make a little more specific the feelings, sentiments, intuitions and ideas of the music. Since opera is romantic in leaving abundant scope for free imagination and feeling, the characters and actions involved are presented, as it were, in outline without too great limiting detail. A realistic opera is a contradiction in terms. We can enjoy opera with even slight knowledge of the libretto. Perfectly distinct words in our own language detract indeed from the scope and charm of free imagination. All of which argues that music, instrumental and vocal, organized to give expression to some dramatic story of appropriate magnitude, is the matter and essence of opera; and that visible presentation of actions and characters is a more or less dispensable means to that end. No argument against the service of one art toward the enhancement of another is implied in this. It occurs in sculptured figures for architecture, in poetic words for a song, in music for the dance. But it illustrates once more how such service is no measure of the art. We can hardly estimate the import of drama by opera. Even our enjoyment of the best is a composite experience however intense our delight in it.

In general one must say that opera so far has not exercised any important part either in giving expression to our community life, or as helping “to inform it with something of its own splendour.” Perhaps the chief reason for this lies in the artificiality of persistent dialogue, and other speech, as song. Monologue more

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easily lends itself to such expression. But, as Tolstoi somewhat naïvely remarked: "People do not talk that way." He forgot (for the moment) that no art is completely realistic. But neither is it as remote from human ways and traditions of expression as to be wholly unnatural. A large measure of artificiality seems to be inevitable in opera, relatively less in works like *Fidelio* (where not a little normal speech takes place) than in the more developed music-dramas of Wagner, Verdi and Puccini. When other-worldly qualities of high romance also separate the actions and characters of a drama from the world we know, there is, of course, additional reason for possible lack of influence. Wotan and Siegfried do indeed thrill our imaginations by their songs and actions. The grandiose, superman, sometimes grandiloquent, character of Wagner's music powerfully affected the attitudes and actions of the German people when it became associated with Nazi ideas of *Weltmacht oder Untergang*. Operas, as a matter of history, have sometimes started riots; but so have individual songs. Their activity or function in such an event, however, is, like that of a fuse-cap, to release or set off already-existing explosive forces. Such influences can hardly be described as characteristic of opera. These are rather the mood-evoking sort, vaguely directing emotions, and general attitudes which only when linked to certain ideas and practical factors in our experience, become specific and lead to action. We appreciate this vagueness when we compare any music-drama by itself with some problem-play by Ibsen or Shaw, as to their specific influence upon our ideas and possible motives. Even the full realization of what the music itself offers is sometimes jeopardized by what is seen upon the stage. Composers wisely omit the music altogether in moments of great tension in the action. But all these considerations imply no stricture whatsoever upon efforts to foster a form of art which provides so great a source of pleasure in contemplation, and is so rarely negative as respects human good. Its dangers are obvious. But even the retreat for a

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time to a land of high romance can nourish starved imaginations, and bring leaven to our heaviness when "the world is too much with us."

Moving pictures, which may be considered an extension of the stage, present surprising means and wide prospects for the greater development and enjoyment of the dramatic arts. Among these one of the most delightful to contemplate is the bringing of fine opera to the millions. But there is vastly more, and what has shown itself to be of great potential influence upon the quality of human existence everywhere. Fantastic as it may seem to be, it is nevertheless true that photography and sound-reproducing mechanisms present fateful alternatives to the human race. The resources back of them technically, aesthetically, economically are formidable. A drama's scope may be enlarged a hundredfold, and at the same time have its actions, characters, environment magnified to minutest detail. The expression of a face which on the actual stage would have to be left to imagination can be snatched from its obscurity and exhibited close-up, many times life-size, with all its lines enhanced, or effaced, as the producer may prefer. Actions which last a minute need now require no more than a second. Space along with time present no more problems of "unities." Events and environments are as mobile as thought itself. Our habit-ridden imaginations are given wings to soar above the logic of consequences. We enjoy a prerogative of Deity, of whom it was said: "A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday." If the New Jerusalem depresses us we may "take the wings of the morning" and find a refuge in Shangri-La. Even Zanadu,

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea:

presents no greater difficulties
of access than does a sunny New England meadow.

But these fabulous techniques which include quite literally

the possibility of creating a new earth and new heavens, where Disney beings and events need recognize no law save that of fancy-free imagination, have not, as yet, greatly enhanced the drama. There have been magnificent screen plays, but they continue to exhibit the qualities which have always been characteristic of great stage drama—rather than those provided by the new techniques. They show respect for natural law in the personalities, events and actions portrayed. They avoid irrelevant or extraneous matter. They link the parts together into a spontaneously purposive whole. They charm eye and ear in ways which have regard to the thresholds and happy functioning of these senses. They present no excesses to violate a coherent imagination; nor do they give expression to impossible emotions. Whatever the actions or characters may be, they invite contemplation, not practical attitudes or motives. They exhibit rhythms of speech and motion, appealing intuitions, fitness, unity holding together a pleasing variety; in short, they embody the aesthetic qualities, sensuous, formal and meaningful, which distinguish such works as art.

Perhaps the great plethora of resources has itself stood in the way of a wider development of artistry in moving-picture drama. With many fine, interesting pictures easily available, the natural temptation is to use them freely as “sets.” The early development of the art which depended upon silent projection, and used printed text as running commentary, also favored this emphasis upon vision. It was all in just pantomime at first. When the immense resources of sound, especially of speech, could be synchronized with screen action the problem became one of overcoming the rivalry between eye and ear. Great drama is above all aesthetically great speech linked integrally with certain actions, characters, ideas; it makes relatively small demands upon the visual perception so magnificently proffered by the screen. Both the Greek and Shakespearean stages required little by way of “sets.” Imagination is indeed often handicapped by perception

—as the moving-picture version of a *Midsummer Night's Dream* abundantly demonstrated. It too makes certain claims to freedom! But the chief reason why a great abundance of things to see tends to subordinate dramatic action and the rest, lies in the natural limitation of any concentrated attention. It is parallel in this respect to any keen enjoyment of music in opera, which puts dress-goods and scenery into the periphery of attention. Even a penetrating odor or a sharp pain will do the same. If technology permitted such a thing, we should all of us quite likely be entertained by synchronous smells to go along with street and garden scenes. But the entertainment would not be the pleasure of artistry, which depends upon concentrated attention. The surprising technique which can select for special consideration certain facial expressions (possibly of people long since dead), or melodies, manuscripts and even future scenes and events, also tends toward distraction, though it may all be very agreeable and informative.

However it may be explained, photographs, including motion-pictures, generally leave a strong impression of truth and reality in what they present. This might suggest that the future of drama for the screen lies with its more realistic forms. But so many factors are involved here all the way from beauty of language, with the intuitions, ideas and sentiments given expression by it, to perhaps equally invisible purposes and causes back of the actions and characters presented, that perhaps Aristotle was right in regarding the spectacle (or stage-setting) as quite subordinate in drama. We venture no predictions. But the realism of moving-pictures, which gives them so great value as accurate, historical and scientific records, also serves other and less desirable ends. Most of our current screen productions are dramatic narratives rather than dramas. As narratives they accentuate the inherent realism of photographs and often go far toward eliciting ideas, interpretations and beliefs about our world and ourselves. Narratives are also not likely to be contemplative,

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as dramas always are. In fact they generally instruct, implicitly or explicitly, and often impart an immense amount of information. The rôle of the movie in extending the scope of vision and knowledge to countless millions of people can hardly be overestimated.

But a serious problem presents itself when false information gains wide credence through the persuasive power of this realism, or even when the narrative depicts what is only partially or rarely true. As we have repeatedly seen, there seems to be no good reason why (with certain psychological exceptions) any kind of action, person, or event may not be portrayed in art. Screen narratives, however, rarely attain the qualities of art by which they become contemplative, disinterested, appealing to imagination and feeling without enlisting impulses to action. It is hardly possible, therefore, to claim, in the name of art, the right to present any matter which may interest an audience. It is sometimes made in the name of freedom of information, which is often held to be an inalienable right. But valid rights exist because they are productive of good, not as abstractions cut off from consideration of moral advantage or disadvantage. The moving picture as source of information, possesses no inalienable right to present matter which may result in the degradation and destruction of human life.

Are such results ever to be attributed to film productions? The question to-day may seem rhetorical; but the answer must be a wholly objective and empirical one, by competent investigators. It is provided by the records of hundreds of penal institutions where the causes of delinquency and crime have been studied through the life-histories of the inmates, including their own explanations of their downfall. These records are voluminous. Numerous summaries of them have been made by penologists, sociologists, organizations such as the Motion Picture Research Council, and foundations devoted to the common welfare. The conclusions reached in these studies show general agreement,

though with some variations in statistical averages, that considerable percentages of certain crimes, notably burglaries, robberies and sex-crimes, are directly attributable to the influence of moving-pictures. Blumer and Hauser found that 49 percent of 252 delinquent girls in a given institution, on their own initiative confessed that movies had imbued them with the desire to live the kind of life that had led to their downfall. They craved the clothes and automobiles of the movie-heroines, the freedom and "good times" of the movie-heroines. They thought all these available in the easy ways suggested by the picture and acted accordingly. No less pitiful records come from our reformatories and penitentiaries. Great numbers of criminals hold that movies were chiefly responsible for their careers of crime. Many among them point to a particular picture which first gave them an incentive to "pull a job." They tell of the "easy money" of the "hero" and how they were impressed by his clever techniques—drowning out gun-shots by back-fire from an automobile, carrying a machine-gun in a violin case, breaking windows noiselessly by sticky fly-paper, or disposing of the "motor-cop" by swinging and suddenly turning your machine. That many motion-pictures have served as schools for crime admits of no denial. The evidence is easily available to anyone, and writ large in thousands of lives that have confessedly been led to ruin by them.

The screen's power for good or evil extends to almost the whole of the human race. Already there are few communities in which a movie-house is not fairly easily accessible. Estimated attendance at moving-picture theatres in America runs to eighty million or more weekly, of which number about twenty-nine million are children and adolescents. No more universal a means of expression has so far presented itself to any art. Its available sources of happiness and of that spontaneous love of excellence which is engendered by artistry in its wholly natural and spontaneous way seem to be immeasurable. Never as moral-propaganda films—which must forever fail—but as expressions of old

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Simonides' idea and motive when he asked: "What man willingly is wretched, or against his will is blest?" The knowledge, moreover, which thrives no less spontaneously in the realism of pictures, greatly extends their scope beyond that of artistry. It is indeed chiefly by factors other than aesthetic that the evils of movies generally assert themselves. True that a lack of aesthetic perspective, or of coherence, in a play may bring with it confusion in our fundamental attitudes and emotions. But far more important sources of evil derive from a lack of historical or physiological perspective. For example, a criminal is presented in full glory of physical manhood. He is genial, witty, resourceful, courteous, refined in feeling, educated and wise in judgment, withal a fine fellow. Does not the fact that he is a cruel murderer sink into the background of such a picture—or itself become an alluring item for imitation? A dissolute "movie-star," vivacious, charming, utterly lovely in face and limb, dazzling in conversation and repartee, is "high-lighted" against the ungainly awkwardness in speech and movement of some stupid parson giving expression to old saws in tireless repetition. What happens to the prestige of the courtesan in this case? Perspectives may be confused quantitatively, as when hundreds of American films depict "high" society, murder-gangs, reckless adventurers, "Wild West," pornography, crime detection, and easy money in settings of fabulous wealth and luxury, and foreigners throughout the earth assume that we are mostly parasitical capitalists who live in sumptuous palaces where springs of champagne bubble perennially and who spend our time in triangular intrigues spiced with some Wild West and occasional murders. The endless portrayals of physical passion lead who knows how many young people to the conclusion that the chief end of human existence is sexual pleasure, that license is the mark of a really modern twentieth century person.

It is sometimes argued that we are here concerned with an industry rather than an art, and that standards of taste, manners,

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ideas about human perfectibility, and questions of misunderstandings abroad—important as they are in their proper places—are subordinate, if not irrelevant, to the industry's business success. The entrepreneur often risks vast sums of money in the production of a picture. He must be the one to determine what "ingredients" shall go into its making, no one else can dictate choices to him. This, the commercial point of view, has been dominant in the past, somewhat as it has been in the production of patent medicines and prepared foods—which were sometimes deleterious. It is still dominant in the movie industry. That it has probably sacrificed more children to Mammon than were ever offered up on the altars of Moloch sometimes stirs public opinion and producers to ideas of "reform." It brought about, more than twenty-five years ago, what was called a "dictatorship of virtue" in the appointment of Will H. Hayes as general supervisor of "moral" character for the films that were later to be presented. For a time these were said to be "safe." "The specialists in sadism and sex-appeal kept more or less quiet." But the same producer adds: "As anyone could have foretold the Code of Morality merely helped to strengthen puritan hypocrisy . . . and so far as public morality was concerned, to prevent absolutely nothing." And so commercialism continues to exact its human toll of crime and ruin, not to mention lesser degradations of life.

Widespread misconceptions of "morals" and of art seem to be back of the fact that the problem itself is so little understood both by producers and by their critics. Producers commonly assume that "reform" implies the banishment altogether of evil characters and actions from the screen, the imposition of a way of life "suitable to a convent of nuns." They argue that "Great actresses cannot learn to entertain the parson in the evening," or adjust themselves to "diets stricter than those imposed upon the aged and the dying." "Young lives find it impossible to control every glance and every gesture, to be at home in a reign of

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White Terror; a tyranny of virtue without hope and without compromise." One producer held it against the "Terror" that candidates for positions of any sort in the industry were "expected to produce their birth and baptismal certificates," as well as "subject themselves to tests revealing the slightest inclinations toward violence, drunkenness or love." In time, he goes on to say, the Hollywood registry office "provided the films with a few thousand unemployed, as healthy as policemen, pure as boy scouts, and sober as Quakers." Such-like qualities, in the judgment of the cynic, manifestly have no place in the movies.

On the other hand, many critics, harking back to Plato, assume that unhealthiness, intoxication, infidelity, violent passions, and crime have no place on the stage or screen. Both are mistaken, unless our analysis is somewhere at fault. Dramatic art gives expression to the whole gamut of human life and (with some reservations already referred to) presents for contemplation its weakness as well as its strength, its corruption and its health, its commonplaceness and its distinction, its pitiful characterlessness and its sublime heroism and tragedy. Art, by sympathetic interest and its many aesthetic qualities, helps to redeem the negative and destructive in the picture of life, as it also enhances the glory of it. But more than art is here involved. As a spring of knowledge the movie by false perspectives can so distort the picture of life that disease, malice, sentimentality, dishonor, sex and crime are made its substance, and health, rationality, wholesomeness and natural emotions are made to appear nonexistent, or matters for cynical ridicule. It must also be said, however, that life devoid of negations, disease, dishonor, and crime, is no less an abstraction, a distortion of fact and perspective. We need not here repeat what was earlier said about the function of evil in human life. Suffice it to note that misrepresentation, most commonly by implications, is the heart of the movie-problem. As we humans are constituted neither in-

variable holiness nor unholy characterlessness can be said to describe our motives or actions. Producers must somehow be relieved of their inverted total-depravity dogma, and critics convinced that malice and perversity play a rôle in human life, if the stage is to be set for disinterested contemplation of things human without propaganda either for the penitentiary or the "nunnery." Whoever argues that the commercial profitableness of the depravity doctrine is itself a proof of it should take note of the schooling which newspapers, cheap literature, and many forms of public entertainment provide in Western civilization. Other civilizations, notably the Chinese and the Indian, show that crimes, including those of sex, are not necessarily dominant appeals to human imagination and artistic creativity.

Although our best indices of a civilization are undoubtedly the arts which it develops, they are not the only index, nor do its arts always and in every respect reflect the character of a period. They may lead or they may lag. The relationships which exist between certain popular films in our day and particular qualities in our life—for example, moral and political cynicism, materialism, commercialism, distrust of intelligence (other than scientific), banal sentimentalities, search for mental aphrodisiacs, or self-immolation in the dregs of unnatural pleasures—are often both causal and symptomatic. But how far a particular film is either cause or symptom cannot be accurately measured. We are dependent here upon observations and general conclusions such as we make in our study of history. Because of their inherently realistic character, moving-pictures do, however, often provide us with the best of documentary records not only of the dress and manners but of the dominant attitudes, ideas and aspirations of a period. And when there are many such records they are clearly symptomatic. How nearly accurate they can sometimes be is illustrated by the "dated" films of a decade or two ago.

The so-called "legitimate" stage has probably never at any

time wielded so great a power for happiness and excellence of life, or its unhappy confusion and ruin, as the moving-picture exercises to-day. There have, in fact, been periods when its influence in the life of the community has been almost nil and itself was far from reflecting that life. During most of the nineteenth century in England and America stage productions consisted of light matter, farces, melodramas, trivialities, many of them importations and adaptations from the French, designed to entice a few shillings or a dollar from bored people in search of pastime. Yet this was a time (full three-quarters of the Victorian Era) when the horizons of human life were being immeasurably extended by scientific and historical discoveries which brought revolutionary changes to nearly all of their fundamental ideas and attitudes. Many established religious dogmas were being rent asunder by collision with the data and theories of evolution; ideas of radical democracy were stirring men's blood; the fruits of the industrial revolution were almost miraculously enlarging their material resources, their outlook for power, their external comfort—all these, together with the rich resources of imagination offered by Dickens, Thackeray and others, eagerly devoured too by the millions, left playwrights and directors wholly uninterested and unmoved. The stage, in short, was almost completely cut off from the life of an age momentous for human destiny.

With the coming of Ibsen, and later of Shaw, the theatre claimed once more its rightful place as penetrating and sympathetic exponent of human problems. So successfully did it re-establish a relation to the real world of men and affairs that, according to Shaw, playgoers are now persuaded to take their consciences and brains with them to the theatre. With hardly greater exaggeration he could hold that "whilst private conduct, religion, law, science, politics and morals are becoming more and more theatrical," the stage is increasingly losing that quality and becoming the direct "presentation in parable of the conflict be-

tween Man's will and his environment." Problem-plays are not, of course, the only form in which serious drama can embody itself even though conflicts or at least crises are always involved in it. However greatly they have contributed to the renaissance of the legitimate stage, as works of art they present some questions. Because of the strong tendency toward realism which they share with moving-pictures, the danger of propaganda always seems imminent. In Ibsen even the mysteries and abnormalities of life can be made to contribute toward that ulterior end, while with Shaw practical instruction is an avowed purpose in all his plays. Ibsen knew full well, and Shaw does also, that bare realism is never art. Yet so largely do theses, data and inferences about the real world figure in their works that logic, argument and proof tend to prevail over imagination. "Brains" are assuredly presupposed by every drama worthy of the name. But dissertations upon history, philosophy, or political theory, are more likely to enlist a dispassionate scientific attitude than they are to arouse imagination redolent with feeling to new intuitions and pleasure in the play for its own sake. When "The world is too much with us" by overmuch realism, aesthetic qualities, including those which bring us delight in language, can easily be sacrificed to the cause of truth—even an abstract or coldly scientific truth, whilst other kinds are vastly more significant for art.

Yet who would argue against problem-plays, any more than against opera, pantomime, or moving-pictures which, without deterioration of life or character, bring us delight, instruction, entertainment, or to some, even pastime? But though we enjoy to the full (as we should) all available sources of aesthetic pleasure which comport with an enlightened conscience, we surely profit from the realization of where the greater pleasure and perfection lie. Only by awareness (whether intuitive or empirical) of what characterizes drama as art can we hope for its more perfect attainment. No one can claim finality in such

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knowledge; but if our analysis is in good measure correct, artistry in drama implies nothing "arty" and unnatural (as, alas, is too often supposed) and presents for pleasurable contemplation, never overtly for propaganda of any sort, the actions of a group of people bound together in a period of crisis, or series of crises. Their characters (best unchanged during the action to its climax) become a primary interest as expressed through their actions. As in the other arts, sensuous, formal and expressive qualities are balanced in a unified organic whole from which no part can be cut out without injury to its function. Excessive sensuous interests, as when accessories, sets, dress, claim a disproportionate attention, or formal qualities obtrude themselves as technique, or there is overmuch emphasis upon ideas and conclusions, as in proving a thesis—all are absent in such drama. A spontaneous and wholly natural poetic diction is also integral to it, language whose art once more is hidden, language everywhere appropriate and with no trace of "artiness." The language of Shakespeare or of Shelley is indeed rare, but a glory for future playwrights to emulate, each, of course, in his own way. Genuineness of feeling—not affectations and sentimentalities—motives, actions and characters which are possible in the abounding variety of human life—not fantastic creations of anarchic imagination—and predominantly positive aesthetic qualities howsoever many or strong the negative ones may be,—such are hallmarks of that drama. And if we are not mistaken, such drama will again be a major factor, at once a subtle and powerful factor, in the development of future civilization.

XIII.

WHAT ARCHITECTURE DOES FOR US

The influence of our physical environment upon the pattern of our lives is partly unlearned, partly learned and deliberate, partly habitual from previous learning. The "heaven-kissing hills" or "many-splendoured" clouds may fail to get our attention for various reasons. One of these might be that no painter has ever taught us to see them in their glory. And yet they influence us directly by their mere presence without benefit of deliberate attention and only half-perceived. Though we pass the pansy by (especially if we know its name) and inure ourselves to endless rows of ash-can rubbish day by day, or to skyscrapers cheek by jowl with frightened hovels huddling in dilapidation beside them, they influence the character of our existence without our knowledge or consent. That was one reason why Plato wanted school children to have a certain kind of environment. The conscious appreciation of aesthetic values is, of course, a far more important factor both to our happiness and to our sorrow—according to circumstances. But unconscious, instinctive, and habitual influences cannot be ignored, though they are very difficult to measure and easily sources of fallacy. Naples, which has a wonderfully dramatic setting, with colorful seas, islands and mountains about it and a multitude of churches to boot, is a city whose criminal statistics are no less astonishing than its charming environment. It would be as fallacious to attribute one of these to the other as to hold the common Neapolitan diet of bread, cheese and wine responsible for their religiosity. Character and environment are

both too complex to allow us to link a single factor of one with any one of dozens in the other. One of the most naïve of these possible errors is the argument that only good, self-respecting people grow up in beautiful environments. Yet it is possible experimentally to determine the influence of certain aesthetic qualities (e.g., music, colors) upon specific forms of work, upon particular attitudes and impulses, as well as upon certain physiological functions (reaction-times, vascular-motor changes, fatigue and so forth). In this chapter we shall be chiefly concerned with what a conscious apprehension and appreciation of architecture can do for us by way of enhancing the quality of our existence. Subconscious and unconscious influences, important though they be, must claim less attention because of their indefiniteness.

History clearly shows that architecture satisfies a fundamental need in human minds. Not that the art of building in a certain way has always been a primary satisfaction. Among certain peoples there have been long periods when architecture cannot be said to have existed. Pre-history would probably show this to have been true of all peoples in bygone ages. But once the desire has been awakened, like the maturing of a delayed instinct, it grows into a continuing function. Something like the impulse "Build thee more stately mansions, O my Soul" then becomes a moving force, weak indeed at first, but in progress from primitive, formless shelters, lean-tos, wigwams, dugouts, adobe huts, shanties, toward structures in which some pleasure is expressed in the incipient awareness of aesthetic qualities. Gradually the materials, proportions, shapes, colors, significance for imagination, feeling, memory, and the rest, intuitively come into consideration. With advancing civilization the mud-wall temples and cheese-box, cheerless, characterless, churches yield to more permanent materials and variegated styles which often tell tales of a people's life. The spirit of man has a strong urge to fabricate things, and to embody his fundamental aspirations in tangi-

ble forms, whether in devotion to some cosmic idea and super-human ideal, as in Chartres, or in glory or physical power, as in the palaces of Nebuchadnezzar, or the still loftier Empire State building of New York.

Unlike sculpture or poetry, architecture has foundations which rest upon practical utility. Its characteristic vehicle is building, and no useless, white-elephant structure can serve its purposes. But we must be careful from the beginning to distinguish between building and architecture. Certain "Modernists," as in the case of sculpture, help us, in their own way, to realize this fundamental distinction. Wearied by the eternal recurrence of outworn traditions, by the meaningless ornament, sentimentalities, and vacuous display of so many buildings in our midst, they aim to embody in a new architecture what is honestly expressive of our own life with nothing extraneous to falsify it. But to attain that end they often assume that the one essential function of all good architecture is to exhibit clearly the use for which the building was designed, and that whatever else does not serve this purpose is adventitious and to be dispensed with. In this way practical utility easily becomes the dominant, to some the only, criterion of the art. "Functionalists" lay great stress upon simplicity and directness in their designs which are intended to leave no doubt as to the particular business or industry, social or domestic economy, or other physical needs to be served. And their position is surely unassailable so far as building in itself is concerned. But the question arises: Is a structure which perfectly serves its purpose of preserving ice, or of housing machinery, necessarily architecture? The tree-dwellers of Melanesia are admirably protected, both against the elements and against elephants and other wild animals, high up on their platforms with thatched walls and roofs. We too have most convenient, commodious and comfortable houses designed to meet all our practical needs, and giving abundant evidence of their purpose. Yet do they not sometimes abide our question, in failing to satisfy for other reasons?

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The use of the term architecture to cover all building operations (including earthworks and landscape changes) has led to not a few misconceptions and to serious limitations of this art. To assume its essentially utilitarian character is to put a strait jacket upon its development. Such an assumption has confused the very interpreters and philosophers of the arts. Some of the latter, including the great Immanuel Kant, have thought that a special, and somewhat dubious, place must be assigned to architecture because of this link with utility. It cannot embody "free" beauty as do the other arts, because it is an appanage, "adherent" to this practical usefulness. But once the distinction between building in itself and architecture has been clearly made, both the strait jacket and the compromised position disappear. For as in all other arts, the "functions" and satisfactions of architecture are those of the spirit of man rather than those of his body. Nor is it peculiar to architecture that it expresses itself in a medium (building) whose fundamental nature it is to serve a physically useful purpose. The language which poetry employs is perhaps the most useful of all our instruments of utility. The self-same words and ideas which guide our everyday movements, protect us from danger, instruct us, calculate our bills, avenge us, and often enough determine our physical fate, are used by the poet to express, for his and our contemplation, matter which no longer has these or any other practical purpose. Certain moralists, in this respect like functionalists in architecture, demand that poets restrict themselves to a practical use of language in service to good ends. But as we have seen, this structure does violence to the art by making it a tool to ulterior purposes. Poems thus motivated quite uniformly fail as poetry, however effective they may be as propaganda. What makes this distinction difficult is the fact that poetry knows no limitations of content or of language. It embraces moral ideas, words of command, warning or instruction. But poets never have advertising connections even in dealing with matter which has most inherent ul-

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terior purposes. That is why their "songs" invariably seem "impractical" and "useless" to philistines.

What is true of poetry as disinterested contemplation is also true of architecture. Buildings do not attain their character as architecture by virtue of any service to our practical economy. Their utmost success in performing the physical functions for which they are planned, whether as gas-plant, railroad station, greenhouse, jail, or any other purpose, has nothing to do with their character as architecture, though very much with their character as building. The point is important because building is no more an art than is banking or cooking. Our earlier distinction between "skills" and "arts" should help here. But it is not even exceptional that the art of architecture should express itself in a vehicle which always serves a useful function. Every art has strictures resulting from its medium. Every art employs a medium which also has inherent, direct, or practical, utility. Witness the stone of sculpture, the tones of music, the colors of painting and even the movements of the dance. All media can be skillfully employed to some end without attaining expression as art. When building enlists the inner, "spiritual" functions of a man, his intuition, imagination, feeling, perception of form, enjoyment of embodied ideas, significant ornament, color, and other aesthetic qualities, it attains for him something of the experience of architecture. It may be only in small measure. For there is another parallel to poetry here. Just as it is difficult to find the point at which articulate language ceases to have any trace of poetic quality so it is far from easy to find any building of human construction which is totally devoid of architectural qualities. Even animal structures sometimes exhibit them. The nests of certain hornets and orioles bear comparison, in this respect, with the wigwams of Seminole Indians and pioneer shanties of other races.

A surprising number of factors have contributed to this confusion of architecture with building. Not the least of them has

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been the double meaning of the term "useful." When William Morris pleaded for the elimination of "useless" ornament he, of course, meant the kind which is without significance for imagination, feeling, or memory. Functionalists, in so far as they think and plan in these terms, are surely making an important contribution toward the meaningful expressiveness of their art. But some, alas, confine their "usefulness" to external utility; and this is perhaps the nearest approach to a denial of architecture altogether. Still another confusion easily arises in connection with the quality of permanence, which the Roman Vitruvius put first among his requirements for architecture. Massive, perduring building was a Roman passion; and this requirement was a confession of Roman character. We too quickly realize the importance of permanence when we consider ephemeral "ice-palaces" or flimsy "world's fair" buildings, which, though their forms, masses, perspectives, ornament and the rest, be superficially delightful, become fundamentally unsatisfactory as soon as we discover their weakness and deceptive substance. This temporary character curses both architecture and building—just as it does "sculpture" in some impermanent medium such as soap. Again it might appear as though both had a common foundation. But permanence calls for discrimination in the same way that utility does. (As was to be expected, Vitruvius names "utilitas" among his three fundamental requirements.)

The long-continued existence of some misshapen hideous hulk may be of advantage to it as a building, especially if it serves some external need. But as architecture it may be a lamentable, even an accursed thing of which we should gladly rid the neighborhood if we could. Thus permanence in itself, like utility in itself, is not an architectural quality. Only as it supports and provides security for characters which enlist and satisfy our spiritual functions does it figure at all. In this respect it is like the continuity of our physiological life without our higher mental functions. The continuance of such a life even to eternity would be

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without significance or value to us. On the other hand, the security and duration of things we cherish is a matter of high importance. Our greatest sorrows are those which come by the transitoriness of what we love, and especially of Shelley's "best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." Architecture, in providing what Ruskin called "the surest hope for the continuance of the arts," not only suffuses our everyday utility-environment with power to delight us, it provides the greatest possible endurance to those qualities, influences, functions, characters, in buildings which bring us these satisfactions. Both permanence and utility in architecture relate to building materials or to physical bodies only in so far as these can become means for the expression of certain inner or mental satisfactions.

What these are can best be seen and appreciated through historical backgrounds. They have differed with varying ages and peoples and are clearly in process of growth and new creation to-day. Nowhere, for example, can we realize more profoundly and clearly what the dominant motives of ancient Egyptian civilization were than in their architecture and the sculpture which was generally associated with it. It illustrates in a remarkable way what has just been said about permanence. For over three thousand years their institutions and ideas maintained an unparalleled stability. Their passion for durability expressed itself through monumental blocks of stone weighing hundreds of tons and sometimes a hundred feet in length. They transported these monoliths across the Nile, and down the Nile for many miles. They erected pyramids, each as Milton called it, "the labor of an age in pilèd stones." Temples, pylons, obelisks, rock-hewn tombs, together with multitudinous figures in the most time-defying materials, still give testimony to their unyielding faith. Indeed the pyramids of Gizeh (from about 4000 B.C.) are well-preserved except where used as quarries by later generations. The decayed pyramids of Sakkara perhaps

reach farther back! Yet these prodigious structures, which might easily seem to be limiting cases of spiritual usefulness, are in fact expressions of a sublime faith in the continuity of human life, an immortality embracing the resurrection of the body, which dominated the civilization of ancient Egypt. Countless millions of mummies bear mute and poignant testimony to this expectation. The key to a pyramid's meaning lies in the inmost chamber within the royal sarcophagus. If we are unaware of that faith we may see in the structure nothing more than a mountain of monoliths, a monument to futility, a building for building's sake, or, in the Great Pyramid, perhaps a convenient astronomical or calendar device. Divested of its spiritual significance, which many of another age find it impossible to understand or appreciate, a pyramid becomes an almost infinitely foolish project. The labor of an age to hide a mummy! Four hundred and eighty feet of solid stone as a roof to protect it, thirteen acres of masonry about it!

Yet as embodiments of ideas and emotions Egyptian buildings are profoundly significant. The pyramid, which is the most stable of all structural designs, expresses assurance in the perduring continuance of the body and soul which it enshrined. Its great size and height served as a constant reminder of the royal Ka's hopes, somewhat as cathedral spires served the Roman hierarchy's ideas in western Europe. The temples associated with pyramids also helped to preserve religious aspirations. The magnificence of a white structure gleaming in its purity from afar, must also have been a reminder of unearthly splendors for imagination. (The pyramid of Khefren was covered with alabaster; that of Cheops with hard limestone.) Many of the ancient ideas have been lost to us especially the mysterious ones which linked certain animals to human destiny, even to immortality, and found expression in their temple worship and architecture. We do not know what priests may have imparted to worshippers in the absolute darkness of passageways through the great walls of

the temple of Denderah, or what commerce may have taken place in the "holy of holies" or inmost room of their temples. Possibly it was mystic communion with "higher powers." We do not know. But some Egyptian hymns suggest it. Even for us these buildings still have an awe-inspiring quality. Ponderous, massive, high, dimly-lighted, richly decorated on walls and pillars with designs of mysterious meaning, symmetrical, with long perspectives even though the flat roofs of their hypostyle halls had to be supported by a forest of pillars, the interior of an Egyptian temple can still express the ancient love of magnificence, the yearning for everlastingness, humility and devotion together. Yet the vivid colors on the outside reliefs which often covered every inch of the walls, bespoke a joy in the present, a festal quality repeated in many a perspective of pylons, obelisks, pillared courts or "cloisters" covered over at the walls, and variegated subordinate buildings reflected in a lake as at Karnak, or in the Nile, as the long rows of (outside) pillars at Luxor. All these expressed the character of a cultivated group of people ardently bent on maintaining their cherished order. This seriousness, refinement and persistence are also reflected in their literary records which show how they conceived every action and motive of the candidate for immortality to be indestructible when he appeared before the impartial judgment of Osiris. The questions he was supposed to answer also give evidence of moral refinement. These did not concern gross crimes, but rather: "Have you ever injured a child?" or "Have you denied food to a needy man?" How different this civilization from that of Assyria whose fundamental motive was that of physical power which expressed itself in grandiose palaces and towers of Babel!

The chief satisfactions which Greeks of the Golden Age derived from architecture were those of beauty—the organic unity of form, significance and sensuous charm—expressed in a wide variety of styles. The idea of permanence, and also that of utility, were important to them. They built the foundations of the

Parthenon in solid granite, as they did its marble walls, without cement or any kind of filling. But to build firmly was ancillary to other ends, just as utility was. Perhaps the most important slogan for that uniquely aesthetic and intellectual people was "Never overmuch." Excess of a given quality in a building might easily ruin it as architecture for them, whatever its other merits might be. It might, for instance, be too high. We shall appreciate this if we try to picture the pillars of any Greek temple twice the height they were made. It might be too long—as it certainly would have been with twice the number of lateral pillars. It might be too ponderous, too ornate, of too costly and rare materials (as was later to be exemplified in St. Mark's, Venice). Beauty implied for them a balance in due proportions of physical qualities upon which form depends. It also implied the merging of sensuous and significant qualities in such a way as to give them all their appropriate place without exaggerating any one of them. Take color for example. The marble blocks of the Parthenon were clearly matched for their tints. Mottled or wrongly colored ones were discarded at the quarry. It would have been possible to have had elaborate color designs in these walls. But they would have claimed overmuch attention to themselves. The frieze which is only forty inches high, might, as another alternative, have been extended over the entire wall surface of the cella in a series of ten or more bands. This again would have meant an embarrassment of the overmuch. Love of refinement is surely expressed in the way the not over-ponderous blocks of the walls are fitted together, in the corrections for optical illusions by slightly convex floor levels, or by an entasis of three-eighths of an inch in the columns. Frieze, metopes and pediments present even more striking evidence. But Greek architects of the great age would have found the refinements of lace-work in stone, or the floral designs in marble and alabaster incised and inlaid with semi-precious stones, as the Taj Mahal, another case of overmuch—somewhat as though we were to

apply our watch-making technique to architectural stone. Yet they avoided, even more zealously, the other extreme of crudeness, whether in surface, line or idea.

Greek character is no less clearly expressed in their architecture than it is in their literature, through various orders, styles and periods. That Athenians in Ictinus' day were a people devoted to clearcut intellectual distinctions without mysterious mysticisms, that they avoided sentimentalities, make-believe and pretense, that they loved refinement, personal freedom, generosity of spirit, restraint as well as directness of utterance, and honesty of workmanship, is evidenced by the Parthenon no less than by Thucydides. It was indeed an epitome of their aspirations and ideals. Nowhere did it purport to be something other than itself by facings, fillings or imitations. It borrowed nothing as a substitute for free creation from traditional forms or symbolisms. Triglyphs were indeed reminiscent of more ancient structures in wood, but they served their own excellent purpose in the framework of the metopes and were far from being mere conventions. So too the abaci, which served as mediating factors in overcoming an otherwise too abrupt transition from capital to architrave. Certain modern architects to the contrary, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a single merely traditional or mechanically adopted item in the Parthenon. Phidias and Ictinus would doubtless have regarded such as severe strictures upon their plans to express the exultation of the Athenian people in the ideal of their city, embodied in Athena Parthenos, Spirit of Enlightenment, enshrined in a suitable house. Even to-day, when one walks amid the ruined porticoes one realizes that here was the work of free minds, exulting in ideas, in the healthy enjoyment of life whatever eld and death may have had in store for them. There were no secret or dark chambers in which to enlist irrational faith or blind obedience. Athenians of the period believed rather vaguely in immortality. But they did not allow the certainty of death to persuade them

to "die many times before their death." They loved life too much for that, a life exulting in all that eye and ear might perceive by way of joyful experience, rejoicing too in the pleasures of other senses, but realizing, more profoundly than have any other group of people since, how much the life of richest abundance depends upon moderation, proportion, restraint, health, enlightenment and self-control. Individual initiative, the recognition of personality, the love of variety were also important to them. Hence the unique characters, individualized in position, in mind, and moment of time, expressed in the maidens, gods, horsemen and even horses, of the Panathenaic Procession. Hence the union of strength and grace, inner activity and serenity, richness and simplicity, fastidiousness with realistic good sense, profound feeling and self-mastery, seemingly infinite imagination with severe restraint, in nearly all of the figures from Theseus to Poseidon. This "decoration" has nothing mechanical, nothing empty or meaningless, nothing redundant or overmuch anywhere.

Formal qualities in the building also illustrate this happy union—a mean between excess and defect. The size of any Greek temple, and of the Parthenon in particular is never grandiose. Yet such are the ratios of lines and surfaces one to another that its grandeur is magnificence itself. Greater size could not have added to that impression. The proportions of length and breadth to height and to the angle of the roof are so related to one another that the addition of a single column to the sides or ends of the building, raising its height by a few feet, or increasing the roof angle to say 45° would seriously impair that grandeur. Change the thickness of the columns by a few inches, or remove their flutings, or widen the entablature by a foot or two, or lower the pediments to the level of the architrave, or make the metopes round like medallions, or do away with the vertical lines of the triglyphs, or use Egyptian monoliths of one-half the length of the cella, or carve the relief of the frieze six inches instead of two—in each instance you destroy the superlative

harmony and balance of the building. A mean is also evident in the use of marble whose refinement greatly adds to the magnificence of the structure. Imagine brick, or even granite, on the one side, and jade imported from China on the other! Its solidity could easily have been transformed into ponderous massiveness, an expression of stolidity rather than of smiling grace and serene security—by cement walls and molded pediments, even though all figures were precisely according to Phidias' cartoons. We know little of where, and how much, color was applied. But in the light of our other knowledge it seems unlikely that dazzling post-impressionist reds, pinks, yellows, scarlets and greens disfigured the building in Pericles' day. Chipiez and some others, in their "restorations" may have been misled by the relics of later and less happily gifted periods. Earlier as well as succeeding ages, and other Greek races could, of course, have provided us with very different examples, including dark chambers for Eleusinian "Mysteries." But our purpose here is to show how the architecture and character of a given people during a certain period are related to one another. Corinthian architecture of the luxurious Hellenistic age would have provided another clear example.

Roman builders of the Empire erected multitudes of what Shelley called "mountainous" structures. Monumental baths, palaces, a colosseum, theatres and the occasional temples of the capital gave expression to, and still express, the dominant ideas, motives, delights and aspiration of the age. They were destined, themselves and their many imitations and even enlargements, to influence the development of human life in western Europe and the Near East far more potently than did those of the Golden Age. They are therefore important, though often melancholy, matter for our own history.

Roman architects of the Augustan and succeeding period had at their disposal a great variety of building materials. There were white marbles at Carrara, golden travertine at Tivoli,

chocolate-colored *pozzolana* at Pozzuoli (a volcanic, natural cement material), rare and variegated marbles, granites, and tough basaltic stone which were brought from Africa and Asia. They could study many extant buildings by Greek masters. In addition to the post and lintel form of structure, they had about them in Etruria arches and domes of which the Greeks knew nothing. They had patrons of prodigious resources. Augustus could boast that he transformed Rome from a city of brick to one of marble. Royal palaces covering many acres (and with Hadrian square miles) were to be built. The conquests of the imperial armies had to be celebrated in colossal amphitheatres seating multitudes of people. Water from the Alban Hills was to be brought to Rome over miles upon miles of magnificent arches. Temples where all the gods of the Empire could be at home were to be planned and built. Bathing establishments, some of cathedral-like vaults and grandiose perspectives, eventually to number many hundreds in the capital, were to be constructed. Bigger and ever more elaborate forums, law-courts, theatres—all these presented a remarkable opportunity for architects of the period.

They rendered unto Caesar works to express every possible glorification of power and dominion, wealth, pride, comfort, pomp and display. They did the same for many of their other clients, as one can see in the many palatial houses dug from the ashes of Pompeii. They all seem to have felt with Vitruvius the great importance of *firmitas* to express the dignity of Roman institutions, including that of the family. The houses of Pompeii seem all to have been of massive construction. The Roman Pantheon (a house for all the gods of the Empire) was built with walls twenty feet in thickness. The Colosseum, in height equal to sixteen stories of ten feet each, was so solidly constructed in concrete without reinforcement, that all the wars and violence of nineteen centuries have not brought it down. The principle of *utilitas* was also vital to the practical Roman.

He would have been among the last to put up white elephants. His monumental arches, such as that of Titus commemorating the capture of Jerusalem, doubtless served the astute political purpose of reminding all who passed beneath that the power and authority of the emperor were great. Generally speaking the great buildings of the period are excellent examples of practical utility, even though Roman builders would not have satisfied certain modern functionalists who hold that only what enters into the structural purpose of a building can be good architecture. Romans made use of engaged columns, pilasters and capitals which served no structural ends and at best were dubious ornament.

It is on account of *venustas* that we are more likely to speak of Roman builders than of Roman architects. Beauty, the organic union of formal, sensuous and expressive qualities to delight their minds and hearts, was never so important to them as it was to Greeks. The rarity of the word in their literature is itself significant, while *kalos* is one of the first a student of Greek must learn. It is chiefly on its expressive side that Roman architecture leaves us cold. It achieved many a triumph in formal qualities by superbly coordinated lines and magnificent perspectives even though it attained no single structure known to us which in all its parts approached the Parthenon in balanced proportions and relationships. The combination of post and lintel forms with arches, domes and circular ground plans was itself inherently awkward. But Romans loved to make use of their wealth. They also displayed it sensuously in the colors of their buildings. The Colosseum, for example, was adorned on the outside by slabs of golden travertine, and on the inside by a veneer of variegated marbles. Veneers were, of course, another significant index of Roman character. But the display must have been dazzling and grandiose especially since the ellipse of the great "bowl" at its narrowest axis measured almost exactly one-tenth of a mile across. How the slabs of color were coordinated

we do not know. But it seems probable from our other sources of information that they were purely decorative. The prodigious structure offered little by way of expressing sentiments or intuitions for imagination. Significant ornament in the form of frieze or any other embodiment of ideas and emotions seems not to have existed. One might indeed wonder what matter would have been appropriate, or available, for artistry to contribute here in order to overcome the mechanical coldness and lifelessness of the building. It would clearly have called for matter to arouse disinterested and happy contemplation through genuine feeling and ideas seeking perfect form and expression in honest workmanship. Triumphal processions with elephants and tigers in leash might have served as records of pride and power; contests of wild animals and men in the arena might have told of pitiful cruelty; booty and slaves might have brought glory in wealth; there might have been statues of successful gladiators. But how difficult all these as vehicles for disinterested, sympathetic contemplation! How difficult it would have been for the practical Roman to have pondered in reverie beside any subject though it had been executed by Phidias himself!

The Colosseum in all its parts was thus a record of Roman character in the heyday of the Empire. From its recurrent lines of disciplined severity, its prodigious mass of easily practicable concrete, its adoption of all the three Greek orders, together with Etruscan arches, by way of variety, its bold height, to its immense display of wealth, and almost total absence of anything to enlist sentiment or imagination, it bespoke a military people, a dominant race, for whom no nonsense, by way of otiose contemplation, poetic reflection, intuitions of ideal forms, beings or otherworldly regions, was acceptable. The immediate concerns of a world-state whose business it was to subjugate, control, exploit and develop to their utmost the economic resources of all countries, was a far more important consideration. How could the populace live without "bread and shows"? Above all

there had to be overt evidence of permanent power. No wooden grandstand seating forty-five thousand people would have sufficed for the triumphs of Roman arms. It had to be as solid, as grandiose, as they themselves had been. Its stupendous fabric of common material could be faced by rare and costly stones befitting the pomp and ceremony, the wealth, the shows of booty, as well as the dramatic enactments in real life of hopeless contests with power and skill, or with cruel, reckless authority which were there presented. It was the work of men for whom the pleasures of the mind and especially those of beauty were subordinate to more immediate pragmatic ends.

Gothic architecture presents another striking example of how human character can be expressed in building. It also presents to imagination a challenge for the future of this art. As embodiment of our own religious traditions it is closer to us than the Roman. But so great has been the development of the sciences in recent centuries, with their attendant discrediting of the Christian theologies, that sympathetic understanding of the spirit and character of mediaeval men and institutions has dwindled. Yet it was their spirit and character which in the twelfth and succeeding centuries erected the most significant, awe-inspiring, serenely refined, and expressive, buildings of Western civilization. They created them too out of small resources by social cooperation. Their personal pride, howsoever anonymous in honest workmanship, their sincere feeling, freedom of initiative, and joy in labor must awaken in every understanding and forward-looking man a hope for things to be. The wills of the cathedral builders seem actually to have welcomed the challenge of limited resources such as building stone. Yet their portals were grander than any erected in imperial Rome with the most massive blocks and costly materials. Their grandeur, moreover, expressed a profound inwardness, even self-effacing humility. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates . . . the King of Glory shall come in." These builders welcomed the lack of precedents for their daring eleva-

tions, for their use of endless living forms to adorn their structures, for their use of new materials, such as glass designed in storied forms to serve in lieu of walls for a large portion of the fabric. At the same time their free creation respected all that could be learned from the traditional Romanesque forms.

We shall best appreciate the Gothic by some French examples. Writers contemporary with the building of Chartres, Amiens or Rheims will also help us greatly to realize how profoundly this architecture involved the imaginations and feelings of twelfth and thirteenth century men, and expressed their character. We know indeed how sublime was their faith in an earth-centered and man-centered universe with Heaven and Hell not very far away, in place or time. We know of the generous, if severe, plans and requirements for eternal life, in bliss or hideous agony, imposed by a God of human shape, human angers, and human tenderness. But most of us to-day are but dimly aware of how the inhabitants of Chartres and many another town, especially in Normandy, combined to aid in the construction of their church by producing and transporting the materials themselves. "Princes of the world, men brought up in honor and in wealth, nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and like beasts of burden have dragged to the abode of Christ, these wagons, loaded with wines, grains, oil, stone, wood, and all that was necessary for the wants of life and for the construction of the church. . . . One sees old people, young people, little children calling on the Lord with suppliant voice and uttering to Him from the depths of their heart, sobs and sighs with words of glory and praise!" So wrote the Abbot Haimon of Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives in Normandy to the monks of Tutbury Abbey, England, in 1145. No wonder that with such sincerity and devoted labor, guided by guilds whose pride was in most perfect craftsmanship, and with human freedom strongly reasserting itself, these churches and cathedrals should have become confessionals of the age.

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Out of that upsurging and dramatic period Guglielmus Durandus informs us how, from the cornerstone which is Christ, and foundation stones which are prophets and apostles, to every other stone in their fabric these churches embodied individual human lives. In the very mortar itself lime is love which by the power of the Spirit (water) takes unto itself the earthly sand. Not only the shape but the dimensions have symbolic meanings. The pavement is humility. The door is obedience. The towers are prelates, and their minds that soar on high are pinnacles. Weathercocks awaken sleepy humans to awareness of sin (as erstwhile the cock roused Peter). Glass windows are the Scriptures admitting the light of God but repelling wind and rain. Pillars are bishops and doctors. The chancel screen separates heavenly beings from mundane things. The sacristy represents the womb of the Virgin where Christ put on his garment of flesh and the priest dons his vestments. Plants and animals from the Tree of Jesse in the west window, to the eagle, ox, lion and man (the four evangelists), the vine (for various reasons), the thorn, the apples of Eden, the gnomes of evil (and sometimes merely playful spirits) moved the faithful to life-determining sentiments. They adored the Lamb, found rapture in the heavenly Dove. Their *speculum* of all nature, this *Summa* which included insignificant and sometimes repulsive creatures, set forth the glory of God, the magnificence of man's destiny, in all its parts. The sacred story with its hopes and aspirations for eternal life was made more real by glorification of the present—the merchant with his cloth, the plowman in the field, the fishwife in the market place, the scholar with his scroll, artisans in their guilds,—all had a cherished place in the sculpture or glass of the fabric.

How much this architecture meant not only to learned and sensitive men, like Durandus (who was a famous jurist as well as interpreter of liturgy) but even to simple peasants of the thirteenth century, is hard for us to appreciate. That any build-

ing should be a "mirror" of human life is to most of us of the twentieth century a fanciful, if not a fantastic, idea. Yet Chartres was even more than a *speculum* of human nature expressed by twelfth century Frenchmen. It was a *speculum* of doctrines: the creation of the world, of angels good and bad, man's erstwhile bliss and strangely curious downfall, the embarrassment of his pitiful, dual nature amongst the Virtues and Vices (symbolically pictured in sculpture and glass), the miraculously magnificent prospects of the faithful. It was also a *speculum* of external nature, not as a scientific treatise but as some "book of wonders" might describe it in honor of the Belovèd, by fancy-rich imagination. The Belovèd of Chartres was, of course, the Virgin, and many miracles appear in her building. They doubtless helped to give life and form to the ideas of the age concerning nature. Indeed it is no great exaggeration to apply the description by Vincent, another noted writer of the times, in the Prologue of his projected book, *Speculum majus*, to the builders of Rheims, Amiens or Chartres. Vincent proposed to gather together "whatever is worthy of consideration, admiration, or imitation, as to things which have been made, or done, or said, in the visible or invisible world from the beginning until the end, and even of things to come."

The many pilgrims who with sincere belief in miracles and immortality, in divine wrath and kindness, came to Chartres as to the high-tide of their life, were not disappointed. They found the same sincere devotion lovingly carved and framed in perduring stone by multitudes of hands. Ten thousand unnamed figures testified to the solemn joy and glory of the faithful. All that the age thought worthy of admiration was here set forth. First of all honesty: There was to be no make-believe in Chartres—as we found no "lies" or sentimentality in the Parthenon. The fears and hopes, aspirations and ecstasies here expressed are authentic, with none of the cold mechanisms and simulated feelings of some later Gothic work. They who built here loved per-

fection and hated cheapness. Artistry that brooks no subterfuge and scorns inferior substitutes, whether of material or of motive, is written over most of the fabric. Not a single stone seems to have cracked through the centuries.

That worshipers here were, in varying degrees, motivated by the same desire for integrity, for refinement, inwardness, and humility; that they enjoyed the symbolisms and the search for hidden meanings by fancy-free imagination, is surely not to be doubted when the worshipers were also builders. As certainly as the Colosseum was an embodiment of mundane practicality, love of wealth and pride in power, Chartres was a confessional of tender yet bold spirituality that imagined all the experiences of mundane life whether of joy or of sorrow, all that we touch and taste, or see and hear in nature, to be symbols and directives toward a blessed life that was yet to be. It was quite literally an apotheosis—a putting with God—of all one's concerns, one's labor, one's birth and passing, one's family, state, resources and hopes, in severe, possibly at times harsh, devotion. For we know from other sources, how often cruelty mingled with tenderness in the twelfth century. But Chartres is probably the clearest and most poignant example we possess anywhere in the world of how material forms, colors and designs can set forth the aspirations of human minds. The religious intuitions, the loves and rivalries or conceptions of life and character, especially the symbols and hidden meanings here embodied, may seem foreign to us. But dull must he be in understanding and sympathy who fails to realize how much intelligence, skill and artistry, devotion, honesty, and joy so profound that it moved to tears, went into a building so sublimely magnificent.

Other great examples and characteristic types of architecture might serve to show their intimate relationships to human character—Ramaswaram Temple, the Taj Mahal, the Temple of Heaven, St. Sophia, the Alhambra, St. Peter's, and many others. But the point—which we wish to use chiefly with reference to

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our own architecture—must be clear by now. Without the perspectives supplied by historical examples, however, we might easily remain unaware of how the houses we build, our churches, capitols, skyscrapers and the rest, exhibit not only the individual characters of architects, but of their clients, and of the times.

The fact that our education, desires, ideas, emotions, imaginations, insights and wills have so much to do with the existence or non-existence of this art is surely a happy one. Occasions for its development have always been closer at hand and more imperative than in the other arts. Building of some sort is very widely necessary for human life. The desire for shelter presents itself far more imperiously than does that for pictures or statues—further evidence in support of Ruskin's praise of architecture as "the surest hope for the continuance of the [other] arts." Multitudes of people, however, are not even faintly aware of how potent a factor in their happiness this art could be. Many a desolate town, in its "factory-district" or as a whole, proclaims the obliviousness of those who built to the satisfactions and joy we might have in our homes and communities. It is commonly supposed that lack of funds is responsible for the lifeless dullness and pitiful desolation of such environments, and that money can buy whatever beauty is desired in man-made objects there. This is a double fallacy; better wages in themselves will never eliminate slums, and wealth has often been the builder of them. Small resources were available in many a charming English village that the traveler goes far to see. And what a ghastly picture is presented from the Lincoln Highway traveling west from the financial center of the world! South too is no-man's land; and east, shot to pieces by realtors' golden boomerangs. But the large areas of stirring magnificence, alternating in Manhattan itself with more than Saharan monotony, aridity, and dreariness, are products of the world's greatest aggregation of economic power. Pretentious and tasteless Wealthy Avenues can be as depressing as London's East End. The millions upon

millions of dollars which have gone into the building of Protestant churches in America have, for the most part, produced commonplace, cheerless, cheap buildings even in their display of wealth. Few invite one to linger in contemplation, few appeal to imagination, few by their form and perspectives, or charm of sense, or mediated ideas, intrigue one's feeling and intuition toward a vision of perfection or an approach to the cosmic Author they were built to honor. The Parthenon and Chartres were made from comparatively small resources—except those lavished upon them by the minds and hearts and joyful labor of their builders. St. Peter's in Rome, which is probably the most spectacularly costly church in Christendom, and St. Mark's, Venice, which must be a close second, are far from successful as embodiments of the motives and ideals of the Catholic faith on its spiritual side. St. Peter's might better serve as a Grand Central Station, or as the imperial throne room of an oriental monarch who claimed dominion over all the peoples of earth. Displays of wealth and temporal power rather than any inwardness, humility, generosity of spirit, sympathy for one's kind, tenderness, love of perfection, or intimate communion with higher powers, are here expressed in every part—and often by the same veneers which the Roman Caesars employed. St. Mark's gives voice to the luxuries, splendid pageants and surfeit of wealth enjoyed by the city in the eleventh and succeeding centuries. Must not Venice have a cathedral to declare its preëminence and to vie with any other in the world? Let us ransack the East for rarest marbles, inlay the pavements, walls and ceiling with mosaics to glitter in gold and semi-precious stones for the saints, erect golden statues of the Apostles in a row before the chancel, display the imperial bronze horses from Rome above its portals, and cover every possible surface with geometric designs in colored marbles that shall astonish the world to the end of time. St. Mark's is, indeed, magnificent, a building that one voyages far to see, a superlative example of how artistry can also use wealth to express itself

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grandly. But it does not embody the spirit and temper of the Evangelist and his Gospel of the Crucified One. Only a certain human character could make either wealth or poverty serve such ends.

From our standpoint the question thus becomes: What do we desire, what can we expect, from this art as expression, exponent, confessional of our own life and inspiration to a "more abundant life"? That not all of us do, or can, express ourselves creatively in actual building is clear. Few of us plan the houses we live in or have a voice in determining the skyscraper's form or position. We enjoy (or regret) them. They influence the quality of our lives. For progress toward things hoped for we have chiefly to look to social groups and especially to the education of the young. Educated public opinion is a powerful factor, however, in helping to create a desired environment. The building laws of Paris have prevented many an ugly project from being realized. Community organizations have effectively changed whole towns for the better. Architecture is, indeed, largely dependent upon social cooperation and pride—still another reason for its place in education. Pride in one's community and hope for its future development are potent factors. Nearly everywhere a defense of one's community, even by persons little versed in knowledge of architecture, takes the form of pointing to some fine public library, campanile, or church which the town may boast. All of the arts tend to strengthen human sympathy and cooperation; but architecture is a peculiarly social art, first as dependent upon such cooperation, and then as enlisting community pride and sympathy. What has not Rheims cathedral meant to the townsmen from the years when they built it by their common effort, to the present!

But there is a large scope for individuals, not only for architects and those who decide to build, but for teachers to awaken the desire for beauty in their environment and legislators to enforce public opinion. Laws, however, are likely to be negative.

"You cannot legislate to a man's affections." The love of architecture grows by knowledge and appreciation rather than by the restrictions of zoning laws and the like. Yet we need protection against architectural "crimes" just as we do against attacks upon our persons or pocketbooks. Our hopes for better things depend eventually upon the success of individuals in bringing home ideas and desires to their communities.

What in reason may we hope for in architecture of the future? Perhaps we can best envisage such objectives by trying to see them first in their larger environment — remembering meanwhile that architecture is the art of building in such a way as to give expression to certain ideal, or mental, satisfactions, by means of forms, sensuous charms and meanings imparted to its medium. The setting of a building in its environment, its relations to other buildings, its many possible associations, historical, economic, or sentimental, are, of course, not architecture. But they help to determine its degree of success. Witness Antwerp cathedral with ranks of shops about its walls, or a Colonial house hedged in by tenements. The profound changes which the development of science and technology have made possible to our environments offer magnificent prospects for architecture. In particular the fabulous shortening of distances especially by air and the easy transmission of power have already made the nineteenth century concentrations of industries and populations an anachronism. The pitifully cheerless, congested areas (overhead and even underground) should give way to civic and industrial units twenty, forty or a hundred miles distant, perhaps from a common center where all the advantages of a great city might still be available and easily accessible. Suburban developments encircling our cities, based upon far slower transportation, are individual examples in point. Often at considerable expense of time and money, flats are exchanged for homes, alleyways for gardens, physical and mental depression for health and initiative. When commerce and industry follow suit, a more

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humane life will be possible for many millions more, and at far less expense in commuting.

New, more permanent, and cheaper building materials are also in process of development and in part available. One of the most depressing aspects of many houses is their flimsiness. Floors that yield as you walk upon them, walls that tremble in sympathy, uncertain plaster, and hidden, or obtruding decay, are no contribution to one's dignity. They seem to reflect a lack of self-respect. Who does not deprecate a rickety, ramshackle house for his family—or even for his neighbor? True that there has been a long history from lean-tos and dug-outs to the permanent houses that are more and more in demand in our day. This desire, as well as that for a happier natural setting for our homes, should be increasingly gratified by the development of new building materials and techniques. These new media for the art intrigue imagination endlessly. Light metals firm as steel and widely available, new alloys, plastics, possibly unbreakable, vitreous, translucent or transparent, blocks from sand, unions of vegetable fibres with metals to a permanent synthesis by new forms of glue,—all these and more present bright prospects as means to the ends of both building and architecture—the better satisfaction of our physical as well as of inner needs.

More specifically now, what are the inner or spiritual needs which domestic architecture might increasingly gratify? We begin with houses because they are crucial, even when rudimentary expressions of artistry, because they offer the nearest and most widespread objects of feeling and desire. Whether we are aware of it or not, the expansiveness (or depression) of spirit which we may feel about our houses is, in large part, a matter of lines and shapes. We intuitively feel less at ease in a circular room than in a square one; less at ease in a square one than in one with the proportions of the “golden section.” The height of a room in relation to its other dimensions is also a positive or negative factor. Externally the general shape of the

building is what mostly determines our satisfaction or displeasure. The "hidden want" we so often feel, turns out upon analysis to be lack of form. We can easily confirm this experimentally by drawing the elevation for a narrow, long, four-story house, and then, using the same ground-area, draw a square one of half the height. Many ratios of lines to lines, surfaces to surfaces, angles to angles, window, and other openings to walls, help determine our satisfaction, as every good architect knows. Even a misplaced chimney jutting up ten feet higher than it should can badly cripple an otherwise pleasing form. Windows distributed at uncoordinated intervals and levels can be humiliating, not because either perfect regularity or symmetry is desirable but on account of the absence of plan or intelligent purpose. The very foundations of a house (as being five feet too high, for instance) can give it a stilted and unfriendly quality. Bring it closer to earth and you may impart something of geniality and warmth. The same is true of roof angles which can easily be too great, putting a fool's cap on an otherwise charming form. Portals and their approaches, independently of color or decoration, may express a graciousness and hospitality to lighten the hearts of all who enter there.

The extraordinary variety of possible shapes for houses is strikingly illustrated on many a street—not a few of them, unfortunately, bad. But the good ones available to architects seem to be infinite. There should never be a problem of monotony for individual houses. There are many mansions in good architects' portfolios—many of them at little cost! Here we can only note that good form in a house implies unity and individuality in variety, as it does in the other arts. The parts belong together—as they do not when rooms are added as it were to piazzas, or too great a variety of openings, gables, cupolas, turrets, or what-nots, confuses the eye. Not only silhouettes in their various elevations but the separable features of a house, as related one to another and in themselves, show certain happy ratios. We can

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best illustrate this by a few negative examples. The misguided pride of some wealthy Italian families in San Gimignano led them to boast their preëminence by high towers attached to their houses. The lines and relations of these one to another are as unharmonious as a tall steeple athwart a Georgian villa. Height in proportionate ratios to width is possible, as many an example from architects' catalogues shows—even a relatively large square three-story tower for a two-story house. But vertical lines are easily exaggerated in domestic architecture. Better far a closeness to earth! On the other hand, horizontal lines can also be exaggerated. Imagine a dozen or more rooms strung together in a line, each connecting with the next by a series of openings—as in certain royal palaces. Everywhere the "Over-much" presents itself as a challenge to one's intelligence and taste.

The medium used is also an important matter in determining the satisfactions we derive from domestic architecture. Great blocks of granite as well as woods which quickly decay are unsuitable as building materials for houses. Stone walls five, or even two, feet thick would present an exaggerated massiveness and solidity, while clapboards or shingles over thin scantlings and paper exhibit weakness, neither of which is satisfying. The degree of permanence which we desire depends upon how great an importance we attach to our families. A long-enduring family seat, howsoever small it may be, can have great influence upon the strength and continuity of the ideals we cherish. Without family traditions or forward-looking ideals we care little about the permanence of our houses. Thus to some extent the material we choose in building a home can satisfy ideal ends. Honest solid stone can help dignify, and flimsy walls depress, our spirits and all that we cherish about a home. How the new media may affect our feeling and intuitions is hard to say in advance of experience. Copper and steel houses as those erected in Germany before the war, seem to affect most of us at present as unpleasantly mechanical, hard, cold, and prisonlike. But it

is conceivable that new sources of satisfaction might be opened up by hitherto impossible shapes, original forms of decoration, even engraving inside and a patina outside. An intriguing field for imagination is offered by the future use of light metals, decay-resisting plyboard, and plastics in great variety of texture, some transparent as crystal, others translucent or opaque with an endless range of color. One is indeed overwhelmed by the wealth of possible form and design, of color, of rich and variegated materials, and of significant decoration in easily workable yet permanent media—all of these in buildings of enhanced utility, convenience and healthfulness, yet at moderate cost. The matrix of this delightful development will not be financial resources, or even technical and scientific ones. It will depend more upon our wills and imaginations, our ideas and ideals, our intelligence and taste,—as history has repeatedly shown, not only in the Gothic ages of faith, but in modern Vienna, and among the coal miners of Pennsylvania inspired by the ideas of Clarence Pickett. Our aesthetic taste is clearly developing in the direction of more permanent, more individualized, more shapely, more spiritually satisfying houses, wherever we become aware of their possibility and realize their value. But our education, both formal and informal, has still far to go to overcome the vast indifference, the pitiful and destructive ignoring of those wonderful satisfactions which in time may yet be open to all of us.

Domestic architecture has a multitude of expressive qualities as one can see in almost any village street. Many of them, alas, are bad. We can find commonplace, bare, depressing, uninviting, pretentious, and cheap—even though costly—houses. There are houses that exhibit arrogance and vanity as clearly as words or actions can express them. Some are as austere and forbidding as a castle dungeon. Certain “modern” builders of our machine-and-gadget age have put up houses conceived and designed exclusively for the most rapid, cheap and convenient satisfaction of our physical needs. Their program suggests greater possible

leisure for the enjoyment of one's inner life—only the pleasures of architecture do not seem to be included. Functionalists, on the other hand, have done us a fine, though negative, service in helping to eliminate meaningless, dreary, and wasteful displays, stupid and pretentious ornament, restless, ungainly and up-sticking shapes, and the servile-minded striving for effects by imitation of outworn traditions. We see "brick" walls made of tin, "stone" ones of wooden veneers, false fronts and other shams that no man who loves honesty finds satisfactory. Yet we also see "stripped" packing cases and boxed "machines" in reinforced concrete which please as little as a moron's face. When they are "products of cold intelligence and calm analysis" (as described by one of their creators) their cold and empty barrenness can fail to enlist imagination and feeling. Some are little hospitals, though splendidly equipped with the most desirable practical conveniences for cleanliness, light, airiness and the rest. Small wonder that men and women flee not only the mechanized monotony of apartments but houses with so little to hold or charm their interest and creative wills.

With the development of our education we shall more and more use the rich resources of nature and of science to build houses where the active, creative beauty-seeking spirit of man can be at home. This is more than idealist prophecy. Already there are many such both here and abroad: houses of stirring proportions, graceful lines and rich perspectives—even for, and from, small pocketbooks; walls that seem alive by their texture, forms and ornament; windows with the charm of magic case-ments; porticoes that invite you in like a friend; hallways that bespeak dignity, serenity, geniality; rooms which say "It is good to be here." How rich this range of feeling is by design and order of rooms, by happy differences of level, by colors, textures, interior perspectives and significant ornament, is easy to realize from any forward-looking architect's portfolio. Genuinely aesthetic kitchen and other utility arrangements, also garden en-

vironments,—neither of which are properly architecture—present still further possibilities for happiness. Let us hope (for the more distant future) that apartments cut off from contact with nature and deadening to man's spirit, will eventually disappear, along with the suicidal congestion of so-called "great" cities. If homes that foster man's ideal purposes and intimate satisfactions seem to anyone utopian let him have recourse to photographs of ten thousand English cottages, or of the ancient frescoed houses of Pompeii, to realize how much human wills and intuitions have to do with their attainment. "Our character is our fate" said an ancient philosopher. It is also reflexively so in the arts. For we determine the arts we create and are in turn recreated by them. Domestic architecture of the future will increasingly become an arbiter of civilization.

The other forms of the art will also stand in close relationship to man's character and happiness in times to come. Great examples of ecclesiastical architecture have clearly shown this to have been true of the past. If there be great religious motives in the future, they will almost certainly express themselves in the arts. Poetry, music and architecture are their most likely vehicles, historically speaking. But church architecture in the west has not flourished since the decline of Gothic art. It seems to have lacked great motives and inspiring ideas. Hence architects all too commonly have recourse to imitation of the ideas, motives and feelings of those who *had* been inspired by them. This was an open door to sentimentality and make-believe, the reduplication of forms no longer significant, of sentiments no longer felt by honest minds. Or, no less pitifully, they abandoned *all* traditions in the interest of an honest vacuity which expressed itself in joyless, unlovely, banal, and, all too often, desolately ugly churches. Sometimes they sought inspiration in the economic and technological ideas of the time, as in the steel and concrete church in Cologne which combines a warehouse and a modern factory in one building behind a high (and useless)

wall. Skyscrapers have (as in Chicago) provided models. More often the basic motives have been "institutional," that is community, social and welfare buildings, sometimes including swimming-tanks, billiard rooms and theatres. Even these have suffered, however, by their link with insincere conventions of "service," a form to be gone through with, and then dropped.

These disconsolate facts do not in the least imply that church architecture of the future will be dissociated from the feelings, ideas and aspirations of the past, or repudiate the forms in which they took external shape. On the contrary, honest religion of the future will find in the myths and histories of all religions sources of endless appeal to imagination, boundless matter to be incorporated into the fabric of future world-cathedrals. The crucial question is again one of human character, namely honesty, sincerity, integrity, love of truth, along with a realization of sublime insights into the cosmos and its life, the magnificent alternatives presented to us in the quest of good and beauty—which we already in part possess. Our wealth of scientific vision has already, in large and small, transformed, recreated, and inspired, man's religious aspirations by knowledge, acknowledged hypotheses, and honest convictions. This vision of the sciences, from chemistry and biology to astronomy, offers another seemingly boundless field for religious contemplation and aesthetic intuition—especially in giving significant form and expression to our future churches. Our more specific ideas concerning future religion must await the chapter on Art and Religion. Here it will suffice to point out that religion and religious architecture are far from being moribund, however infected they may be by hypocrisy, false sentiment, dishonest politics, and other evils. Religion, as the expression of man's deepest aspirations in the light of his most assured knowledge and hypothesis (faith), in worship of its ideal embodiment, and devotion to the good of his fellows, has been, and always must be, the most important determiner of his life and character. It is a world-wide fact, and

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despite individual differences, a single and universal fact, which, like scientific truth, knows no geographical, national, or temporal boundaries.

Religious architecture also has no provincial or period strictures upon its free development. One of the strangest fallacies which has grown out of our historical studies of the arts in general, is the assumption that what was intuited and felt, given form and expression, in one valley or group in a certain age, cannot, howsoever deeply felt and enjoyed in another district and age, be given form and expression there. Many "modern" architects, for example, regard even the slightest reminiscence of Greek, Gothic or other styles in a building as "slavish imitation." Sometimes even the older media (stone, glass) are discarded in the interest of "creative originality" and more "modern" ferro-concrete. But the real issue is not one of medium or of time and place, but of honesty.

If the upward thrust of the Gothic arch, the vertical lines of a Gothic church, its color, proportions, variegated perspectives, vastness, refinement of design and significant ornament express for us the same deep aspiration, quietness, sublimity, reverence, mystery, joy, serenity or exaltation that was felt in the thirteenth century, it is nothing short of suicidal for us to demand, for novelty's sake, a ferro-concrete "box-structure" in which we experience nothing but depression of spirit. Whatever awakens or enhances our minds' delight in truth, reverence, beauty or other "eternal values" is not only the inalienable possession of all but a rightful vehicle by which any individual or group may express themselves. Nor does this imply copying or imitation. The ideas I express in this book are my own, despite the fact that many, possibly all of them, may somewhere have been expressed before. The originality of a musical composition lies in its new intuitions which may be expressed by scales, instruments, rhythms, cadences and progressions used a thousand times before. "Poet of the Connecticut Valley" is only a biographical

description. Who would write merely for the Connecticut Valley? So other artists, great and small, from our own twentieth to the fortieth century B.C. can, and do, provide models for our own inspiration and intuition. An architect of our own day rightly speaks of "world architecture." But, strange to say, he identifies "world" with "modern" and the "new," ferro-concrete architecture, and cuts it off from all that men have imagined, felt, designed, and built in earlier times. He fails to see that the new world architecture (much of which is already "dated") could retain a place for itself in future only by the same convention and imitation which he deplors.

The crucial test for "modern" as for any other architecture is whether it truly expresses what we feel. Does our religion rejoice in the open life of nature, in the wonder of earth and sky and growing things; do we experience no deep yearning for another world wholly different from this one? Do we find great satisfaction and joy in the order and rationality which we discover, and in the cultivation of mind and body, as well as our social and physical environment, to their fullest possible perfection? Then Greek ideas, motives and designs, in their directness, naturalness, simplicity, wealth, serenity and refinement will better serve our church architecture than say Baroque or any hitherto imagined ferro-concrete designs. The use of upward striving arches, abundant perpendicular lines, flying buttresses, pinnacles, rose windows and other features of Gothic becomes "slavish imitation" only in the case of plagiarism, or if they are alien to our feeling, meaningless, or perhaps superstitious, as when miraculous stories are dressed in the garb of truth. As long as honest religion finds inspiration in the wonder, mystery, and sublimity of Chartres, all that is kindred to it in the intuitions of future architects will be of immeasurable importance to art, religion and civilization. Historical "purity of style" which has also troubled many moderns, somewhat as Aristotle's unities of the drama did eighteenth century classicists, resolves itself ultimately

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into a unity of motive, of coherence, of internal consistency, rather than one of time or place. A good example in point is the new Liverpool cathedral whose privileged architect, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, has incorporated Egyptian massiveness and solidity (in approaches to the south transept) with Greek restraint, unity, balance, and avoidance of false or superstitious sentiment, with not a little "modern" design (and technique) in a church dominantly Gothic, whose fabric, though far from complete, is vibrant with life, a magnificent expression of man's yearning for the ineffable, for kinship with Deity, the cosmic life, and for a possible great destiny. Many "revivals," alas, present no such unity of intuition and design and are pathetic examples of the mechanical jumble of styles. Their ugliness, however, lies not in the presence of particular styles, but in the dearth of motives, in the absence of honest and vital sentiment, in the want of apperceptive ideas and intuitions. Lacking these the most perfectly pure and unencumbered "modern" church is no less mechanical and ugly. Thus religion and its architecture are mutually interdependent. There can be no vital church architecture without deep religious aspiration. And that aspiration is, in turn, immeasurably enhanced and sustained by the wonderful resources of this art. The past offers many proofs of this. The future, let us hope, will present many more to the seekers of more perfect life and happiness in churches expressive of sincere, profound, and rich aspiration—rich in terms of insight, thought, imagination and feeling; churches, large or small, where we love to linger in happy memory, anticipation, and present joy; places where we deeply feel the bond that unites us to our fellows in the quest for common good; churches where our most cherished knowledge and truth attain a heart-warming significance and beauty proffered by all the other arts, from poetry and sculpture to great music, will be at home.

Our future schools present another large and delightful proj-

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ect, to which our "modernists" have already made no small contribution. They offer, and have erected, many buildings of enduring materials (which surely ought to go into every public structure,) with scientific lighting and heating, excellent ventilation and modern plumbing—all admirably adapted to the physical health and convenience of students and teachers. They have greatly helped to overcome the heavy dullness and cheap common-placeness which have so often abounded in our town and village schools, by sweetness, brightness and cleanliness. Sometimes (as at Hilversum in the Netherlands) architectural qualities have been emphasized by striking and delightful proportions, by forms which claim an enduring interest, by charming colors to take the place of drabness, and a setting worthy of a high cause. More rarely the expressive side, as in significant decoration has helped to stimulate young minds, enlisting their imaginations to new adventures, insights, and ideals. Let us take for granted the need of better utility or building qualities in our schools, and henceforward consider how their aesthetic qualities stand related to the course of future civilization.

Not a little resistance has to be overcome in most communities and school boards for the cause of the liberal arts. The first subjects to suffer whenever any retrenchment is called for, are the "useless" courses—music, drawing, modeling, poetry and the rest. The indispensable ones are the "practical" subjects—arithmetic, geography, spelling, writing, reading, bookkeeping. It is all of a piece with this that school architecture is commonly a matter of little moment. Let there be sufficient rooms supplied with desks and blackboards, with easily accessible fire escapes, all grouped together in the cheapest shell that will not too soon require replacement—thus does our pride, or unconcern, for our children's spiritual health too often express itself. The streamlines, high polish, and general elegance of our cars weigh more to our pride than does a desolate school in our community. How immediately a bashed-in fender requires attention; the school

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may remain as nondescript, as characterless, as rickety, as a "Tin Lizzy."

But we are more and more realizing, with Plato, the importance of environment in determining our development, and especially that of children. It is increasingly being brought home to us how children's lives can be handicapped, warped and distorted not only by negative-minded, scolding, mechanical, and authority-loving teachers, but by schoolrooms as depressing as prisons, having even less appeal to imagination, happy memory and feeling than a box car. We are discovering that our best-loved teachers, those who did most for us, brought something of beauty and its spontaneous motives into our lives, the intimacy, disinterestedness, generosity, freedom and desire to share which the enjoyment of any art tends to foster. As Plato rightly said, our education really begins when such urges toward excellence take possession of our minds. Before they do the process remains a mechanism, all too often characterized by a "don't-care" attitude. Usually, alas, it is not a school which thus awakens our souls. Yet many teachers do just this, and generally it comes by intimate sharing of a thing of beauty with the student.

Beautiful school architecture is, of course, only one of these "joys forever." But it is a potent one. It can bring a sense of importance, dignity and grandeur to the cause its buildings serve. It can add delight to that service and renew community pride in its vitality, to a continuing inspiration. In great examples (as in certain college buildings in Oxford) it can hold in store precious memories for both groups and individuals. It can be a perduring embodiment of generous ideals and help keep alive community morale in our never-ending fight for disinterested ends. The joy it may bring to students is also a major matter, whether it come by conscious satisfaction with artistry perceived, or merely by intuitive awareness of inner well-being. In a refined environment the student takes on something of its quality by spontaneous adaptation; long before he understands or appreciates

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it. The reverse of this is more commonly in evidence. Cheap, dull, dirty, coarse, and stupefying classrooms also color the student's mind, directly and indirectly. An ever-increasing opportunity of perceiving and appreciating fine expressions of the qualities, characters and objects we call civilization is a primary hope for its realization. One important factor toward eliciting free imagination and desire for these high ends is inspiring architecture for young and growing minds. This is not a moral argument. He who should design school buildings with the purpose of improving the character of the pupils—by significant decoration or otherwise—would inevitably fail. Architecture, as distinguished from building, is no less autonomous than the other arts. Yet there is also a close bond between beauty, even in its freest and most spontaneous expression, and high qualities of human character. In this respect it is very like the search for truth, or the doing of any good act, which, if genuine, must be for its own sake,—and yet has many benefits growing from it. Perhaps the best means of bringing home to most people the importance of a noble school architecture, rich and inspiring in design, in charm of color, and wealth of imagination, giving expression to significant intuitions of perfection, and enlisting admiration of excellence, lies in listing these benefits. It goes without saying that other arts will be increasingly at home to expand their joy (and benefits) as this great program goes forward.

Business and industrial architecture presents a special problem. Since economic values are instrumental, never more than means to ends, and also competitive, while aesthetic values are intrinsic and non-competitive, it is not remarkable that the latter should often be regarded as foreign and a distracting handicap to the race for wealth. Industry must pay, or fail. The greater the financial return the more successful the business. Useless and merely decorative expenditures must therefore be avoided. Hence the claims of beauty in industry might well appear to be a lost cause. Only in so far as aesthetic values may

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add to financial returns—as in better lines for a motorcar, or in more attractive design and finish for an apartment house—are they welcomed. The more ultimate reasons for this lie, of course, in our human nature and the character of our interests and desires. Historians tell us that the industrial revolution which, along with its economic benefits, has covered large areas of the earth's surface with seemingly irretrievable ugliness and desolation, developed as it did because socially-minded and cultivated men in England long refused to have anything to do with such enterprises. The result was that industry fell into the dominant control of men exclusively bent upon material gain. Whether this explanation be correct or not, the fact has all too commonly been characteristic of business and industry everywhere. In thousands of communities, east and west, north and south, spiritual values, from those of enlightenment and education to happy association with our fellows, from those of religion to the enjoyment of the arts, have long been subordinated to economic ones. This has often seemed so inevitable that we have called it "economic determinism." We have even measured human lives in terms of "man-hours" and goods produced.

But a new age is dawning in which we are gaining a new conception of human freedom, and of human power collectively to change unhappy environments. We are coming to realize that both the building and the removal of slums are functions of human wills, that the assumed inevitable control of economic forces over all our desires and aspirations is but a partial one and greatly limited by our knowledge and wisdom. The "economic interpretation of history," which like some persistent superstition has cloyed the very springs of life, is yielding to the knowledge that business and industry, together with every other economic power or resource, can be made to serve the general welfare. A new industrial revolution, (which may well be linked with decentralization, modern power transmission and very rapid air transit,) promises a far more abundant life to multitudes, rich

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and poor, who have lost their birth-right. The prerogative of every human being, as we have come to see, is to enjoy all his faculties in a balanced activity, consonant with the rights and privileges of others. Gaining a livelihood (or even wealth) is a function man shares with animals.

Leaders of business and industry are themselves taking the initiative toward a more generous conception of life, for themselves as well as for their employees. They are increasingly realizing how destructive to whole communities physically, mentally, morally, aesthetically and socially, the domination of economic motives has been. They see visions of new centers where industry itself will help to overcome the pitiful negations of "factory towns," where houses and gardens, schools, hospitals, churches, libraries, theatres, as well as its own factories invite the traveler to linger rather than to flee away. They see communities no longer cut off from nature by miles of office buildings or suburbs, because, as often happens abroad, the community itself by owning the surrounding woods or fields gives no scope to real estate speculators. Of course, these sources of richer life and happiness are limited in certain industries. Foundries and sulphuric acid plants seem to have little to offer toward the attractiveness of a community. But it is delightfully inspiring to see how, in various parts of the world, industries which have often been regarded as objectionable are, by their fine architecture and happily designed settings, being welcomed into most desirable communities. Certain power-generating stations are examples in point and (in Germany) even gas plants with their storage tanks. Railroad yards are no detraction from the charm of Jena. Railroad stations, so commonly the embodiments of desolation, are delightful introductions to towns and villages in Denmark, Ireland and elsewhere. An American soap establishment has actually been a place of pilgrimage to students of architecture. Not a few Norwegian, Swiss and American industries

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are housed in buildings which afford not a little of the satisfaction one feels on some fine college campus.

There are, perhaps, more immediate sources of appeal to the imaginations and happiness of those concerned with industry, than its architecture affords. Wider scope for imagination in the making of the products themselves would doubtless provide greater incentive and the "joy in labor" which William Morris strove so ardently to make possible for his industries. But it is easy to underestimate the influence of dignified, solid, well-lighted and ventilated, cheerful, orderly, cleanly, honest and pleasing buildings, set in Nature's easily available color and charm, upon the happiness of all concerned. As William Morris abundantly demonstrated a greater joy in labor also enhances the quality of many products of industry. Moreover it is usually the derelict factory which is found in the midst of the derelict community, just as a factory eliciting community pride helps determine its spirit and character. The responsibility and opportunity of forward-looking directors of industry is thus a large and inspiring one.

Commercial buildings stand in similar relationships to individual and community character and happiness. The very store buildings of certain Connecticut villages are indices of taste and refinement as clearly as shanties can be of shiftlessness, stupidity, and irresponsibility elsewhere. Office buildings can have the hard, heavy, dull, severe and joyless qualities of a soulless mechanism. Banks in their architecture often exhibit stability, largeness of outlook, responsibility, monumental character. We are increasingly demanding the same qualities for our county buildings, city halls and capitols. When the Springfield (Mass.) campanile was under discussion certain councilmen in the interest of economy advocated a tower forty feet lower. The architect remarked: "Gentlemen, you will have either a campanile of which you will be eternally ashamed, or one to arouse the city's pride." The event happily and abundantly justified him.

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Office buildings have been the dominant theme in American architecture. The skyscraper, best exemplified in the sky line of lower Manhattan, is a striking example of how the "new" materials and techniques have made structures of seemingly miraculous height easily possible. Utility, or better, necessity, was back of their invention. When additional office space was not available laterally we looked to the clouds and they became our refuge, making possible an "eighth wonder of the world." Rapid transit vertically became a major problem. But that too was solved in remarkable ways. Floor areas up to one hundred times the original one were made available, and enormous concentrations of business enterprises brought together under one roof. Deep underground caverns, made feasible for the purpose by modern lighting, ventilating and heating arrangements, added further to this area. Sometimes the skyscraper, like an iceberg, hid a large proportion of its total volume beneath the surface. Great masses of titanic buildings gave certain streets the appearance of man-fabricated canyons. In general they were not coordinated to any plan. The giants and the dwarfs enjoyed equal rights on their plots, even that of warfare against their neighbors. And mostly their society was one of mutual incompatibility. The competition was both for possession of the upper regions and for breathing space below, which often attained the exchange value of a small mountain of gold. Contests for the "highest ever" continued until increasing fears made the topmost stories difficult to rent. Sometimes the ensemble did indeed become strikingly monumental and even harmonious in a bold variety (as about the Public Library, or from points in Central Park). But in large part the architectural qualities of these great towers were made inaccessible to sight by a society they could not avoid.

To appreciate a Chrysler or an Empire State building one must see more than its upper stories at a distance, or crane one's neck from below. A jumble of uncoordinated units, however grand the individual buildings may be, affords little sense

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of grandeur, even though prodigious in extent and mountain-high in its peaks. Like music continuously overloud and discordant with striving for "effects" by individual members of an orchestra, it wearies and oppresses one, leaving little scope for contemplation, or self-identification with what one experiences. Yet we know from many examples that architecture can overwhelm us with a sense of the sublime in which we identify ourselves with its power and magnificence in the experience of superlative joy and refreshment. Can skyscrapers attain that character? Modern architects are generally agreed that potentially towers are among the grandest of architectural forms—but not without organization of lines and masses to a unified, balanced, harmony and individuality unencumbered by environment. The upward-striving lines of Gothic forms are clearly among the superlative expressions of world architecture. Their dominance, even in post and lintel construction gives vitality, dignity, unity and refinement to a building—all of which the use of arches can also enhance without lending ecclesiastical character to it. The skyscraper, making use of lines and masses appropriate to its height, and especially as an individualized and harmonious member of an organized group such as those designed by Le Corbusier, offers one of the most magnificent and inspiring projects of future architecture. When and if (by atom-bomb or more rational means) our vast congested areas of human degradation are dispersed, really great cities may arise whose counting-houses, universities, banks, theatres, libraries, museums, cathedrals and other common buildings will be nerve-centers to a widely distributed population. To them as to those who live near the center, nature will no longer be remote and estranged. For community planning will be recognized as no less necessary to human life than are water systems, or schools. Then will come the era of skyscrapers set off by parks and in happy contrast with theatres, museums and other low buildings, all coordinated to a plan. Then modern taste with the fabulous resources of modern

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machinery and techniques, may develop an architecture to rival the glories of the thirteenth century or of the fifth century B.C.

That this will involve more than a limited use of the art's resources, as advocated by some modernists, is evident. The use of only a single medium because it is assumed to be "modern," planning exclusively in terms of "box" forms, and avoiding all ornament even when most appropriate, expressive and significant, are examples in point. Arches, even pointed ones, fluted columns, friezes and pediments can be as remote from "slavish imitation" as are golden sections, cornices, parallel lines and the modernists' (Lake Dwellers'?) pillared supports. The same criteria of proportionate lines, of balanced masses, of unity that avoids both monotony and irrelevance, or too great variety, or ornament that is truly "useful" as giving scope to pleased imagination, of colors that do and do not belong together, of media that are dull and heavy while others are vivid and rich in texture—surely all these apply to every one of the variegated historical examples of the art. Presumably they will do so with greater refinement when the art attains a fuller expression. In the matter of height as related to the mass of a skyscraper, aesthetic judgment is even more definite than the economic one. There are limits here as in every other aesthetic quality in relationship to other qualities. A Flat Iron building extended to eighty stories would provide an extreme example in point—not to mention a few already in existence. Generally speaking our present development of skyscrapers is more an exhibition of spectacular engineering skill than it is of architecture. The wonder they arouse is more kindred to that of prodigious fireworks than to that of a great painting or symphony. The skyline of New York is a symbol of the genius of America on the road from sensationalism, advertising display, the hectic rush for power and wealth, in search of grandeur, spiritual power,

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serenity of spirit and the unalloyed joy which beauty brings in all its various media.

That architecture will play a strategic rôle in bringing delight to our homes, inspiration to our churches, dignity and generous pride by our civic buildings, new and inspiring incentives to our school children, a kindlier and more humane business in our counting-houses, as well as some amelioration of the dullness and harshness of toil in our factories, can hardly be doubted. That prospect, however, depends upon enlightened wills and hearts.

XIV

RELIGION AND THE ARTS

There are numerous interpretations of the nature and essence of religion. Before this chapter is ended it will be necessary to specify as exactly as we can, *what* is said to be related to art when we speak of *Religion and the Arts*. There are also, various *sorts* of relationships between them which should be made as clear as possible. But in our approach to the subject we may safely assume, in the preliminary survey, that what at any time has been called religion may have relevance to our discussion. The historical religions provide a great mass of definite data. Our knowledge of the rituals, ideas, and aspirations of primitive men which bear resemblance to historical religions is fragmentary, and must always remain so. Yet that slight knowledge is important for our general conclusions. The uniformly positive character of the evidence from primitive cultures strongly supports the data of historical religions concerning their relationships to aesthetic experience. However various and contrasting with one another the cults of bygone men have been, they regularly made what seems to have been spontaneous use of aesthetic qualities to enhance them. The ordered manner of performing the ritual, the incantations, the magic, or prayers of the "service," the prescribed rhythms and steps of the sacred dances, the decoration of holy vessels, priestly vestments, altars, and totems, all these, even when remote as yet from artistry, nevertheless exhibit the kinship between aesthetic experience and primitive religious cults. Even when little else of man's contriving gives evidence of his aesthetic character his

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cultus does, and often, just as with more highly developed religions, provides the best claim a given society can make to aesthetic character, or to creativity as embodied in works of art.

Historical religions present the most obvious evidence of this association. So characteristic is it of the known faiths of mankind to express themselves in one, several, or sometimes all, of the forms of art that some scholars have thought religion must have been their common mother. True that some arts have been severely condemned and outlawed by particular faiths. But the record seems to present not a single one that has not expressed itself in one or another of the forms of art. Even when Puritans and Quakers distrusted music they found poetry a welcome resource in giving voice to their aspirations. Sculpture as presented in the numerous "graven images" of living beings which have long served Hindu, Confucian, Buddhist, Christian and other faiths in temples and elsewhere, is an exceptionally interesting example. Even in primitive cults "graven images" have been so natural and spontaneous a means of envisaging, standing for, realizing, unseen agents or forces, that "reformers" have always had great difficulty in banning them. Not even King Solomon (described as a special favorite of Deity) could be restrained by Moses and all the other inspired law-givers and prophets in Israel from representing in sculptured forms the wingèd inhabitants of Heaven in colossal size, about the very holy of holies in his "house of the Lord." Again and again in the course of time, acceptance of sculpture has followed its rejection by ecclesiastical authorities. We have not learned with certainty whether the earliest paintings of which we have knowledge—those of Altamira and the Dordogne, which some archeologists have dated about 50,000 B. C.—were associated with a religious cult. But it is very significant that most of the religions known to us have expressed themselves in that medium. Egyptians of five thousand years ago, and earlier, told of their faith in immortality and a final judgment before Osiris, not only in

sculpture, but in pictures on papyrus and on the walls of tombs and temples. Hindus of a later age, but still before the Christian Era, gave expression in color and design to their intuitions of a Brahman in whom all things live and move and have their being and may evolve by transmigration to higher and higher life. Buddhists likewise celebrated their Enlightened One who by his Eight-fold Path brought Blessedness and Peace and Sympathy for all. It is hard to say whether sculpture or painting was, and is, of greater import to the expression of these great historic faiths. In Christianity their importance has varied greatly with the centuries and with particular groups. But it is likely that most of those who are acquainted with the sculptures of the north porch of Chartres, the choir of Amiens, or the Florentine Baptistery's "Gates to Paradise," perhaps also frescoes in Assisi and the Vatican, and certain canvases by great masters, recognize them as among the best expressions of the Christian faith. One could multiply examples from other faiths even to the "sand-paintings" of Navajo Indians and the churinga of central Australians. But that this art may be closely linked with the religious life of individuals and of groups is hardly in need of further evidence.

Architecture too appears to be a spontaneous medium of expression to nearly all of the historical faiths. Our earliest examples of extant buildings which are characterized by the spiritual (mental and aesthetic) qualities distinguishing architecture from building, are found in ancient temples. And through the centuries of human history when "houses" were built to Jahweh, Shiva, Vishnu, Zeus, Buddha, Jupiter, Jehovah, Allah and others which might serve as the Lord's "dwelling place," or to give expression to the attitudes, feelings, ideas, cherished by the particular faith, these were (and are) among the greatest examples of the art. All over the earth stupas, temples, basilicas, mosques, abbeys, cathedrals, give evidence of this natural desire to build "more stately mansions" to the objects of our hopes and

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aspirations when they become true incentives to devotion. These buildings often reflect the inmost character of a given faith. What could be clearer records of the secular, naturalistic (even animal-embracing), cosmic, symbolic, sombre, and heavy, character of early Hinduism than old Dravidian temples? Or where shall we find better evidence of the sublime devotion that sometimes animates our clay than in the well-nigh incredible structures of Rheims, Amiens, or Chartres? Temples and churches themselves record not a little of the history of the faith. Twelfth and thirteenth century cathedrals tell of Christianity as a community matter, secure in commonly accepted traditions, attitudes, ideas and sentiments, unstinted even to self-effacement in its loyalties. How could flimsy ephemeral materials, showy display, individual self-glorifying technique, or insincere make-believe, enter into such buildings? The modern wooden meetinghouse, on the other hand, tells of individual opinions and motives which need not in the least reflect those of the community, or even of the parish. Nor are they often of great importance to the parishioner himself. Rarely does he (thanks to science) feel himself lost in adoration or sense the impact of mystery. Rarely does he linger here to imagine the disembodied voices of the faithful echoing among the upward striving arches. The practical problems of immediate existence even to those of government and trade, claim his interest, and seem to be at home there, rather than the contemplation of eternity with its terrors and raptures, its flood of tender and awe-filled images and emotions. If this were less obvious we might note other parallels—even with respect to closure of churches. So lukewarm is the invitation, or perhaps better, so slight the inclination of the meeting-house Christian to return for adoration, meditation and communion, or to seek peace and inner integrity there, that, except for service time, his temple may safely be kept under lock and key.

What is true of architecture as exponent of religion is even more obviously true of literature. One cannot so much as con-

ceive of a faith without its expression in spoken or written language of a kind to arouse the imaginations and feelings of its devotees. This does not mean the coincidence historically of literature and religion in any known society. It indicates, rather, how inevitably some literature serves as vehicle of religion. The general character and history of a given faith also reflect themselves in its literary expressions. The *Upanishads*, *Koheleth*, and *Science and Health* are exponents of markedly contrasting types of religion. So too the imprecatory *Psalms* and the *Book of Micah*. Among all the historical religions certain books are regarded as authoritative exponents of the particular faith. Confusion often arises out of this by the different points of view, the logical and factual inconsistencies usually involved in them. But when one realizes that literature whether "sacred" or "profane" is an art, like painting, architecture, music and the rest, that problem is considerably modified and seen in a clearer light.

The status of music is not unlike that of sculpture. It has been, and is, of slight importance—even taboo—to some religions, and a major vehicle of expression in others. The problem of its possible inherent relation to religion is not a statistical one, even though there is some significance in the fact that music in one form or another enters into the ritual of most historical religions. This is not always art even among people who cherish it as a medium for their religious life! But rudimentary forms expressed, for example, in chanting, in inane melodies, or monotonous harmonies, are parallel to primitive poetry, crude graven images and buildings with few of the aesthetic qualities of architecture, which also figure in man's religious devotion. The presence of all these is indeed significant, as we have seen. But far more so is the part played by highly developed music (and great examples of other arts) in giving disinterested, spontaneous support and expression to the feelings, attitudes and aspirations which are generally called religious. The evidence again is clear and un-

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equivocal: Some of the greatest examples of musical art were realized in disinterested expression of religious feelings, intuitions and motives. So natural and spontaneous can this relationship be that not a few "secular" works which were created wholly independently of any religious ideas or feelings nevertheless give admirable expression to them. In fact it is very often the case that music designated as "sacred" is greatly inferior to the "secular" as exponent of religious aspirations. When it is sentimental, "cheap," meaningless, "striving for effect," or lacks balance, consecutiveness, rhythm and sundry other major aesthetic qualities, it can even be destructive to that life. Such facts point to the importance of aesthetic qualities in themselves as linked with religious expression. But this can hardly be discussed intelligently until we have considered certain other matters.

One reason for the historical, and (as we shall later see) intrinsic, relationships between religion and the arts lies in the fact that they have psychological functions in common. The most obvious of these is imagination. The creation of a work of art and, in lesser degree, its appreciation, involves, as we have repeatedly seen, a new synthesis of sensory, ideational and other elements of present and past experience. That process is never a creation out of nothingness. We cannot imagine a color we have never sensed, a smell, taste, sound, pain, organic sensation, or any other elementary item in our experience, of which we have no memory. Creative imagination, although a strategic, life-informing and transforming function, (sometimes also life's fateful arbiter), is a process of bringing together to a new significance, elements of our experience that are already given. Only through misunderstanding of the term could one fail to see how imagination is also an important function in religion. The variegated deities of historical religions whether visualized as blessing men with their many (human) hands and triple-headed intelligence (Hinduism), or as grotesque giants standing guard with glaring threats over the temple area (Japan), or Jehovah seated

on a golden throne cherishing Abraham to his bosom, are clearly products of creative imagination—whatever else may be said about them. This is true not only of the visual representations of them but of interpretations of their actions and characters. A great Christian theologian has written that ideas of God are inevitably anthropomorphic. No other means are available than those of experience in our own perceptions, interpretations, feelings, motives, and actions, in thinking of God. Even revelation or mystic union depends upon that experience. As is the man so is his God . . . History clearly supports this conclusion. Hebrew-Christian conceptions of Deity have shown marked changes with the passing of the years according to the knowledge, the moral standards and even the social and political events of the period. The jealous, treacherous, vindictive Jahweh with his lying prophets, his laws of a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, a hand for a hand, the god of ruthless warfare, gave way to conceptions of a loving Father who is just to all and “of an infinite mercy,” when the Hebrews attained a more humane culture than they had possessed as nomads in their wars of extermination. How greatly the Christian conception of a World Intelligence expanded in a later day with the extension of man’s astronomical knowledge, and still later by his ideas on biological and cosmic evolution! Materialists, who find no reality called mind in themselves, of course find none in the cosmos either. The variegated hells and heavens which have been imagined by many religions, are also indices of a people’s (or a person’s) mental and moral development. The delights of the blest as pictured by Mohammed are undignified and inadmissible to Christian consciences, and probably quite incomprehensible in Eskimo igloos. The Hell of perpetual torment where “the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched” is a self-contradiction to any student of biology, and a hideously unethical monstrosity to any enlightened conscience. Like art, religion also interprets history imaginatively. The Hebrew-Christian literary record is full of stories, from those of

the Garden of Eden and Noah's ark which forestalled the destruction of all land life upon earth, to the vivid accounts of the New Jerusalem with its walls of jasper and buildings of pure gold (which is also transparent "like unto clear glass") structures having twelvefold foundations of sapphire, emerald, topaz, amethyst and other precious stones. How could any vital religion—or indeed any vital human being—exist without an ample, balanced, development of this inspiring activity?

Imagination, however, is not the only function involved in religious experience nor is it the only one which it has in common with art experience. Feelings and sentiments naturally linked with imagination are also integral to both. This is far from meaning that the emotions voiced in the various religions are identical with those of the arts. It merely points to another function by which they both express themselves. The fact that a wide range of emotions which historically have found utterance in men's rituals and faiths have also been given expression in poetry, painting, music and the other arts, is, however, significant. Chapter and verse might be cited from a single faith to show how love, or fear, hatred, jealousy, emulation, self-assertion, generosity, humility, pity, adoration, dependence, serenity and many other feelings are closely kindred, and often identical, to those expressed in particular works of art. Anti-religious feelings have also been voiced in the arts. Perhaps some of those which appear in certain religious traditions should likewise be so designated, in the light of more adequate conceptions of religion. The malice of imprecatory *Psalms*, and feelings growing out of deceit, jealousy or vengeance when attributed to Deity, surely abide our question. But for the present we merely note how large is the area which religions and the arts share as measured by the various activities of this important life function.

Another function upon which both are clearly dependent is intuition, a knowing process which provides insights derived from direct inspection, or "immediate experience," without argu-

ment or apparent reason. We earlier noted how these insights may be perceptual, or on the other hand, grow out of our ideas, and how variable they may be as knowledge, ranging all the way from axioms of geometry and of other exact sciences to demonstrably false "hunches" and delusions. So important are they to the arts that not a few writers have identified the powers of intuition with creative expression and with appreciation as well. This, as we shall see, is exaggeration; but one cannot deny the great importance of intuition both from the standpoint of meaning and of formal qualities in works of art. If all intuitions were works of art, as Croce claims, there would indeed be some difficulty in determining what distinctive character certain religious ones have. Historical religions present a great variety of intuitions concerning the nature of God, human depravity or perfectability, and man's ultimate destiny, many of which are far from being works of art. But those which are such become of far greater importance to religion by virtue of that character. Compare the simple bare insight: The life-history of a man is ephemeral and evanescent, with "As for man his days are as grass. Like a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." Had all religious intuitions remained bare, that is, devoid of aesthetic form and of appeal to imagination and feeling, their significance in human history would have been slight. Bare intuitions, however, also have a function in religion, for the historical faiths of mankind assert truth-claims, some of which are hardly to be distinguished from scientific intuitions. The religious insight which holds man's mental as well as physical energies to be derived from cosmic energies is entirely parallel to the postulate of causation and to the physico-chemical "law" concerning the conservation of energy. As intuitive truth-claim it does not differ, for example, from the common "axiom" that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Not a few religious intuitions cannot, as such,

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be differentiated from those of history and of philosophy. The basic problems of a religion grow out of the evidence, (empirical as well as discursive by logical inference,) which can be found to support its intuitions. In this process the range of its functions is greatly extended beyond those of the arts. For although discursive reason may be given aesthetic qualities, such as clarity, unity, restraint, or balance, there is no art (but only skill) of argument. Implicit truth-claims, beliefs, points of view, are set forth in all of the arts. That meanings among the nonverbal arts greatly exceed the power of words to express does not limit but rather extends the range of these beliefs. Even the most fantastic "non-representational" painting implicitly posits "something about something," even if the artist does not succeed in communicating it. So it is with music, with sculpture, architecture, dancing: When a work is intuited it involves a (variable) significance, something true about our minds or about external things, which we enjoy without proof or verbal statement. But the problems of religion become dramatic, and sometimes tragically fateful, by bringing about a crisis between its fundamental intuitions and the mediate knowledge gained by evidence, reasoned argument or logical proof. Had the various religions of mankind avoided intellectual questions and given expression only to their intuitive beliefs and through the media of the arts, how different their histories, and that of mankind, would have been! But the truth-claims of discursive reason generally carry on much warfare with those of intuitive insight!

Historical religions are further differentiated in function from the arts by practical motives, deliberate will, and overt action. Contemplation is integral to them but, unlike art, they also endeavor to bring about changes, especially moral ones, in our institutions and societies. There are different degrees of emphasis upon "works" in the various religions and sects of mankind. But there seems to be no record of a religion totally divorced from moral motives; and, as we shall shortly see, an adequate con-

ception of religion can hardly avoid embracing every form of good in its ideal of practical action. History also records many apparently blind, and even fanatical, actions linked with the various faiths. But these need not concern us here, except as evidence that practical action, whether intelligent or otherwise, is characteristic of religion, while the arts remain contemplative and disinterested. This difference, when coordinated with the non-discursive character of art's knowledge and beliefs helps to explain why so many battle-scarred, outworn, and demonstrably false, religious intuitions when given expression in song, painting, sculpture, or other arts, survive the centuries. When disinterested contemplation in religion is divorced from will and action it easily becomes an artistic rather than a religious expression. When its practical activity becomes dissociated from reason and its evidence, religion easily becomes a prey to fanaticism. All of which goes to show how the functions of religion include discursive reason as well as intuition, and practical action as well as contemplation. While art and religion thus share a number of mental functions, this is not true of all of them. For that reason religion must be described as involving a larger number of mental functions than do the arts.

We may now bring together certain observations and conclusions about the essential nature of religion and endeavor to coordinate them with what has gone before. Many of these interpretations are intuitive. But their importance, or validity, need not on that account be less than that of some scientific axioms and postulates. They should also throw not a little light on the relationships under discussion . . . The intuition that sincerity is an essential characteristic of any activity which is called religious, will probably be questioned by no one. Dishonest religion is a self-contradiction. As dishonest it is self-stultifying, the negation of religion. The emotions expressed by any devotee are genuine, not falsifications. The beliefs which he professes are not pretenses of make-believe, but expressions of truth as he

sees it. The actions to which his faith may lead, whether in ritual, some desired social end, or excellence of life, have the same integrity of purpose, and are inwardly harmonious with his profession . . . No less self-evident is the postulate that religion is free and self-motivated. A set of beliefs or actions imposed upon human beings by external force or authority in which their intelligence and initiative had no part would again be a self-contradiction: Slaves, to be sure, may have religious experience; but that is because their minds may still be free in captivity . . . Somewhat less obvious is the postulate: Religion is universal in claiming the devotion of all men. Facts in support of this are found in the proselyting motives and wars of historical religions. But the postulate is not an empirical, or historical conclusion. It is the intuitive realization that in essence religion is not parochial, suited merely to a given society, period of time, or geographical area. A true belief, like an hypothesis in mathematics, applies universally. An accepted belief concerning human destiny, for example, involves not merely myself, my fellow townsmen, or the white peoples of the earth. It concerns the entire human race, all colors, men normal and abnormal, infant and aged, cultivated and aboriginal. Many conclusions are linked with this catholic quality of a vital faith—as will shortly appear.

Another intuitive interpretation may be stated thus: Religion is a product of men's minds. It is our own creation, an expression of our perceptions, observations, knowledge, insight, feelings, inferences, desires, hopes, and aspirations as bearing upon certain ends and objects of our interest. Religion is not bestowed upon us like some external "gift," nor can it be conceived to be a function or "faculty" superimposed upon the rest of our mental life whether conscious or subconscious. In other words, it is a natural functioning of our minds in our interest and quest for values which when known are generally highly esteemed. We "take to" religion as we do to the arts or to marriage, not by some imported or miraculous "sixth sense" but by the normal (and sometimes

abnormal) activity of our given psychological functions. This does not imply, of course, that external stimuli are absent. They are, in fact, always present while we are conscious. Whether as sensations (and imagery) or stimuli of a less definite kind, they affect our attitudes, ideas, and actions throughout our life. Among the latter belongs the mystic's awareness of a "presence" whose influence has inspiring, integrating, quieting, or other effects upon the mind. Howsoever interpreted, the empirical facts are not to be denied. And even on the assumption that there are external stimuli which "reveal" what is not apparent to our everyday sensory experience or thought, the activity of our minds in discovering their existence and interpreting their import remains a natural one. *We* accept or reject the interpretation. It is we who feel, or do not feel, about it. It is we who act, or do not act, upon it. The experience of a work of art presents a parallel case. A great masterpiece in music, painting, or poetry which might provide an extraordinary expansion and heightening of our everyday sensory experience, intuitions, and ideas, may be totally devoid of any influence upon us. The stimuli, which here too must be called external, depend for their realization upon our natural "faculties" or mental functions. Howsoever often these stimuli may have been experienced and interpreted by others they exist for any particular individual only by virtue of his own perception and insight. Even the "revelation" of an assumed "law," or "will of God," essayed by poet or prophet with all the power of artistry and prestige of tradition or of presumed authority, abides the knowledge and assent of the individual's normal and natural experience. "Normal" does not, of course, exclude the wonderful and rare.

Numerous inferences follow logically from these postulates. But to continue first our exploration of fundamental intuitions we add: The religions of mankind would naturally vary with the character of particular groups and individuals, especially with their intellectual, moral and artistic development. This

postulate is also supported by many empirical facts some of which exhibit our common humanity while others give evidence of wide and distinctive differences. Here we may note the further postulate: Religion is necessarily, by its essential nature, charitable toward all historical and primitive faiths. The rational man sees them all to be expressions of their age, culture and civilization. He sees the changes which have taken place in his own traditional faith during its history in the same light. Without that charity he can only stultify himself and his religion. So various and sometimes contradictory are the tenets, traditions, teachings of the sacred books, and articles of faith, for example, in the Hebrew-Christian history, that rationality itself presupposes this postulate.

Superficially it might appear as though the postulate of charity were not wholly in accord with that of universality. Many devotees of historical faiths, including those of Christianity, have not exhibited charity toward other faiths. They have claimed to possess the "only true faith" and even declared all the rest to be "imposters" or "superstitions." But our purpose here is not to describe historical religions but to characterize religion in its essence. As in our chapter on morality we considered the nature of good, rather than the various and often contradictory systems of ethics, so we here consider the historical faiths only in so far as they throw light on the essential nature of religion. Another parallel is found in the idea and ideal of science whose character depends only in part upon the histories of the various particular sciences. Such a description need not take cognizance of all the many mistaken methods, fallacies, false hypotheses and conclusions displayed in their histories. None of these invalidate the meaning of science in its essence, or condition the effort to further it in practice. Religion is thus superior to its historical manifestations just as science is to Ptolemaic, Newtonian or Darwinian science, and morality is to Platonic, Kantian or Spencerian ethics. The postulate that religion seeks to establish

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universal truth is therefore not at variance with its open-minded, inherent charity.

It should be clear by now that we are presenting for consideration the character and qualities of ideal religion, one nowhere fully realized among the historical faiths, but in varying degrees approximated by them. Many readers may consider this utopian, or perhaps futile, and will point to church history and the dogmas it quite empirically offers. But for those to whom religion is a more vital matter the effort to see what it is in essence offers a better means toward furthering its understanding and development. We might have included among our intuitive postulates one concerning the evolutionary character of religion. But this is better realized from the records of particular faiths, as well as by inference from their inevitably human character. How could it be otherwise than that ideal religion should itself become more significant as truth, richer in its intuitions, more humane and vivid in its imagination and in the gratification of its feelings, more fervid, as well as disciplined, in its motives and actions according as these functions and qualities develop and are valued (or suffer damage) in human experience? Ideal religion is always in the making—even as life itself is. It looks to the future, therefore, as well as to the past.

The long-standing tendency of historical faiths to depend almost exclusively upon past sources of knowledge and ancient records of aspiration or of discipline has served as a cramping strait-jacket upon the free, honest, natural, expression of religious life. The record of the "canonical" sacred books itself bears witness to the growth (and decay) of insight, knowledge, creative imagination, appreciation of moral, or other values, and of actions growing out of them. It could therefore only breed self-delusion or hypocrisy, to regard them as final or plenary authority. The realization of them as human documents does not in the least detract from (but rather increases) the wonder, grandeur, and beneficent power of the many religious classics in

world literature. It also helps to overcome ecclesiastical antagonisms which in their unequivocally irreligious malice and bigotry grow from presumed sacrosanct authorities. When the latter are removed, human sympathy and openminded expression of ideas and aspirations quite naturally assert themselves. How the various parochial authorities block the cause of religion itself is seen in our public schools, where all discussion of religious ideas and ideals of behavior are legally forbidden, because of the conflicting claims which ecclesiastical organizations make to power over the opinions and motives of their members. Once these arbitrary claims are seen to be unjustified on any grounds (including the practical, political one of furthering the ecclesiastical organization of a sect or a hierarchy) and to be in fact hostile and destructive to religion itself, there will no longer be reason to forbid consideration in our public schools of matters crucial to education. Only with the passing of vested interests and arrogated authorities can bigotry be overcome, or hope entertained for mutual honor and respect, that humane sympathy and intellectual cooperation in a sublime and perhaps tragic cause which is religion on its social side.

If we have so far correctly described certain general characters which enter into the essential nature of religion, its relation to the many and variegated faiths of mankind should also become clearer. The contributions of the latter to civilization have often been brought into question. The records of bigotry, persecution, and "religious" wars present a great deal of negative evidence from the past. But that is not all. A distinguished professor of religion in one of the important American theological seminaries writes [H. N. Wieman, *The Wrestle of Religion with Truth*, p. 1] "Most religion, most of the time, both within Christendom and without, has blinded men to facts, has magnified illusion, and has hindered men from making adaptation to things as they are . . . Next to religion in this evil work is art . . . Nothing can so completely ruin human life as that upon which it must depend

for its greatest good. For this reason we pronounce religion to be most horrible of all evils, and next to it are art and science." The writer clearly does not distinguish here between religion and the historical (perhaps also primitive) faiths of mankind. These reveal, for him, the nature of religion by their wide empirical data of ideas, motives and actions, vicious and benign, stupid and intelligent, positive and negative, superstitious and "of things as they are."

As sources of historical, psychological, and sometimes political knowledge such data are, of course, extremely valuable; but as defining the essential character of religion they are ambiguous, contradictory and self-stultifying. How can religion be at once "the most horrible of all evils" and "life's greatest good"? Or a delusion and a spring of purest truth? Or a constant menace to civilization and the foundation of civilization? Clearly we must here distinguish between contradictories, between affirmation and negation of delusions, between malevolent ignorance in magic or superstition and benevolent enlightenment, in our conception of religion. Too long such bundles of contradictions have thwarted our thought in these matters. We shall realize this most directly perhaps, if we consider one or two simple instances in point. If we were to describe the lesser "horrible evil" called science in terms of its historical aberrations, its false hypotheses, illusions, and fallacious conclusions, as well as of its fruitful methods and positive results, there would clearly be no criterion, no way of recognizing the nature of the undertaking itself. One need merely try to state what that function is, e. g.—the effort to create a self-consistent account of the nature of things by the utmost possible refinement of observation, measurement, experiment, imagination, intuition, and logical inference—to realize that science, like religion, is an ideal undertaking. So too morality. It cannot be described in terms of the variegated ideas and practices of men recorded as such by history. Morality aims to describe an ideal of perfection for human life and behavior,

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together with the means of guiding ourselves individually and collectively toward its maximum possible realization in fullness and richness of life, justice of behavior, and the happiness growing out of their quest.

It is time that we free religion from its extraneous, negative and contradictory accretions, and realize it in its essential nature just as we now do morality and science. Not a few earlier (and some quite recent!) results of investigation in astronomy, psychology, geology, chemistry, meteorology and other sciences, have turned out to be fallacious, illusory and "contrary to fact." Alchemy for a long time passed as chemistry. Sympathetic magic, according to historians of science, figured largely in early efforts to interpret nature—as it also did in early rituals, ideas of ghosts or of other fearsome and irresponsible agencies. But these errors in no way vitiate the quest of science for truth, or describe its nature. Neither do the "illusions" and other "horrible evils" of Wieman describe the nature of religion. We should long ago have realized this, and especially since religion too is a quest for truth (albeit of a special and less detailed kind than that of the sciences) and also embraces all of the ends sought by morality. It too seeks "more abundant life" and greater bliss.

Religion is thus an incomparably more important matter than any sect, tradition, ritual, church organization, or sacred book. These are tools which frequently have admirably served its purposes. But they have also been utilized by bigotry with its arbitrary, "inerrant," "final," and sometimes merely brute, authority to commit the most hideous of human crimes, to stultify human minds, and to thwart nearly all that religion holds dear. The various historical expressions of faith, their codes of behavior, traditions, rituals and practices, are correctly described as mixtures of good and evil, truth and superstition, religion and irreligion, or what is actually destructive to religion. The records of Christian institutions, enlightened and arbitrary authorities, bigotries, moral and immoral conceptions, illusions (even delu-

sions) and whole-hearted devotion to known truth and its development—all have parallels in other historical faiths. Sometimes a moral advantage of a special kind lies with one of them—as when Mohammedanism forbids intoxication as a major evil destructive to human character, or Buddhism commends enlightenment as primary objective on the Eight-fold Path toward sympathy for all mankind, or the Sermon on the Mount presents the ideal of human brotherhood. But most of the high principles and moral ideals which have so far developed among men's faiths are shared by them as are the ideas and practices which do not abide the test of moral or other enlightenment. *Autos-da-fé*, false decretals, faith as instrumental to economic gain, to political power, or to ecclesiastical organizations, magical miracles, the *lex talionis* and wars of extermination, have similar, though not identical, parallels in the history of religion.

The future of religion clearly depends upon the recognition and realization of its nature and essence as a natural, positive, morally exalted, enlightened, human, aspiration and effort toward certain ideal ends. As "incomparable ignorance" and "most horrible evil" it has, or should have, no place in the future of humanity. But once it is recognized in its essence, the various faiths which have blessed or cursed the whole course of human history become explicable as expressions of both religious and anti-religious motives and aspirations. They are seen to reflect the characters and actions of men warlike or peace-loving, stupid or intelligent, imaginative and artistic, or spiritless and commonplace. If they or their records are "inspired" it is because they inspire; when they are "sacred" they serve religious ends in a preëminent way; when they attain "authority" it is based on adequate evidence, exactly as when a man of science, or his work, may possess authority. No doubt there will continue to be, so long as man is man, ever new and higher (or lower) expressions of religious aspiration. Many who are troubled by the records of the historical faiths assume that religion, true, wholly

honest, beneficent and beautiful, can only come through an entirely new one, superceding and perhaps destroying, all the rest. But such a new faith would itself become historic with the passage of time and further human evolution. Moreover, many parts of the record, east and west, ancient and modern, Confucian, Hindu, Buddhist, Parsee, Zoroastrian, Greek, Hebrew, Egyptian, Christian, and others, present inspired, sacred, beneficent, beautiful and authoritative expressions of religion in its essence. With the passing of bigotry these will increasingly become known and perform a noble service.

Syncretism, the merging of the various faiths into a conglomerate whole, is far from being implied by the recognition of religion as a universal function,—universal in the sense in which the urge to artistry or knowledge is found among the variegated peoples of earth. The qualities which we have found to be common, that is, always present in religion, do not imply that individual and even unique expressions of them are impossible. Just as we find a number of common qualities in works of beauty, yet also an almost endless variety of particular forms, so religion in its essence presents who knows how many possibilities of distinctive expression. Syncretism would be very much like attempting to unite all the many schools of art, Oriental and Occidental, ancient and modern, into a single one in which all the distinctive qualities of each should be eliminated. Like a composite photograph such a merging could have only a kind of sociological meaning. The recognition of religion in its essence presents little danger of characterlessness; on the contrary, the passing of blind authorities, stupid traditions, superstitions, illusions and delusions makes for greater freedom of expression, a richer variety of ideas and interests, of self-initiated aspirations and individual artistry. This will shortly be seen in a brief consideration of some religious ideas. So far we have tried to describe the spirit and general nature of religion with the least possible reference to fundamental conceptions and beliefs. These also help to describe

it, as they have characterized the known faiths of mankind. Theology is beyond the compass of this book. But a great deal of light is thrown on the relationship under discussion by examination of even a few ideas fundamental to religion.

What is most remarkable about religious ideas is their great variety, clustering about a fundamental, even if conceptually indefinable unity. This at once suggests a good reason for the association of artistry with religion. But let us first illustrate the meaning of this unity in variety by examples from primitive and historical faiths. Among these the idea of God is clearly a fundamental conception. Yet students of the various faiths find it difficult to define the meanings of the terms, God, Yin and Yang, Allah, Manitou, Atua, and many others which seem to connote much the same general idea or object of thought. It stands for something having power in greater or lesser degree to affect human life; to stand in a relation to men which can be changed for better or for worse by something they can do, whether by ritual, prayer and attitude of mind, or behavior toward their fellows; to have a "body," sometimes certain special natural objects including human bodies, sometimes imperceptible "spiritual" ones; to have purposes of various sorts which may be carried out although they are sometimes limited or thwarted by other gods; to have nearly all of the various emotions to which men give expression—anger, jealousy, positive self-feeling, vindictiveness, sympathy, love, sometimes even fear; to have minds usually with greater knowledge than human beings possess; to have enduring life generally longer than the human span, and sometimes "immortal," but more frequently born and dying like men. Rarely in primitive faiths is a god understood to wield cosmic or universal power, or to possess ideal moral character. Even among the historical faiths such attributes are late in being ascribed to a god. The same wide variety obtains here within the framework of a comprehensive yet growing concept. The early Olympian gods and goddesses were all of them born

from still earlier ones. They enjoyed each other's company, or fought amongst themselves, suffered pain, and died quite as mortals do. Their descendants later attained immortality by feeding on nectar and ambrosia; yet as "ever-blessèd gods" they retained human jealousies, greeds, lusts, and fallibilities of judgment. Hindu gods have been extremely numerous and often have conflicting purposes. Yet vengeful, malignant Kali and generously sympathetic, lovingly creative Vishnu may both be worshiped by the same devotee. For Mohammedans there is but one God, unbegotten, ageless, unchanging and himself begetting no children. Mahayana Buddhists (along with Upanishad Hindus) conceive of God as everywhere present throughout the universe. He (or it) is manifested in gnat, mosquito and reptile as well as in the breath or soul of man, even when man knows it not. But when he knows and devotes himself to noble deeds and self-renunciation he returns to the Great Source of his being and of all being. The Hebrew-Christian idea of God is also a variegated one. Jahweh, the god of his chosen people, Israel, jealous of other gods, cruel, vindictive, a war-lord who exterminates the enemies of his people, gradually becomes supreme among the gods and, by the time of the second Isaiah, a cosmic Deity concerned for all the sons of men and in righteousness ruling the nations as they rise and fall. Beyond their earthly lives, however, he is not yet (Old Testament) concerned with the fate of men. That interest is added when the dominant, or Athanasian, Christian idea (not unlike the Hindu Trimurti and Hindu incarnations) expands the late Hebrew monotheism into a Trinity by the birth of a new god and the discovery of a third one. All of the Three-in-One continue the exalted moral standards of the late Hebrew prophets. But the second member is thought to have brought immortality to human life. By his loving compassion for the sorrows and sins of men he sacrifices himself to appease the wrath of his Father and gains everlasting life for those who believe in him. Not a few gods of other faiths

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—Zagreus, Tammuz, Osiris, Attis, Balder, Adonis, Husayn, Dionysos—died and rose again from the dead to become a symbol and hope of eternal life, and sometimes (as with Osiris) a final judge of candidates for the life beyond. But distinctive of the Christ is his loving voluntary sacrifice and the conception of him as the only hope of immortality to believers.

It will soon be apparent to the reader why in our effort to state the meaning of religion we have taken account of the great variety of ideas and intuitions presented by the historical faiths: also why as example of a religious object we have tried to describe the many-faceted conception of God. We might have illustrated the same point by the thousand-year discussions which have failed to make clear the meanings of the terms "fatherhood," "changelessness," "absoluteness," "omnipresence," "creator," "unity," "trinity," "omniscience," "prime mover," "universal cause," "final cause," "saviour," and numerous other terms employed to describe the nature of God. Verbal symbols are, in fact, inadequate in large part to give expression to religious experience. So limited is purely conceptual analysis and logical inference here, that, along with the arts, religion would become a bloodless and useless appendage to science if wholly reduced to intellectual terms and processes. But as we have often noted before, the importunity of words and logic is the opportunity of music and other arts, including poetry. It is not otherwise with the intuitions, creative imagination, insight, and aspirations we call religious. Their objects may now be characterized as the quest of what to us seems most exalted, most perfect, enduring, powerful, sympathetic, just and intelligent in our world, usually imagined as embodied in a cosmic Being somehow kindred to ourselves, the Source and Arbiter of life, with whom (or which) we may by various means enter into relationship. Like those of individual and unique works of art these intuitions are widely variegated, although they can also be characterized in general terms. They are usually far more

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adequately expressed in the media of art than they are by the concepts and inferences of science and philosophy. But no stricture upon intellectual enlightenment in religion is implied by this. In so far as demonstrable truth is thus made available about these objects, it is integral to religion. It may serve as a criterion of honesty. But of greater importance to the mental background and practice of religion are its fundamental intuitions, its creations of imagination imbued with feeling, its active aspirations.

Since intuition and imagination are also vital functions in all of the arts it is easy to see why poetry, music and the rest of them have given expression to ideal objects. But as we proceed to illustrate the close relationships between some art and religion we must also keep certain differences in mind. The arts are wholly disinterested. They lack any ulterior purpose. Religion has practical objects in view, "works," or activities designed, for instance, to bring human society or one's own life into better accord with its intuitions of perfection. But the "vision" is clearly prior to "works" in giving them direction and that disinterested knowledge (imagination, intuition) without which religion would be mere propaganda, an instrument to serve any sort of ulterior object. We must therefore remember that whatever common ground religion and the arts may share, it is not in the realm of the practical—where deliberate choice and overt action serve as instruments to some further end, be it ever so noble or exalted. We must look for common functions in the realm of contemplation and its direct, unmediated, spontaneous, inner, movements and influences.

That some music gives expression to intuitions of perfection, nobility, generosity of spirit, serenity, integration of mind, and other high qualities, is clear to anyone who has ever enjoyed say a Mozart *Ave Verum* or Bach's *Aria for the G String*. No less obviously other music may express inner turmoil, disintegration, passions, which to memory and reflection are sources of shame

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and humiliation. There are also perfections of form, in harmony, rhythm, melodic sequence and the rest, as well as many "secular" meanings and motives which appear to have little relationship to the intuitions and feelings we have called religious. But as we observed in the chapter on music, the meanings of compositions depend in part upon the mental environments in which they occur. What at one time may have little or no significance to the hearer or even the performer (due perhaps to lack of attention, or of inner associations) may at another time express vitality, richness, joyful movement easily overcoming resistance, security, liberality, sympathy with one's fellows and with all the world. There are degrees and relativities in the appreciation of all the arts, as well as in the experience of religious intuitions and feelings. In general one may say, however, that works characterized by great beauty are more likely to provide expression for religious contemplation than those deficient in form, in sensuous charm, and meaning. So potent is the contagion of beauty in the arts by way of enlisting associations with the perfections envisaged by religion that works performed on "secular" occasions sometimes attain religious character by awakening an awareness of the reality and power of benevolent excellence and exalted intelligence in our experience. On the other hand a banal, inchoate, sentimental, meaningless anthem or organ piece may tend to weaken or destroy our awareness of ideal factors at work in the world, and any feeling of devotion to them, even under "sacred" auspices.

The same is true of a visible environment. A place, filthy, disordered, color-smirched and generally negative in aesthetic qualities does not help to foster religious contemplation. That aesthetic qualities in themselves should exhibit influences of this kind is indeed remarkable. It is perhaps even more obvious on the positive side, as when the resplendent colors of a fine sunset or of a rainbow seem to sustain the idea of powerful, enduring, and cosmic forces ordering and somehow rationally coordinating

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the course of nature to some ultimate even though indefinable good. The expression of such overwhelming intuitions, yearnings, aspirations, toward an equally indefinable God may be still more powerfully mediated by certain kinds of architecture. We cannot here resume what was earlier said about the many types of this art. Suffice it to note that a Chartres may awaken intuitions of grandeur as potently (if not more so) as do mathematical calculations of astronomical distances—which, incidentally, also remain beyond comprehension even in exact concepts. A relatively small enclosure of space serenely encompasses infinity, it bespeaks unending yearning for perfection, in seemingly smiling benevolence it points to the reality of kindness, sympathy, concern somewhere for the sorrows of men, it daily suggests a bond to transform an aggregation of human beings into a beloved community. Architecture can in its own way give expression to no small part of the fundamental intuitions and aspirations of religion—never quite so specifically as literary art, or as intimately as music can, but with its own distinctive power, stability, serenity, and pervasiveness to invite and support imagination's quest for better vision and enjoyment of perfection, rationality and goodness. That most church architecture fails to encourage such aspirations merely points to a lost opportunity.

How distinctive again are the literary arts as media of religious expression! They have probably done more, as disinterested exponents of particular intuitions, to give *direction* to religious ideas and aspirations than the entire body of theological, scientific and philosophical discussion, together with all the important but more generalized intuitions of the other arts. Both prose and poetry, as we have seen, are not proof by logic, but insight redolent with feeling through the happy exercise of imagination. Literary intuitions, just because, in our experience, words are so much easier vehicles of meanings than say chords of music or the perspectives of a cathedral, are in fact the primary media of religious contemplation. This fact is not always advantageous to

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it. For ideas outworn and even hostile to religion, because of their literary charm may continue to hold their own as expression of a faith long after demonstrable knowledge has shown them to be irrelevant or even false. Tradition and artistry sometimes open the gates to hypocrisy. In the expression of religious experience no more important matter than poetry can be conceived both as a negative and as a positive factor. Honesty, sincerity, integrity, demand that, howsoever beautiful they may be, intuitions which conflict with clearly demonstrable truth should not serve as vehicles of religious aspiration. They cannot in fact. Yet the historical faiths present numerous examples of poetic ideas that flourish in rituals, hymns and sacred books despite the fact that they are known to be misleading or even wholly false. A college president some time ago confessed that he could not honestly voice ideas and sentiments expressed in 95 percent of the songs in the current hymnal of his college.

On the other hand the resources of imagination, feeling and intuition honestly giving expression to aspirations for perfection, rationality, sympathy, ultimate goodness in cosmic and enduring power somehow related to our lives, are seemingly inexhaustible. With all the far reaches of the microscope and the astronomically magnificent, the new fields of human and cosmic history, all the incredible wealth, refinements and organization of nature already revealed, there are indeed boundless opportunities for new, vital and free religious imagination. Before we illustrate this let us bear in mind what was earlier said about imagination in general. That function must not be wholly identified (as it often is) with the creation of fanciful fictions. Even its fictions are new combinations of given sensory and other items of experience. Creative imagination also serves the process of knowledge in bringing together items of experience in ways to provide new insights into reality itself. When the physical chemist constructs for himself imaginary models of elements or of their compounds—groups of various small wax balls spatially related to one an-

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other in ways which may be significant—they actually help to make more intelligible how and why the observed reactions take place, or resulting qualitative and quantitative changes come about. The balls are mere symbols. He knows that electrons, protons, neutrons and the rest may have no mass at all. Yet his structures, even his “guesses” (as a great physicist has characterized most of them) serve to make the “jig-saw puzzle” of the physical world a little more intelligible, and amenable to man’s purposes. It is not otherwise with religious imagination which shares with science this faith in the ultimate rationality and order of the universe. What is distinctive about religious imagination is its aim by sensuous means to interpret the rôle of intangible factors such as life, goodness, beauty, in the order of the cosmos. It too deals with symbols and is often troubled by contradictory appearances. But, again like scientific imagination, it finds in many of its structures an adequate basis for aspiration, worship and other enjoyment of its objects. These structures are indeed less definite than those of the physical chemist, and admit of scarcely any mathematical measurement. But they make the data of our inner life and aspiration more intelligible, and provide a similar pragmatic control and enhancement of its power and purposes.

We need hardly refer to specific examples of religious imagination from the sacred books, since their directive power is as obvious as any historic fact can be. Two or three examples of outworn, inadequate, or false imagination will, however, serve to show how progress takes place here just as in scientific discovery. In charity let us refer to our own tradition. When the sacred writer made use of the story of Jonah and a great fish to throw light on the justice and considerate mercy of a divine being, he failed because the fabric of his story was built out of manifest falsehoods presented as historical facts. Had he used his fabrications as fictions understood to be such (“There is an ancient myth . . .”) they might have served his religious intuition. But

presented as facts they actually undermine and destroy it. Irrelevant fabrications, such as those of ancient men who lived to be nearly a thousand years old, serving no discoverable point or purpose are also gratuitously destructive. As a true story Joshua's control of the sun and of the moon so that for a period of "about a day" "the sun stood still in the midst of heaven" and "the moon in the valley of Ajalon," discredits the cause of religion quite as much as the falsification of its data would thwart the cause of science. One who considers the great number of such figments, decked out as actual fact and truth and made to serve as data for religious contemplation and aspiration, might well wonder how this cause has survived at all among honest men.

Religion has survived through the ages because its intuitions, creative imagination and inferences of reason were based upon data and knowledge which were assumed to be genuine. We are not here concerned with the inferences of reason, the logic and proof of religious doctrines, for the arts do not as such give expression to reasoned arguments and proofs. There is, however, a relevancy in the creations of imagination which serve religious contemplation. Fictions, which contribute greatly to religious expression (as they also do to scientific interpretations), are never pointless or purposeless and always bear the mark of fictions when thus used. The story of how Balaam's ass carried on a conversation (presumably in Hebrew) with his master concerning an ethical issue, and actually refuted him, might as an arresting fiction have served a purpose—if we had some idea of what it was. But as an account of assumed facts, a true history, it is destructively anti-religious. So too the story of Job. As a fiction it presents one of the greatest and most dramatic inspirations to disinterested religion. But, taken as an historical record of actual events in heaven and on the earth, it is a flagrantly self-contradictory, unethical and irreligious book. Fictions relevant to our interpretations of reality, such as that of Job and of not a few "secular" pièces of literature, point to enormous scope for a

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future wider development of religious intuition. We can hardly overestimate the importance of *new* resources of imagination here. A vital cause depends, indeed, upon a store of inherited traditions, but far more important to its life and inspiration are new discoveries, new intuitions of relevant imagination, new visions bringing inner delight and devotion. The parallel here to our experience of significant works of art is remarkable. They please us by their wealth of habitually accepted perceptions which are common to good artists. But the distinctive thing about great art is its abounding originality, its seemingly inexhaustible new insights, perceptions, forms, and meanings, its fresh and successful ventures toward perhaps unsuspected perfections. These are what is most characteristic of the thing itself, our chief sources of delight and inspiration, whether in old masterpieces or in the most recent creations of artistry.

The parallels, common functions and common qualities which exist between the arts and religion make it clear that the growth of religion to increased significance and power—a result surely desired by all who wish humanity well—is greatly furthered by the resources of the arts, and especially literature. This does not, of course, imply that any art can be made a tool for propaganda, or for any ulterior practical object. It means that disinterested or intrinsic religious contemplation, aspiration, worship, expresses itself most vitally in the disinterested intuitions, creative imagination, and feelings of the arts. Not indeed in all portions of them, for many, perhaps most, works of art have been, and likely enough will continue to be, unsuited by subject-matter, form, or sense-appeal to give expression to religious contemplation. But the number of “secular” works which (often more profoundly, genuinely, and happily than many “sacred” ones) give voice to our deepest aspirations and most penetrating insights into the perfections sought by religion, is also very large. Lines which give expression to these yearnings, sometimes

despairingly, sometimes in sublime assurance, could be cited from nearly all of our English poets as well as many from those of other lands. How far beyond the range of ecclesiastical "plenary inspiration" these hopes, tentative ideas, questionings, apperceptions and faith in religious objects extend! How often does not the new, spontaneous, unofficial "Word" better serve contemplation than genealogical tables, imprecatory *Psalms*, remote theological disquisitions, or the intrigues and big-battle stories of bloody men! That so many of these writers (including some authors of "sacred" books) were non-churchmen points again to a scope wider than ecclesiastical means and authorities in this quest for purpose, rationality, goodness, beauty, in the cosmic scheme (embodied or without body there) and kindred, or somehow related to human minds.

What is remarkable about these aspirations, intentions and feelings is their wealth and variety. They belong together as we have seen in our description of religion. But they also present a seemingly inexhaustible field for imagination, variegated ideas and even conflicting emotions. This stems, no doubt, from the wide differences in men's minds and cultures. A god is identified with some visible object by many primitive men, because only visible or tangible objects have reality for them. When in higher cultures imagination gives him the shape of a man it easily proceeds to endow him with human functions, from eating and drinking to fighting and amorous adventures. Imagination multiplies gods to account for the seemingly endless divine agencies at work in the world and in human life. It also fancies gods are born and die and require clothes to protect them against cold and shame. Whatever appears to be beyond comprehension, from eclipses and storms to aberrations of human minds, has often been ascribed to "acts of God." Perhaps the most sublime of human imaginings has been the creation out of nothingness of the entire world and all its furniture by the fiat of Brahman or Jahweh. We need hardly multiply examples. All the ideas, mental pictures,

rituals and forms of commended behavior associated with historical religions display a wide variety. Whether they concern a projected "eternal life," human "souls," the nature of "happiness," "duties," "punishments," a single god or a hierarchy of gods ("trinities," or multitudes of them), the meaning of "salvation," "sin," "freedom," "church," "Paradise" and other intuitions or apperceptions, they exhibit quite as variegated a series of pictures and interpretations as creative artists of different schools might present in painting the same landscape. This variety must also continue to characterize essential religion so long as men aspire to new visions of excellence, new insights into the purposes and rationality of things, more intelligible and satisfying relationships to a cosmic Power, unperceived directly, but intuited, felt and thought to express itself in the apparent urge of nature (including human aspirations) toward greater perfection, greater beauty and happiness by excellence of human life. No one in his reason questions that in a cosmic Reality "we live, and move, and have our being." The question is: What *kind* of Reality as related to our minds, our aspirations and destiny? To which religion has many answers, many theories, many guesses.

These (like fundamental scientific and philosophical interpretations of matter, force, cause, life, movement, space, point, line, time, evolution, *et cetera*) are structures of imagination, directed as far as may be by perception, insight and inference. So long as men are not omniscient a large measure of freedom will doubtless obtain in all these interpretations. But religion has far greater leeway than the exact sciences with their mathematical, experimental, and predictive methods. Differences of epoch, culture and education, traditions, authorities, all have helped to determine religious ideas. They are quite certain to do so in future—let us hope without blind authorities and palpable absurdities.

The new data and ideas which throw light on the human (and

animal) past, revelations of directed energy (as well as of chance factors) which exhibit themselves in the course of evolution, new knowledge concerning the operations of human minds themselves, the extension of mathematical insight into the refinements of the microcosmos as well as into the unbounded reaches of the heavens, new interpretations of human individual and social good, new light on the significance of mental phenomena as facts in natural history—these and other matters provide a seemingly endless field for creative imagination, and especially in religion.

As the physical chemist with ever-increasing data concerning sub-atomic complexity builds more and more numerous and bolder structures of imagination to make his hypotheses more intelligible and perceptible, so religious imagination with no less complex data but greatly inferior knowledge is free to build a great variety of intuitive structures by which to interpret and make more real its beliefs and aspirations. The very lack of any mathematically demonstrable knowledge concerning God provides a freedom of hypothesis (faith) and imagination greater than its possession would admit. The vagueness of our yearnings and aspirations is itself an urge to enlarge them as well as to make more definite and perceptible the panorama of human good. Wonder has been called "the child of faith." But wonder springs spontaneously to sensitive contemplation of common things as well as of surprising or marvelous ones. Respect, honor, reverence grow naturally by the realization of high excellence and especially by the "love of a thing eternal and infinite" which, as Spinoza says, brings with it "happiness unmixed with any kind of sorrow." That our actual knowledge of the "thing eternal and infinite" is slight is far from limiting our aspiration toward a greater realization of perfection, rationality, ultimate benevolence, beauty, and other characters in the cosmos toward which that slight knowledge points. Nor is the natural happiness of this quest (which as has been noted, includes "works," or the search

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for more abundant life for ourselves and our fellows) diminished by the fact that creative imagination has to play so important a part in it. Complete knowledge in which imagination no longer had part would indeed spell the death of all interest, all creative endeavor, all feeling, all aspiration whether in religion or art, science or philosophy. How fortunate it is for human minds that all of these are ever-retreating ideals!

The large measure of freedom characteristic of creative imagination in religion is doubtless one reason for its association with that of art. It shares with scientific imagination a reverence for secure and unquestionable knowledge and uses fictions only when they are clearly recognized as such. But in other respects it is parallel to creative imagination in art. Some examples will make this clear. When Aknaton, sensing the benevolence of a cosmic power, represented that power as the sun whose rays, ending in human hands, blessed and prospered whatever they touched, he was no less justified in his freedom of imagination than was Moses who told of a divine will as having spoken on Mount Sinai to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning together with trumpets and earthquakes. The "still, small voice" of other writers' awareness of duty and high destiny differs from the awe-inspiring pictures of Moses in the same way that the works of artists depicting perhaps an identical landscape may vary widely from exquisite delicacy of color, design and serene intuition to bold bravura of line and mass, according to the perception and imagination of the individual painter. Indian writers, keenly aware of destructive agencies of nature, imagine powers of evil, the chief of whom is Shiva of fearsome mien, who may, however, be turned to kindlier ends by human devotion and worship. No less free was Joshua's imagination of a God of Battles wreaking fearful woes upon the enemies of his "chosen people." Both of these examples illustrate how important historical and ethical knowledge remains to religious imagination. As tribalism advances to humane cooperation, and other ethical

ideals become more adequate and refined, the character and scope of envisaged human perfectibility changes accordingly. So too the intuition of God as embodiment, agency, or ideal, of cosmic perfection.

In large areas of religious imagination there is little beyond our inevitably personal visions of perfection, power, goodness, beauty, and other intuitions of excellence to guide us. Hence the wide variety in men's imagery and conception of a divine being. In the absence of sufficient reason many have doubted, or without sufficient reason denied, the existence of any embodiment of perfection. But whether embodied or without body, the activity of rational, purposive, goodness and beauty-seeking agencies in nature has rarely been denied even by the most hopeless pessimist. When he fails to find them in external nature he usually recognizes them in himself—a part, that is to say, of nature. Positivists and humanists who deliberately restrict their imaginations to the possibilities of human perfectibility, limit themselves to an important but partial segment of religious life. Other vital functions of that life are hardly to be denied—the never satisfied but joyous search for further enlightenment on the human mind's most momentous hypothesis, the urge to worship an enduring ideal power of perfection cosmic in its scope, “the love of a thing eternal and infinite” which is “unmixed with any kind of sorrow.” These are as native to man as breathing and seeing or the enjoyment of beauty; as natural as the exercise of his reason.

A magnificent prospect for the future of religion is promised by all that we know about its essential character, about human nature and about the arts. If, as now seems likely, all men are in varying degrees rational, desirous of knowledge, devoted to ideal values, moved by beauty and interested in their own and others' good, that prospect involves the entire human race. Religion embraces, as we have seen, every human good both in contemplation and inspiration to practical action (“works”).

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No matter contributing to more abundant life is alien to it. As such it is the most important, the determining, factor in any civilization. But it is even more than that as embracing man's aspirations toward other ideal objects, his satisfactions in powers and purposes transcending his own mundane existence, his joy in the adoration of intuited cosmic perfections. Even within the sphere of mundane good this quest is a source of the greatest happiness. "What man willingly is wretched or against his will is blessed?" As it tends more and more to include the good of increasing numbers, its happiness also increases. But—as must now be said—a chief factor upon which to base our hopes for the development of religion, is the arts. Ideas, proofs, data, systems, laws, organizations, machinery, even the most adequate to their purpose, if they lack the motive of what is often called the "heart," or feelings linked with imagination, may be totally devoid of continued interest and motive power for action. Our minds with completely valid knowledge and argument may conclude that the United Nations organization is the most adequate possible instrument toward the attainment of peace, justice, co-operation and well-being among the nations, and yet fail utterly to implement that cause with interest and devotion. So the most enlightened religion, logic-based as founded upon sufficient reason and convincing data, freed moreover from hypocrisy, bigotry, falsifications, authoritarianism, ignoble moral ideas, and all the other "horrible evils" enumerated by Wieman, would remain a lifeless, uninspired, thing if it lacked the qualities whose chief source is aesthetic experience.

Let us try to make this more specific. All over the earth, and as far back as our knowledge of history extends, men have sought to give expression to their religious aspirations by architecture. Such buildings have served visibly to keep before them in perception and imagination symbols of their ideals which by this art have in turn become sources of renewed inspiration. These are indeed various in different cultures, and indices of those

cultures—Hindu, Buddhist, Christian and the rest. But we need not here take account of this variety—except perhaps to note that irreligious motives (as in licentious sculpture) also attain embodiment there. A few great examples of religious architecture best illustrate the significance of that art for a faith. *In words* that significance can only be broadly suggested, since architecture is not a verbal art. It has to be directly experienced to be realized. But some of its fundamental intuitions may be broadly indicated. That it can give expression to a kind of social solidarity is poignantly brought out in numerous west-European towns—Amiens, Chartres, Winchester, Salisbury, Durham—where a cathedral, or fine abbey church, visibly concentrates in itself the sympathies and noble pride of the people, who claim it as their own. Past history testifies to this when (as of Chartres) it narrates how the voluntary unpaid labor of the citizens (including the nobles and the wealthy) contributed to its fabric. Despite the doctrinal changes which may have taken place since the thirteenth century, these structures still declare the glory of common sympathies and high aspirations, especially when on festival days the cathedral becomes the center to which processions go, and the houses of believers and unbelievers alike along their routes are garlanded with flowers. Is it not likely that with the progressive growth of charity and enlightenment, fine religious architecture will in future even more potently give expression to social solidarity?

Many and various are the other feelings and intuitions mediated by the temples and churches of men! One quickly senses even in the ruins of the Parthenon the Athenian love of physical health, intellectual power, and refinement of feeling. The building as a whole in its form and outline, the fastidiously matched marble of its completely honest structure, the absence of even the slightest trace of licentiousness in frieze or metope, together with a manifest lack of any realization of mystery, of invisible

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forces concerned with human destiny or of possible communion with them, all reflect, even to the most exuberant play of imagination, what we have called the Humanist segment of religion. Where elaborate and esoteric symbolism has meaning only for the long initiated (as in Hindu temples and their sculpture) architecture is indeed limited as exponent of direct and fundamental feelings. So it also is in hundreds of formless, meaningless, "cheap," repulsive, bare, banal, ephemeral and ugly American churches which not even remotely suggest an ideal purpose, much less intimate devotion to a supreme Power, Artist or Friend. They assuredly bear little relation to social solidarity. Their negative qualities tend to become incorporated in the texture of the faith itself helping to render it commonplace, undistinguished, uninteresting. Yet how magnificently (whether large or small in size) religious architecture can express the warm and sometimes age-old search and devotion of a community to excellence of life! All that is gracious, generous in spirit, noble, just, pure, strong, refined, serene, aspiring toward fulfillment of life or devotion to ideal embodiments of perfection has, in varying degrees, been mediated and made more delightful to the human spirit by architecture. Even the quality of its medium (as enduring or ephemeral, worthy or "cheap") and its fastidious or slovenly workmanship illustrate that power. With our expanding resources of knowledge and imagination about our world and about ourselves, how greatly may not this art yet glorify and render inspiring to whole communities the objects and already widely recognized purposes of religion! We can hardly predict what variegated forms that architecture may take in the many new media and by techniques which are now available. But let us hope that here again may be realized how closely kindred beauty is to the contemplative side of religion. Let us hope too that sculpture in its intuitions of human perfectibility and other inspiring insights or memories may not be wanting there. Religion will probably continue to have its

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saints, prophets and heroes of devotion. It may for a time have some martyrs too.

The literary arts in their function of giving expression to the ideas and purposes of the historical religions are an extremely interesting study. Both poetry and prose, often of the highest art but sometimes quite inferior, are their greatest vehicles. No doubt the reason for this has been, and is, the fact that a verbal art can provide more specific and definite ideas than say music or architecture with their vaguer and more generalized intuitions of meaning. Nearly all of the historical faiths have had official literature but few an official architecture, dancing or sculpture. These "canons" or collections of authoritative writings generally present, it is true, matter of extraordinary variety. Stories of creation sometimes linked with dramatic accounts of amours, intrigues and battles among the gods; epics of ancient heroes human and divine; genealogical tables; stories of miraculous interventions in the tribal or national life of special peoples; licentious love poems (e.g. *Song of Songs*); vivid accounts of incest, rape, and murder, as well as of friendship, loyalty and devotion to exalted common causes; moral homilies, sometimes merely traditional expressions of tribal mores or bigoted ignorance, sometimes of enlightened and disinterested quests for ideal human good; historical chronicles very often of royal houses; legal codes; rules of hygiene; medical prescriptions; prophecies of future events; philological studies on the derivations of words as bearing upon religious ideas (Hindu); arguments on statecraft and practical politics (Confucius); discussions of mental hygiene and psychological analysis (Dhammapada); old letters preserved from destruction; confessions, prayers, imprecations, metaphysical disquisitions, and not least "dogmatic theology"—how variegated are the canons of the historical faiths, and especially that of Christianity!

Even more remarkable is the fact that not a little "secular" literature provides better expressions of religious insight, aspira-

tion, and practice than large portions of the "sacred" or canonical books. In how many an English poem, for example, is not the love of ideal objects, the quest for more perfect human good, and even the disinterested worship of God more spontaneously, genuinely, intelligently, beautifully, and inspiringly expressed than in large portions of *Leviticus*, *Joshua*, *Chronicles*, *Lamentations* or *Revelation*! Many church leaders themselves confess that outside of certain more restricted "inner" canons they are hard put to find passages of Scripture which truly voice their own convictions and honest aspirations. A distinguished professor of religion at Oxford University [Clement C. C. J. Webb] maintained that portions of Greek literature and philosophy would better have served the cause of Christianity than has the Old Testament. He did not mean to deny, of course, that the Old Testament embraces some of the most sublime, sincere, enlightened, beautiful, and inspiring literature of religion, but rather to affirm that most of it cannot be so described and that much of Greek literature would better have deserved inclusion in the canon. The merits of this question do not here concern us. The fundamental issue is: How do the literary arts contribute to religion? And the answer perhaps need not involve a canon at all! At any rate, many passages from Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Spenser, Burton, Emerson, Stevenson, and others are generally recognized as of greater relevance to religion by their truth, beauty and inspiring power than "sacred" genealogical tables, tales of miracles, and rules about ancient tribal mores, magic, or medical practice.

With the going of authoritarianism and its attendant bigotry, freedom will bring in other problems and especially that of conserving ancient values along with enjoyment of the new. Artistry is strategic to both; but here let us note how as a medium of specific ideas in a world so largely changed by modern knowledge, literature is the most important of the arts in giving direction to religious attitudes, aspirations and consequent

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actions. Since all good objects are relevant to religion—every greater excellence, every source of unmixed pleasure, every enhancement of our intelligence and insight, our reverence, and perhaps worship of a thing eternal and infinite—there is nothing in the whole gamut of human life that may not become matter of religious contemplation and action. The assumption that exclusively “spiritual” matters concerning “another world,” a long-past one or a far-distant future one, are properly concerns of a faith will not bear inspection. Religion cannot be indifferent to the stride of a Caesar or to the money he may coin; it cannot ignore the cry of the oppressed, the wanton destruction of natural resources, the squalor of the slum, the hideously thwarted lives of the underprivileged, the economic wrongs of starving millions, the fearful evils of bad government. “More abundant life” includes the *physical* well-being of all humanity; it includes increasing intellectual penetration with more and more satisfaction through aesthetic experience in a balanced integration of personality; it includes the development of the common environment to a fit and inspiring home for generous minds.

When we consider how it is chiefly by the spoken or written word that these causes can be presented or made specific, we realize how important verbal expression is to religion. Yet bare verbal statement may remain without appeal to imagination and hence without inspiration to action as well. Artistry may thus determine the fate of a thousand “goods” to the interest and devotion of men. To find appropriate resources of imagination which enlist warm interest and persistent devotion is therefore a crucial matter to religious experience and not least to religious leadership. Fortunately these resources are multitudinous. They embrace not a little from the immense variety of perceptions, intuitions, ideas of life and nature expressed in the literature of Eastern faith as yet largely foreign or unknown to us. Let him who doubts their possible contribution read the *Dhammapada*, the *Bhagavad Gita*, the *Great Learning*. “Secu-

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lar" literature, east and west, not infrequently presents intuitions, conceptions and ideal aspirations genuinely, naturally, authentically, potently, expressing religious contemplation (as well as inspiration to action). How sublimely beautiful and moving for example, is Shakespeare's sonnet "*When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought. . .*" as a realization of the meaning of friendship and especially its healing power in suffering! Consider Socrates' speeches as recorded in Plato's *Apology* and elsewhere, setting forth his confidence in the moral order of the world. How profoundly stirring to imagination and high impulse the almost incredibly beautiful and dramatic setting forth of conflict between cruel and heroic motives and actions in Sophocles' *Antigone*! How intimate as well as overwhelming the awareness of nature's power over man's joy and sorrow expressed in Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*! How many are the unvoiced experiences of our complicated modern life, not a few of them deeply significant to religious intuition and imagination, which still crave adequate verbal expression. Nearly all the variegated problems of the individual and of society in which values are implicated, projects international and national, village and family, where ideas of human good are nearly always involved, every means that may raise life to more fitting economic condition (which is not, of course, a merely quantitative measure), every new scientific power over nature (which usually involves fundamental ideas concerning human purposes as well), every unfolding of the mind to richer enjoyment of the arts, all the dramatic clashes of intelligent good will through which so much happiness comes to men, philosophical ideas which throw light on the values we cherish, fictions which may render a relevant idea more luminous,—all these and endless other items, provide matter challenging to our creative imagination and religious devotion. They are by nature close to normal minds. What man lacks interest in that which concerns the fundamental quality of his existence, his possible sources of happi-

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ness, the gratification of his curiosity in exploring the evidence, pro and con, which seems to point to intelligence kindred to his own, to powers of righteousness cosmic in scope, or the presence of a beauty-loving artist there? How strange that any institution or authority should ever have transformed such matters into agencies of boredom—dull, listless, tiresome, unreal, forced, mechanical, unnatural “services,” which leader and led alike are glad to have soon over and out of mind. This surely is another “horrible evil,” a product of spiritual slavery, to add to Wieman’s list.

The freedom which, on the other hand, now greets man’s natural piety is large, and promises soon to make religion the most inspiring and dramatically vital of human functions. Intellectually it embraces every possible relevant concept, interpretation, intuition and theory which does no violence to the known evidence we possess. Historically it has access to a panorama of human experience not merely of a single tribe, nation or special group of “chosen” men, but of all humanity. It is no longer bound by the tyranny of authoritative nonsense, falsity and immorality. It admits no segregation of science or other knowledge into irrelevant “mundane” compartments. It looks to evidence from the dust as well as from the mind’s awareness of communion with superior powers. Morally it is bound by no arbitrary, even if sacrosanct, precept or regulation since it looks to ever-increasing human good. This freedom is clearly not license. It implies selection, judgment, responsibility, taste, even within the range of what is relevant to religion. Its charity does not admit ignorant, false, lying, sentimental and self-stultifying matter as equal to what is genuine and true. Yet imagination, free to range amid all the new knowledge of nature, with global perspectives of past human experience, and a constantly renewed incentive to a golden voyage of discovery here presents matter upon which artistry flourishes, artistry by which the objects, aspirations and hopes of religion become significant and

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inspiring. The perennial freshness, originality, dramatic variety in unity, vitality, spontaneity, disinterestedness and other qualities of a work of beauty when given expression in religious experience immeasurably enhance its religious character as well, all the way from sympathetic generosity of spirit to merely personal satisfaction in a confession of weakness.

Although specific meanings are more at home in the literary arts, painting can also express them—but always with danger of moralizing or storytelling. The function of painting is to give visual perception direct, spontaneous, disinterested expression by the many resources of artistry. Yet without trespassing upon literature it can, with poignant appeal to our profoundest feelings, present to sense the picture of friendship, of sacrifice, of a great memory, of a fine ideal of human perfectibility. Propaganda is, of course, as stultifying to religious contemplation as it is to any artistry. Yet “seeing is believing”—any good (as well as evil) is made more real by appealing representation. Some paintings—and by no means all of them on traditionally “sacred” subjects—are of the very essence of religious experience. The more nearly perfect they are as works of art the greater they are as exponents of religion on its higher plane. Mawkishly sentimental, false and unreal faiths express themselves by parallel qualities in their arts. So there could be no doubt as to the importance of superlative painting to the future of religion. Not, of course, the whole of this art, any more than the whole of literature or sculpture. But wherever that part (which, of course, involves the intuitions, ideas, objects or aspirations of religion) is given dramatic power, excellence of form, vitality of meaning, freshness by originality, charm of sense and other positive aesthetic qualities, it is made at once more real and more significant to feeling. The identification of this part with religious experience on its contemplative side does not imply that our temples and cathedrals might become art galleries. The latter are usually little adapted to religious experience—the chief

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reason probably being that a distracting plethora of motives and lack of integration commonly characterize museums of art. Where, as in St. Francis of Assisi, the frescoes are integrated with the structure of the church and center about the Saint's life and teachings, one senses less distraction (except perhaps from the ceiling!) and is surely far more deeply moved than if the walls had been bare. Perhaps a law of *quantitative* restraint operates even here. But there can be little doubt that a single great painting by a master of the art presenting matter of deep import, and built, as it were, into the church itself, can greatly extend and enrich the possible religious experience of the community. That experience here as elsewhere is closely linked with aesthetic understanding and appreciation. He who fails to get Rembrandt's intuitions in his *Supper at Emmaus* will not be moved by it, just as he who cannot appreciate *When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . . .* will gain little from Shakespeare on friendship.

Music has a distinctive function in religious experience, one which raises difficult questions by its extraordinary, and sometimes misdirected, power. Probably more intimately, intensely, completely and happily than any other creation of imagination, music gives expression to many variegated motives of religion. "What passion cannot music raise and quell?" When associated with language it may so happily combine its own perceptual (auditory) imagery with the specific meanings of words that, individually and collectively, they are not only endowed with increased significance but greatly heightened in feeling. And herein lies the persistent danger lest by its union with ignorant, bigoted, false, sentimental, anti-religious, misleading, or evil ideas, it intensify and prolong their sway over the "hearts" of men. The music may indeed subordinate the meanings of the language to such a degree as to invite hypocrisy or self-stultification. As we saw in an earlier chapter, the distinctive intuitions and feelings of this non-representational art are those of perceived (or

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imagined) tones and their combinations with "motion." But these (inwardly directed) meanings and feelings may "adopt," or become associated, with ideas, motives, even external objects and movements which have, so far as we can see, no inherent relationships to them. Music can endow the merest triviality with emotions so powerful as to make them dominate consciousness even to the point of irrationality and "running amuck." According to the nature of what it "adopts" (whether it be verbal, or other than auditory perception, vaguely intuited, or quite ineffable) music presents a chief mode of expression toward the progress and development, or for the degeneration, of religious experience. True that by its own inherent qualities (e.g., as crude, sentimental, uncoordinated, cacophonous, meaningless, dull, "cheap," banal) it also voices the nature of the religion it expresses. Higher forms of religion are kindred in their qualities to those of beauty in music, as in other arts. Great beauty itself elicits reverence. Here is perhaps one reason for the immense power of instrumental music, from that of the simplest flute or harp to the organ itself, as exponent of religious experience. That its "adoptions" can be so various and variable does not alter the fact that harmonic and contrapuntal intuitions associated with religious ideas, attitudes, or objects can transform the latter's weakness into strength, their listlessness into vivid interest, their indifference into ecstasy.

This considerable dependence of religious music upon sources of insight other than its own (tonal) intuitions, and especially those of the verbal arts, well illustrates how the various forms of artistry combine and cooperate in religious experience. Good reason then to grant all of the arts their rightful, natural places in its expression! Architecture should make our church the most lovely, monumental, inspiring, honest, permanent, and beautiful building in our community, a place day and night inviting imagination to linger and meditate in solitude, a place fit for happy festival in social solidarity, and where our sorrows too,

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public and private, may find serenity to encompass them. Sculpture will give noble form to visions of human perfectibility spontaneously and naturally to elicit disinterested joy in contemplation and emulation. Painting in all its forms, from missal to tapestry, fresco and canvas, will intrigue imagination by great memories, by pictures of hallowed events, of nature as it were in service of Deity, of hopes entertained for our community or world, of hero or prophet, of sorrow and pain overcome and the many dramatic alternatives that enrich our lives. Our best knowledge will surely be at home there without restraint, and ceaseless in search. Nor can the inspiring word of poetry and all the means by which language voices intuitions of excellence be absent. How could the very ideas and objects of religion exist or grow without the verbal arts? As more and more they gain their rightful and inspiring place "the droning of the lazy pulpiteer . . . while the clerk browbeats his desk below," will happily cease. When music brings its high creations to this remarkable, yet wholly natural, union of the arts in expression of religious experience, it adds a glory wholly its own. It does so freely and without deliberate design; in other words it remains disinterested art even as vehicle of religion. But the range of its meanings, both perceptual and "adopted," here presents problems greater than those of any other art. Music can be very much at home in the art gallery—and in the bar room. As medium of religion it does not even require a church or "sacred" occasion. Its own excellence aesthetically is strangely kindred, on the other hand, to the perfections envisaged by religion. Yet the "adoptions" even of great music can work destructively to religion. Could there be a more important consideration, then, to the future of religion than the cultivation of this art to greater excellence aesthetically, and to honesty, enlightenment, vision, integrity in its "adopted" meanings? This implies no narrowing but rather an extension of imagination to a thousand items which

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bear upon our aspirations for perfection and the dramatic vicissitudes, which encompass them!

If this look forward should be thought "impossibly idealistic" or "heedless of man's innate depravity" we might point to many happy developments of religion toward its ever-retreating ideal both within and outside the church. Historically speaking (whatever else he has done) man has also created in all of the arts magnificent examples which give expression to such aspirations. In part the problem is, therefore, one of knowledge.

XV

PHILOSOPHY AND ART — I

Philosophy, the "love of wisdom," has for about twenty-five hundred years endeavored to coordinate extant human knowledge into an organized, coherent and useful whole from which general conclusions of the most comprehensive kind might be drawn. From its early history it has been interested in the nature and function of the arts. At first, as in other parts of its far-flung domain, it ventured generalizations and aperçues without much evidence to support them. These however stimulated thought in such matters, just as they provided theories by which the undertakings we call science originated and grew. In the course of time, by a variety of methods (and often enough futile ones) philosophers, artists, and sometimes scientists, have created a vast body of opinions, interpretations, inductive and deductive conclusions about the arts, the history of which is itself a considerable and difficult study. Our purpose here is to deal with a few of the more important of these interpretations as a means of bringing our own to a focus which may do violence to no valid evidence and perhaps account for some mistaken theories and opinions.

One of the besetting sins of philosophers, strange to say, has been the logical fallacy of taking a part for the whole. Some outstanding character or quality chosen from a complex experience is then made to serve as the essential, or even only, one to describe that experience. Hedonists, for example, ignore the many pleasurable experiences which are weak or perhaps

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wanting (e.g., sex) in aesthetic qualities. Hedonists also find pleasure the distinguishing mark of goodness—which is clearly not identical with aesthetic experience. So that the wholly correct description of art-experience as pleasurable results in palpable fallacy when it is assumed to be its distinguishing or essential character. So too the identification of aesthetic activity with that of play. The resemblances which the poet Schiller and Herbert Spencer saw between the exuberant, free energies expended by artists and those enjoyed by the players of games were certainly not mistaken. But they point not to an identity but merely to certain qualities common to both experiences. Hegel presents still another example. Assuming that the function of the arts is to give expression to knowledge or truth, and realizing that they do this far less adequately and clearly than science or philosophy, he proceeded to the conclusion that the arts must in time disappear and yield their place to better vehicles of truth. He seems to have been quite oblivious of the fact that giving expression to meanings and at times to truth is only one (albeit an important one) of art's functions. They who with Ruskin, Morris, or Tolstoi interpret the arts as by nature and essence bearers of social benefits, moral (even economic!) or religious, exhibit the same extraordinary fallacy. The arts for the most part are indeed primary benefactors of humanity. But they share this beneficent function and character with science, government, physical exercise, religion and agriculture—a fact which makes it far from distinctive. Moreover the absence of ulterior purposes in the arts, their disinterestedness, is fundamental to them and makes their social service indirect, unpremeditated, without deliberate intent—and hence not at all the index of their character. Yet even disinterestedness is not distinctive—since that quality also belongs to pure science, philosophy, and religion on its contemplative side.

A comprehensive view which aims to take account of all the qualities of aesthetic experience and their complex relationships,

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need not be less adequate because it lacks the monolithic unity of a single character. The discovery of essential or important qualities is, indeed, strategic to any interpretation of a thing. But the advantage of a single, pure, absolutely and uniquely essential, quality or character in describing anything is also commonly overestimated. In its greatest perfection it would merely declare an identity: $A = A$. The realization of a wealth of characters, on the other hand, increases our knowledge of a thing, provided they can be coordinated. In how many different ways (anatomically, physiologically, psychologically, chemically, economically, historically, morally, religiously, aesthetically, politically, in terms of physical chemistry and otherwise) may not a human being be understood! And how paltry our knowledge if we could be correctly and uniquely characterized as an unstable carbon compound kept in equilibrium for a time by the presence of phosphorus! The great complexity of art-experience should long ago have put us on guard against a one-term interpretation which finds it in "essence," *Einführung*, "illusion," "pleasure," "synaesthesia," "play," "significant form," "intuition," "beauty," "truth," "communication of (certain) emotions," "imitation," or some other important aspect. If the recognition of many factors in a total situation implies eclecticism and the absence of "novelty" or "originality" in a theory let this be said in praise of its comprehensiveness and adequacy, and in dispraise of unsuspected, remote, or even unique, originality. If all of the factors mentioned above are exhibited in aesthetic experience and integral to it, the fact is of greater importance than the discovery and use of a new one by which to undertake to supersede and render all the rest of little or no significance. Such a quest for originality has, alas, exhibited itself in not a little philosophical theory.

There will perhaps be advantage in beginning with the problem: Does aesthetic experience occur exclusively in the mind, a creation of the mind itself, or does it, like most other forms

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of experience, bear relationships, or depend upon "external," that is extra-mental, "reality"? Can one say, for example, that the aesthetic qualities of a landscape are present "out there," or does analysis force us to the conclusion that these are "read into it" by the mind itself? The question cannot be answered without some consideration of perception in general. We have all heard how some philosophers (Protagoras in antiquity and Berkeley in modern times) have held that a man's mind is the "measure of things, of things that are, that they are, and of things that are not, that they are not." Berkeley expressed it "To be is to be perceived" and applied his dictum to the "whole choir and furniture of heaven." A perceiving mind is thus the central, and to some modern idealists, such as Gentile, the only, factor in our knowledge. To absolute idealists not only aesthetic, but all, experience is a construction, interpretation, creation of a perceiving mind. Other philosophers like John Locke, and in antiquity Democritus, have maintained that certain of our sensations or their qualities exactly indicate, or duplicate (according to Democritus), those of the things perceived. When we see or feel the shape of a thing, or it resists our passage through it, we know not only that "something is there" but that it actually has the shape and extension we perceive. Other qualities such as colors, odors, tastes, which are so variable according to circumstances, Locke called "secondary" because they can hardly be thought to belong to things-in-themselves. But Berkeley broke down this distinction between "primary," or "real" qualities of things experienced, and "secondary," or those developed by the mind itself, by showing that the "primary" are no less variable and dependent upon the medium, as well as the state of the sense organ, than are the "secondary" ones. Other thinkers, such as Bosanquet, have classified as "tertiary" those qualities which are said to be even farther removed from reality since they are assumed to originate exclusively in the mind. Among these are pleasantness, unpleasantness, and feelings in general, also, ac-

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cording to other thinkers, our entire aesthetic experience.

Schopenhauer held absolute idealism to be unassailable logically, but recommended that its exponents be placed in a mad-house. There is indeed no way of avoiding the central and dominant importance of mind in all experience. What takes place ultimately in all knowledge and in all that consciously happens to us is an individual mind in action. It is throughout our lives associated, to be sure, with a body to which it stands in many, various, and intimate, relationships. We may be conscious of pain in a great toe, of thirst, of "something" stimulating the retinae of our eyes. All of which may indeed be deceptive: the pain may have nothing to do with a great toe, the thirst may be a diseased condition of certain nerves, the "something" may be in the cochlea of ear. The relationships which our bodies have to mental activities in all their various sorts and degrees is so close that the activities of both are sometimes identified as "behavior" by certain psychologists. But despite the privileged positions which our bodies possess among other objects "out there," our knowledge of them is always an *interpretation*, just as in the case of any other thing perceived. We become aware of certain "signals," "signs," "stimuli," "motions," "changes" which we thereupon try to coordinate, make "significant" and "intelligible." But whether they come from our own bodies, or from inanimate objects seems to make no difference in this respect. I observe my "pen" with the same organ and function with which I observe my "hand." If in addition, I feel "writer's cramp" or blood pulsing in my fingers merely another "signal" is added for possible interpretation, this time from "within" my body. But whether it be a color, shape, weight, tone, taste, pain, or one of the many organic sensations we experience, they are all very much like signals through wires to some central telegraph office where they may be interpreted as meaning my "hand" or "pen," or "blue-bird in flight." A long-standing and desirable habit (which indeed contributes to human sanity by avoiding too

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great preoccupation with the distinction between "appearance" and "reality") naïvely accepts the pain as "where it is," the "redness" as in the rose, the soft "feel" of a peach as in its skin, the "extension" of my body as 6 feet 4 inches, and so forth. But experiment shows that the color of an object depends upon vibrations in the medium between the object and our eyes, that "heat" results from other vibrations in the same (hypothetical) medium, that still other wave-motions in the same series (ultra-violet) elicit no response in any of our sense-organs. Sweetness we find is the activity of certain taste buds upon our tongues and palates, while the extension and shape of anything seen are in large part dependent upon "reports" of strain experienced through the interior and exterior muscles of the eyes. This realization that "things are not what they seem" comes home to us with peculiar force when the physical chemist interprets the "extension" of a human body. From his experimental and mathematical data he concludes that the body of an average-sized man would be just visible to the naked eye if the spaces between its atomic and molecular structures were completely "pressed out" and the resulting mass concentrated together into a single piece without interstices.

We have no way of establishing an identity between stimulus and sensory response whether the stimulus appears to originate within our bodies or from without us, whether we call its qualities "primary," "secondary" or "tertiary." Sense perception in art presents no exceptions to the process of interpretation and hypothesis. Its illusions are entirely parallel to those inherent for instance in Locke's "primary" qualities. When he interpreted a given surface as extended without a break he failed to take cognizance of the omnipresent blind spots in human vision which simple experiments show present "holes" in everything we see—only we regularly interpret them as filled. Microscopes, laboratory experiments and mathematical calculations illustrate the same impossibility of *identifying* any experienced sensory response

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with its stimulus. We learn that any object is *not* extended in the way it appears to be, not at all colored in the splendor it may exhibit, not actually sweet, heavy, smelly, noisy, warm, cold or painful in itself. For our convenience we nevertheless attribute these qualities to things and generally manage to get on quite well with such interpretations in our everyday practical affairs. Scientists and philosophers realize, however, that no single sensation remotely resembles its stimulus and that the farther experiment and analysis are pursued the less anything is like what it appears to be to our senses.

This, of course, presents no argument against the "safe and sane" practical interpretations which we daily make of the resistant, hot, radioactive, electrically-charged and other dangerous, or life-furthering objects of our experience. But it shows that sensory aesthetic qualities may have the same claim to "objective" existence "out there" which we commonly recognize in "extended," "heavy," "colored" and "salty" things. That is to say we cannot attribute to the sensations which are integral to art-experience a different status from that of sensations in general. If we interpret any stimuli back of the latter as objective, we may also do so in the former. Both are fundamentally different from the responses (sensations) themselves so far as we can determine. When we ourselves create the stimuli (as in music or dancing) whatever meaning or assumed reality we may postulate as "back of them" is more obviously a matter of our own interpretation—but it is no less the case in perceiving an actual landscape "out there."

The same must be said of formal qualities. Those of art-experience cannot be differentiated from a simple organization of sensations (as when for example, we perceive the symmetry of an English daisy) on the assumption that those of art are subjective, read into the experience by the mind itself, while the latter presents an "actual," "objective" organization, or form. In both cases they are clearly interpretations of our perceiving

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minds. In both cases there is every reason to assume that there may be that about the stimuli themselves which permits such judgments concerning their forms to be made. When we find an "actual" mountain landscape exhibits rhythm, balance, unity, dramatic variety, or other formal qualities, there is quite as much reason to say they exist in nature as when we discover them in a work of art. The artist may heighten, multiply, and concentrate their power by his use of given stimuli. But nature herself presents most of the simple prototypes—our musical scales being extraordinary exceptions—and the (ultimately unknown) stimuli which may lead us to conclude that coherence, rhythm, balance or other formal qualities are present there. In both cases we are subject to illusions and other misinterpretations. The rhythm of items perceived in a natural landscape may be as insecure as some realistic painter of the scene might make it. But there is no reason why it should be denied in one case and asserted in the other.

Meanings in the arts are sometimes (as by Clive Bell) totally dissociated from those of "real" life. We are told, for example, that knowledge of life, of its affairs, ideas and emotions, in short, all human interests, are quite irrelevant both to the creation and to the enjoyment of a work of art. Significance in art is wholly unrelated to significance for life. We shut ourselves off from actual life interests, from our memories, anticipations and everyday emotions, to lift ourselves above the stream of mundane existence into a world of significance and emotions which are distinctive and peculiar to art. We withdraw into a kind of ivory tower exaltation or ecstasy in "significant form" which, according to Bell, is the basis and essence of art-experience.

Fortunately both for civilization and for art, this segregation of the meanings mediated by the arts from all others will not bear examination. What would become of poetry wholly divorced from all life-interests, from the "real" emotions of our mundane

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existence, from our memories, fears and hopes, our anticipations of a better life, our loves and aspirations? There are, indeed, poems in French, English and other languages whose meanings seem to lie in whatever significance can be found in their rhythms, rhymes, recurrent vowels, diphthongs and phrases, or other formal qualities. Such poems are very like "abstract" paintings which depend for their meanings on the "pure" significance of "moving" lines, geometrical shapes, colored surfaces, contrasts, coordinations, "dramatic" contests of implied "forces," weights and tensions of "bare" designs. To assume, however, that these are the essential or only genuine expressions of poetry or painting is once more to mistake a part for the whole. The importance of form for all of the arts is beyond all question. It is a *sine qua non*. That formal qualities may have significance, perceptually, imaginatively and emotionally, is likewise in no doubt. Music presents excellent illustrations of this. But nearly all of the works which have hitherto been called art have also been characterized by what Bell repudiates as "life" interests, and emotions about "reality." Such interests have not, to be sure, been *practical*. They have not served as "illustration" for certain ideas; they have not aimed to instruct in any matter (including what ought to be); they have not served overtly as an outlet, a vent, for certain emotions or a means of purifying them; they have not been merely records, instruments to aid memory. Their contemplation may be quite unaware of present hunger, loss of fortune, time of day, or even the bitter anger of an hour ago. We listen to the adventures of Odysseus, to Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar* without any sense of immediate danger, of duty, or desire. In general, works of art possess distinction which some writers have interpreted as "detachment," "isolation," or "*Distanz*," a remoteness from commonplaceness, from what is ordinary or "cheap" in meaning, form, or otherwise. But practical, instrumental, immediate, motions, actions, and relationships are far from being the only "human" interests, or sources

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of "life" emotions. The mere vision of a lovely face, the narrative of a glorious action, a tender tune, the stage presentation of dramatic life alternatives, the enjoyment of many ideas sensuously realized,—all these and much besides are no less integral to human interests and emotions than the most gainful business transaction or the lady's answer to a proposal. Moreover, by disinterested contemplation, the most practical and instrumental life interest may itself become matter for artistry. Consider how many actions involving direct loss, suffering or death have figured in painting and poetry! How far we should be from a full realization and enjoyment of their art if we restricted ourselves to perceptions and feelings growing out of the picture's lines, points and surface designs, chiaroscuro, and color relationships, or from the poem's rhythmic patterns, vowel-sequences, rhymes and cadences! Nonsense syllables provide a far better medium for the realization of these qualities than do articulate languages.

The misunderstanding clearly grows out of the contemplative, non-practical, disinterested character of the arts. Since they undertake no immediate changes in the affairs of men, aim for neither power nor any other advantage, take no sides in controversy, and see the spectacle of life through the colored glasses of sensuous charm, chosen forms, and meanings of special interest, they are assumed to express only those meanings which grow out of the use of the glasses themselves. But even Abstractionists illustrate the impossibility of this. Mondrian, for example, by his use of straight lines at right angles to each other, confessedly undertakes to express the "expansion, rest, and unity" of Nature (how successfully does not enter into question here). On the other hand, Chagall, aiming to exhibit "different values of plasticity" by portraying a decapitated woman with milk-pails, shows how inevitably the unfortunate milkmaid is perceived by every eye, how inevitably the situation claims interest and arouses emotions—along with those appropriate to

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plasticity. The segregation of all life-interests from art finds no warrant in the history of the arts; nor is it psychologically possible. If our minds and their arts languish when made subservient to our physical survival, they also starve when fed upon a diet of empty parallelepipeds, colored surfaces, detached rhythms, and the bloodless categories of "pure" design, even though their lines "move" with significant order and "energy."

Whether considered from the standpoint of its meaning, its form, or its sensuous character, art experience is therefore not cut off from that of external nature or from human life and its interests. The aesthetic qualities we may enjoy in a painting are no less real when discovered in natural objects. The meanings to which a work of art gives expression cannot be segregated into a separate compartment. They are, in fact, continuous with all that may enter into the mind of man to give significance and value to his existence—under the conditions imposed by the various media employed, and their formal means of expression along with disinterested contemplation. To assume that beauty together with all aesthetic qualities are exclusively products of human minds is to postulate not only the absence of all relations between sensuous stimulus and perception but a creative power of individual (unrelated) minds to bring into being *ex nihilo*, each for itself, not only rhythms, color harmonies and so forth, but the entire visible, audible, tangible panoply of heaven and earth including bodies which are somehow usefully appended to those minds. Though we are ultimately dependent upon hypothesis here, as in many other fundamental problems, this one seems to have slight evidence to support it. The number of new heavens and new earths required to accommodate the oncoming minds of men (not to speak of past and present ones) is so enormous, and their continuance so unstable, that few men other than Gentile can accept the hypothetical miracle. Actual Idealism is, in fact, closely kindred to skepticism—the denial of any valid knowledge.

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It was impossible to discuss meanings in the arts without reference to evidence and true or false interpretations of it. But the problem of truth is a very different one from that of meanings. Ideas, intuitions, creations of imagination, judgments, may be either true or false and one cannot assume that only true ones enter into art. How many people quote with approval the line of Keats: "Beauty is truth, truth, beauty"—which logically asserts an identity between the two! But when pressed for an explanation they are very likely to say: "Keats did not mean it in a logical sense, and neither do I." What other sense is implied, however, does not often appear; so that Truth (usually capitalized) becomes a sort of honorable epithet. If we are to say anything significant about the relationships of art and beauty to truth, it will be imperative, therefore, just as in our discussions of morals and of religion, that we endeavor to say what the term connotes. In what sense can it be said of the endlessly fascinating descriptions, conclusions and intuitions of the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* itself that they are "true"? How is one to be understood if he describes the *Sonata Pathétique* as "true"? Meanings are there in abundance. In what sense, if any, can one maintain that they are *all* true—as parts of a work of beauty?

Analysis discloses not only that there are numerous senses in which the word is used, but that many of them have no relevance at all to works of art or of beauty. Some of these meanings apply only to certain arts, or even to a single one. For instance, it is only in the literary arts that the common conception of truth as statements, propositions, conclusions which are taken to correspond with the "facts" or the "reality" they represent, has relevance. Milton can undertake to demonstrate how

... Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor, ...

and a Robert

Frost enquiring:

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... Why abandon a belief
Merely because it ceases to be true?

can argue:

Cling to it long enough and not a doubt
It will turn true again.

But in what other art can propositions be expressed—and whether they claim to be true or not? Plato's interpretation of truth as internal coherence in the statements, judgments, inferences one makes, obviously has relevance again only in the literary arts. And, furthermore both the Aristotelian, or "correspondence" interpretation and that of Plato are far more abundantly exemplified in works of science and philosophy than they are in literature. So that if truth is identified with beauty, the sciences, by these tokens, also provide a large measure of it. Indeed every kind of verbal statement which is thought to correspond with the facts, or to be coherent with the rest of our knowledge, would then be a further example of beauty, which, curiously enough extends the realm of beauty to all knowledge expressed in articulate language and ignores the possible beauty of the arts other than literature.

Other interpretations have their difficulties. In the literary criticism of I. A. Richards, for example, truth is described as a kind of emotional coherence. Truth is present in a work when the author does not attempt to "work off effects upon the reader which do not work for himself." This appears to identify sincerity with truth and to imply that "effects which work" for the author, whatever else they may be, are "true" as genuine, honest, efforts to express himself. It is not, of course, to deny that sincerity is fundamental to art experience, both in its creation and appreciation, when we raise the question: Is this quality or attitude of mind the distinctive mark of what we have

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hitherto called truth? That many wholly sincere and honest souls have given expression to what was remote from artistry as well as "contrary to fact" must be immediately evident to everyone. If all sincere statements were true (and by virtue of that assumption beautiful or artistic) truth would have lost both its logical coherence and its correspondence with anything thought to be external to our minds. It would be transformed into the product of a certain attitude of mind and its attendant emotions. Moreover the freedom of creation, or quantity of matter which such an attitude might stamp with the hallmark of "Truth" appears to be limited only by the extent to which one might enjoy such an attitude or emotion. This is also a variable, and even in the same individual. In brief: sincerity is an indispensable quality or factor in the enjoyment of a work of art, as it is in the acceptance of a given statement as true. But it is not the only, or even distinctive, one in what has hitherto been called truth. Like its cognates honesty and integrity, sincerity implies a criterion *beyond itself* by which its presence is determined or measured. This too is not an emotion, or a "personal equation," but an interpretation based upon available evidence. Mr. Richard's "working off" of only such effects as "work" with the author, is intended to apply to literature. But it obviously has relevance to the other arts as well—though not as "truth."

The conception of truth as perceptions, intuitions, ideas or judgments which have value, or are acceptable to us because they are beneficial in one way or another, likewise has relevance to all of the arts. But this also cannot be taken as a description or criterion of truth. For it assumes that a result which often (but by no means always) follows a realization that some given meaning is true, is its one distinctive and essential character or quality. One need but recall how many false perceptions and ideas have served as benefactors of individuals, and sometimes even of large portions of mankind—or how often the truth is unwelcome to us—to see that this, the pragmatic account, once more takes

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a part for the whole. Truth may be beneficial as well as harmful to what we value. Even if it could be shown that truth would always be beneficial to what we *ought* to value, this quality would remain one among several others which also characterize it. How can scientific truth be derived from a correlative something, or "reality" with which it agrees, or corresponds? How can it lack logical coherence or be inconsistent with other relevant and correct ideas? Some truth sincere in its expression can further be described in terms of the most nearly complete absence of "personal equations." Ideally it is also characterized as timeless, spaceless (unaffected by place, continent, star-galaxy) as well as superior to the opinions, desires, passions, of individual mind. But even though we recognize all of these characters and qualities as essential to the truth of *propositions*, our problem is further complicated by the question: Are there meanings which can correctly be described as true even though not expressed in propositions?

Here again habits of language can easily obscure our thought. If we limit the relevance of "true" to propositions it is obvious that the media of all the arts, excepting only the literary ones, make any such expression of truth impossible. Yet Croce, who denies that art has anything to do with truth or falsity, on the assumption that "true" and "false" are distinctions of reason and logic, is fully aware that poetry at times provides us with profound insight and knowledge of reality. Granting with him that the demonstration of propositions by logic and sufficient reason is not a distinctive function of poetry, does it follow that "true" and "false" are wholly irrelevant to this and all other arts? Does not every sincere proposition have some sort of a truth *claim* even though it be: "This unknown x is part of an unknown y," or "A rose complained to a violet"? Croce himself describes intuition (which he holds is basic to all the arts) as a cognitive, or knowing, process. In the usual connotations of the terms knowledge, insight, cognition, and their like there

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are always implicit distinctions between true and false. How could any genuine, real, actual, knowledge, or cognitive process, have no relevance to "true" and "false"?

Croce's description of intuition as a cognitive process is surely correct. However imperfect that process may be, it implicitly makes the claim presupposed by any knowledge process, namely that what is intuited is in some sense "true." The difficulty, of course, arises from the variety of meanings which cluster about the word. We speak of "true" music when we mean "genuine," "real," "excellent" music. "True" architecture often connotes coherent, formally consistent, or "good" architecture. "Truth" in painting is all too often identified with bare realistic portrayal. Lyric poetry is said to be "true to nature" when the *emotions* expressed are not incongruous. Imagination is sometimes described as "true" when it violates, so far as possible, all relations to a "real" world and "actual" people. The true poet, on the other hand, is said by Aristotle to present a *possible*, and by Plato an *ideal*, world of men and things continuous with the actual world but transcending it, and never lawless, irrational or impossible. In painting, *distortion* is commonly held to be necessary in order to express the "true" character of anything. Some painters identify "true" painting with works devoid of perspective—since they hold *deception* is involved in making two dimensions appear to be three. Some art critics, for example Mather, describe true works of art as characterized by rhythms and other qualities which correspond with physiological processes. Plotinus and other thinkers have held such correspondences to be with cosmic rhythms, divine essences and forms. More modernly these essences are described as light, space, massiveness, volume, depth, solidity,—“universals” through which it is the "true" function of painting to provide us with insight, acquaintance, or revelation. We hear it said of music that it is "true to the way we hear things," or "true to the life of feeling." Or by extending the idea of internal coherence to imagina-

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tion, others describe a true artist as one who is "true to his own interpretation whatever that may be." Many would limit "truth of imagination" to those expressions which are "richer and finer," "fitter to the primary tendencies of our nature," or "to the ultimate possibilities of the soul," (as Santayana expresses it).

Small wonder then, with so varied and contradictory use of words, that the problem of truth in art should so easily confuse and baffle thought. Any hope of an adequate interpretation obviously depends upon a clarification of our fundamental terms. A general view of the knowing-process and its basis in psychology should also help us to be more specific as well as more comprehensive. The most fundamental of the terms involved in this discussion is "meaning." We may define meaning as the import, sense, or significance, conveyed, or expressed, in our experience, by actions, forms, languages and other symbols. Meanings may be created (as in a work of art) or discovered (as in a chemical experiment). As a process, meaning involves all the psychological functions involved in learning and knowing. In its simpler forms it may involve little more than sensations, e.g. the perception of an object as related to myself or to other objects. As meanings become more complex and more comprehensive they may involve imagination, intuition, ideas, concepts, inferences, judgments, and apperceptions in all their various kinds. But from the simple awareness of an object as related to some other one, to the most abstruse judgment drawn from extensive data and long course of inferences, meanings claim to present or represent something other than the mental processes by which they are attained or expressed. These references may be to what is in the mind (e.g. memory) or to what is assumed to be "outside," objective to our consciousness. The implicit claim that meanings can be shared is not always realized. Even simple ones may be perceived by but few people—as when only abstractionists are aware that rectangular figures express serenity or power. More

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elaborate meanings may be shared by fewer still, as when for a long time only a single astronomer was able, in America, to solve certain equations in celestial mechanics. Meanings may be specific, exact and ostensible, or covert and vague: they may be demonstrable or only apprehended immediately, dependent upon data, or without any other basis than that of immediate awareness. The media in which they are expressed, far from being only that of articulate language are as numerous as the perceivable phenomena of nature itself. Lines, shapes, colors, motions, tastes, smells, touch, sounds, material objects of all sorts, and not least, the activities of minds themselves, may provide terms or matter through which meanings are expressed. They may be linked with affective states or functions (emotions, pleasures and displeasures) and the volitional ones (choices, and voluntary actions). But these are not integral to meaning. Language deceives us again when we speak of "feeling" that something is so, when we mean that we are aware of it. Meaning may indeed concern emotions but is not constituted in any part by them; and the same is true of acts of will. To mean something is a cognitive process and differentiated from experiencing anger, fear or sympathy and from willing to act or think—even though interest and pleasure very generally accompany it. Meanings (noun) may be correct, in accord with all relevant data; they may also lack and not be amenable to any such criteria—as when we imagine that "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." Meanings may thus concern fictitious matter, images, concepts, conclusions, representations of characters and events without reference to any evidence from possible knowledge of them. Both fictitious and correct meanings may form interconnected systems which, on the one hand, may be held together by an extraneous bond such as emotional satisfaction, or on the other, by logical coherence. But correct and fictitious ones may also be single and disconnected. Meanings provide the warp and woof with which our cognitive functions spin their designs all

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the way from perception to most comprehensive judgment. They anticipate distinctions between "real" and "unreal," "being" and "appearance," "true" and "false." They provide a seemingly endless fund to support the mind's interests, being, it seems, everywhere potentially present in our experience. When certain writers (at times despairingly) ask: What is *the* meaning of the universe? they are unaware of, or ignore, its multitudinous internal meanings; and apparently would like to restrict the connotation of the term to a single absolute meaning concerning something *outside* of the universe, which, by hypothesis itself, does not exist.

The process called "interpretation" also throws not a little light on the problem of truth in art. Like every other concept used to describe our cognitive processes it connotes "meaning." But it may also include the further process of inference, or the drawing of conclusions from certain meanings to others. "Interpretation," in contrast with "pure" sensations which psychologists assume to have no meaning in so far as they are stimuli from outside the nervous system, is a purely mental process. Croce, as we have seen, would for this reason, exclude sensations altogether from "activities of the spirit." But stimuli are not wholly to be identified with sensations. We see colors, not vibrations. Yet vision of color is surely a mental fact, even though it remain without meaning or uninterpreted. Generally, however, rudimentary meanings are linked with our sensations; and in whatever way the functions of sensations be described as related to our cognitive processes, the latter must be said to begin with the awareness of meaning and some interpretation. Such meanings and interpretations are throughout "subjective" in the sense of being created by individual minds and never the results of extra-mental stimuli, however useful these may be to the knowing-process. But interpretations may also be shared and thereby attain what we call greater "validity" and "objectivity" or apparent independence of individual minds. Analysis of the

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process of interpretation shows how cognition, from its simplest to its most complex forms and all the way from its most secure knowledge to its most dubious or fallacious opinions, is wholly creative individually and collectively, even when it utilizes to the fullest the accepted effects of extra-mental stimuli together called sensations. As including logical inference "interpretation" is more characteristic of scientific cognition than is "meaning," which is more generally so of artistry. But art-intuitions are also interpretations albeit without inference.

If the above, our own, interpretations are correct it follows that each and every meaning discovered or created in the knowing process and described as "adequate," "satisfactory," "superficial," or otherwise, is so by virtue of these and other qualities which it possesses. Every interpretation which we may describe as "true," "fallacious," "insecure," "realistic" and so forth, possesses such a character because we are aware of a congeries of qualities in that knowing-process sufficient to warrant the description. We may realize, for example, its coherence and self-consistency, its clarity and freedom from ambiguity, its agreement with other accepted, or habitually entertained, ideas, (our own, or those of other men) its pleasantness or otherwise, as in "wishful thinking," its emphasis upon what we regard as important (or on the other hand, adventitious,) meanings, its apparent correspondence with "facts" or "reality." The last characteristic is sometimes naïvely described as a relationship between mental terms such as in the proposition "Gold is a yellow substance" (or more generally $a = b$) which "agrees," or "corresponds" with the "actual gold" and "yellow substances" in the "external" world (or any A and B, and their relationships) to which the proposition refers. Simple analysis, however, shows that we derive our knowledge of the "external world" only through mental states and functions, that the "correspondence" is wholly between certain meanings and interpretations provided by the mind itself. When an interpretation "corresponds

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with reality" it corresponds with what we take to be more secure, perhaps uncontradicted or even predictable, habitually persistent, or practically successful, interpretations. We do not get outside of ourselves when we have recourse to "facts," "reality," "actual data," "objective being," "existence" and all the other perceived, or conceived, meanings which may aid the knowing-process. Our earlier example of how new concepts and interpretations of matter have changed the assumed "facts" of solid, enduring entities called atoms (not to speak of the "real world" based directly upon sense-perceptions) illustrates how not merely certain past interpretations, but all our present and future interpretations of matter, must remain tentative.

Whatever knowledge the arts may provide is also a function of meanings and interpretations. These are greatly enhanced and expanded by the variety of media employed in different arts. As we have often noted, the range of perceived aesthetic qualities exceeds immeasurably the power of language to express them. Yet we are often misled into assuming that what we perceive, intuit or imagine in painting, music, or sculpture is not meanings or interpretations at all. This is partly due to the large emphasis put upon words in our education which persistently leads to the assumption that there are no real meanings beyond the power of words to express. "If you really mean something, say it!" But certain qualities—vagueness, comprehensiveness, refinement, profundity—exhibited in aesthetic meanings also help to make them less accessible (sometimes inaccessible) to many of us. Many, if not most, of them are individual, in the sense of probably not being identical in any two persons' experience. (This is also the case with many of the meanings we express by means of words. But verbal symbols have also in practice attained a large number of relatively fixed concepts to stand for relatively stable common meanings. From this, of course, arises the possibility of a dialectic, or discussion and common argument concerning meanings and interpretations—and

the necessity of using language to consider the entire range of the aesthetic ones. Its inadequacy, however, is apparent even in literary criticism.)

Is it possible then to ascribe as true the meanings of music, sculpture, architecture, painting? The answer manifestly depends in part upon the meaning of "true" itself. As we have seen, language provides us with several meanings. The differences among the arts themselves also call for discrimination. The meanings of a painting are of a different order from those of a musical composition. But first to meet the lingualist directly when he challenges altogether any possible meanings of a statue or a sonata, let us note that by no means all aesthetic meanings are ineffable or lack common understanding. Some of the more overt and fundamental ones, say of a painting, are common and easily expressible in words. In describing, for example, the perceptions we experience of Cézanne's massively molded landscapes, the immense impression of solidity which in *La Montagne Sainte Victoire* embraces not only the trees but the very sky itself, this meaning is not only sayable but common to those who know these works of Cézanne. That he means to set forth the solemnity and seriousness of life, a universality which swallows up transitory things, may be less obvious to many. While part of what he would "say" is likely enough not accessible to some of us, or becomes "vocal" only in our individual idiosyncrasy. But, however qualified, all of these must surely be described as meanings.

So it is with whatever we perceive in a statue. Whether we sense its unity, or nobility of character in head and face, or become aware of the figure's grace, serenity and vitality, these are meanings no less clearly and often more definitely experienced than in the words we use to designate them. Sometimes the mistake is made of assuming that the "meaning" of the statue, painting or music always relates it to other things—as when a painting is said to "preach" or a statue to "eternize the transient."

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Such meanings may indeed be derived from them—as they may be from contemplation of the starry heavens. By means of concepts we may argue that Foppa's *Young Medici* reflects the spirit of the Renaissance, or that the *Venus de Milo* is a negative moral force. We know that these last are not aesthetic judgments, but they illustrate none the less how meanings continue to grow from works of art as imagination links other perceptions and memories with them, and reason brings in concepts to interpret them. That the perceived meanings of music have few verbal counters to represent them does not at all argue their non-existence—unless nameless colors and indescribable but infinitely significant gestures are, for the same reason, to be regarded as non-existent. Music lends itself to a measure of interpretation perceptually (as when we are aware of Bach's confident resolution of some oppressive problem, or of his serene, consistent, interplay of melodies each one conforming to the movements of the others and seeming to express devotion to some common end or object). We are here concerned with the cognitive, rather than the emotional significance of music which accompanies it; but meanings even when deeply suffused with emotions, and whether in the arts or elsewhere, remain meanings even when vague or eclipsed by feelings. Conceptually music also lends itself to interpretation as when Goethe compared a Bach fugue with a splendid procession descending a magnificent stairway, or others hold that the Ninth Symphony "celebrates the joy of universal creativeness." Such concepts are indeed vague, and the arguments far from being demonstrations. But they also show how verbal meanings too approach ineffability as a limit. Perhaps in this case the "universal creativeness" is nearly, if not quite, as "fluid" as the meaning of the music itself. In great poetry concepts themselves often reach their limit of ineffability—and music sometimes steps in to give them more adequate, even though perceptual, meanings. The arts of dancing and architecture provide parallels to these. Their meanings all the way from clear-cut perceptions and

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intuitions (e. g. awareness of disorder, dramatic conflict, balance, repose, distraction in what is seen) to vague, dubious and highly individual interpretations, realized it may be through the mediation of another art, are only in part dependent upon the (often no less dubious) concepts of language. Uncertainty of meaning hardly requires the arts to illustrate it. Let him who thinks otherwise tell us more exactly what he means by a "thing," by "consciousness," or "democracy"! Poetry could provide many additional examples. But they would be redundant since few men deny meanings to language even in its most ambiguous and illusory uses.

It is not always realized that expressed meanings and interpretations imply that in some sense of the word they are "true." Whether they concern "facts" or the wildest creations of imagination there is that about them which implicates "reality," or in some sense "exists," or gives expression to "actual" experience. Psychologically this is partly to be explained by the dependence of perceptions upon earlier sensations. We cannot imagine a fruit (or a color) we have never seen. The elements from which we construct a story are derived from previous experience, however fantastic or unreal their new synthesis may be. Yet when Aesop imagined foxes and donkeys endowed with human speech and reason, he also threw light upon human actions and character no less "truly" than if he had employed the most ostensibly erudite terms of "scientific sociology." *Alice in Wonderland* sometimes provides intuitions of philosophical import, awareness of relationships, discriminations enlightening to one's insight and habitual ideas. What seems to be the limiting case in Picasso's *Collages*, jumbled fragments of apparently uncoordinated items (like that of his sculptured variations on the human skeleton), implies nevertheless that something is true about something—whether we find it or not. If, as abstractionists claim, this is a delusion, it is almost a universal one. Even when perceptual meanings (e. g. harmonic interplay of colors, suggested

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relationships such as between a human eye, a paper clipping, a clay pipe-bowl and part of a violin) are absent, as in an ink blurb, observing minds easily find the silhouette of a continent, or a ground-hog's shadow.

Bearing in mind what was said about the knowing process and its psychological functions, as well as the various sorts of perceptions and intuitions which the arts provide, we may now endeavor to interpret what is meant by "truth" when it is said to characterize them. The assumption that somehow the arts provide a superior, inspired, or esoteric knowledge of "reality," "existence," and the ultimate nature of men and things, is quite untenable. The knowledge process in art makes use of the same basic mental functions which come into play in corresponding forms of knowledge elsewhere, though many of our profoundest insights are expressed in works of art. These are rarely products of argument—we say rarely because there appear to be examples in the poetry of John Donne and of many others. Generally speaking Schopenhauer was right in describing the arts as not concerned with ideas of causes and effects—which is a predominant scientific interest—but with things themselves. This does not imply some "thing-in-itself" such as Kant and others maintain is back of "appearances," or the experiences we have in perceiving external things. Any knowledge we might gain of this hypothetical something through the arts would be upon the same basis that it might have in any other ways of knowing—namely sensations, perceptions, imagination, intuition, conception, inference, judgment, apperception—and hence less likely in the arts than in science and philosophy. But Kant was probably right in holding that we nowhere get beyond "appearances," the "phenomena" going on in our minds in relation to external stimuli. We must also agree with Leibniz that *in general*, knowledge derived through the arts is in several respects inferior. But what can we properly mean when we describe as "true" something found in a work of art?

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We have earlier shown that "true" as meaning "genuine," for instance in the emotions expressed or in sincerity of motives, though always characteristic of works of art, need not involve or be the result of a knowing process in them, and therefore throws no light on our problem. "True work of art" is a laudatory phrase implying a great deal of excellence, and will doubtless continue to be so used. But it does not here concern us. When similarly we speak of a given work as "true to art" we may indicate, or give expression to, a great deal of knowledge about that art and about the particular work in question. But it need not concern knowledge mediated or expressed by that work, and is so far irrelevant. That it fits in well with an historical tradition is of no more significance to our problem than that it was created say in 1892. Much more is involved when we describe a poem or painting as "true to nature." If we mean that the scenes, events or characters presented "correspond to," or are wholly in accord with, our other sources of knowledge to their minutest details, we give expression to a very important judgment. For it describes a work of science, or one of history, not one of art. As we have often seen, pure realism never attains the character of art. Imagination in a form which arouses feeling, generally by selections, rejections, reorganizations, distortions of our regular, "normal," given perceptions, meanings and ideas of things, is of paramount importance. Without it there is no art-experience. And paradoxically enough, imagination may be in large part (but never wholly) at variance with our commonly accepted, as well as the scientific, interpretations of ourselves and of our world. Painters may glory in "light that never was on land or sea"; poets discourse on fairy queens and golden ages yet to be. Truth, in the sense of interpretations (verbal and in other media) which "correspond" in all possible respects with other interpretations accepted as criteria, is so far from being the distinctive motive or expression of any art that it is often antithetical to it. This must also be said of the more perfect forms of art

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which we call beautiful. If we think of truth as verbal interpretations, propositions wholly consistent each with every other logically and as meanings, it is an impossible motive in the non-verbal arts and is far from being a distinctive one in literature. A work of art exhibits various kinds of internal unity, formally and with respect to its meanings. But the latter are rarely logical as they are, for example, in the exact sciences. Imagination also has its consistencies; but when the coherence of aesthetic imagination is described as "true" it is but a way of noting its excellence as such, not as a source of truth.

Another vague and dubious sense of the concept "truth" throws additional light on our problem. By implication, an interpretation, whether it be in an art or elsewhere, always seems to assume that something is "there," of which it is an interpretation. This easily becomes a fallacy as in the ontological argument which Kant exposed, or in some quasi-significant meanings of sociological verbiage. But psychologically we are quite generally prone to give our meanings and interpretations a basis in "reality." Not only metaphysical meanings and ideas, for example, "causation," "evolution," "non-being" and religious ones such as those entertained about the many Vedic and other gods (who generally are said to perform certain functions), but multitudes of everyday perceptual meanings spontaneously elicit belief not only that something is "there," but that it has the characters attributed to it. In connection with our discussion of moving pictures we saw how often "seeing is believing." Every action which "carries conviction" implies *some* basis for it in "reality." Likewise the increasingly appreciative perception of the unspeakably lovely tints and harmonies of land and sky in Rubens' landscapes; however "impossible" they may have seemed at first, they more and more rise in the scale of possible—probable—actual. "Symbolic truth" for which the experienced percepts, intuitions and other meanings are but indirect means to ends, illustrates the same implicit belief. So too the often indefinable,

indescribable, or even unknowable "spiritual truths" said to be "back of" certain music or sacred texts. Belief is so close to our perceptual and even conceptual meanings that not only in childhood but in our most mature and secure metaphysical interpretations we often have to *combat* them to learn their possible error.

"Truth" is thus a mental process or content in which some meaning or interpretation of a supposedly existing something or activity is affirmed or implied. We say "implied" because the realm of meanings and interpretations is vastly more inclusive than those overtly affirmed by language, and far more often expressed in percepts than in concepts. The claim that language can alone be true is wholly unjustifiable. Even the vague intuition of a person's character which not even perception can quite express, may none the less be "true" in its implication of the thing's existence. Whatever our interpretation of the nature of sensory stimuli may be, the various forms of truth—from the supposed "correspondence" of a given interpretation with what we believe to be real in our other experience, and the logical coherence of all the propositions involved in a conclusion, to the perceived (or conceived) meanings which are accepted as immediately satisfactory—are indefeasibly mental content and mental process. And since what some call "artistic truth" is in this respect no different from any other kind of truth, there is no special area of the mind, or of assumed external reality, to which its truth appertains. Truth in art always emphasizes sensuous experience and is, of course, expressed with the rhythms and other formal qualities of the particular art. These may indeed change the meanings and interpretations expressed (e. g. from commonplace to charming and distinguished ones) but they do not change the intrinsic (cognitive) character of these interpretations. Which is the reason why the arts do not provide us with a special, esoteric, source of truth. But this is not to deny that they bring us an abounding and incomparably rich store of knowledge and of truth.

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The contribution which imagination makes to aesthetic experience is largely responsible for this. Submerged, unsuspected, dull, abstract, and lifeless meanings may through imagination open the mind to magnificent new perceptions and ideas of reality. As cognition this process is not essentially different in art from what it is in scientific or other imagination, although the great wealth of aesthetic meanings, together with the persuasiveness of imagery, perceptions, and intuitions linked with emotions, easily deceives one in this matter. Imagination (which in science is bounded by what is accepted as "possible") transcends these limits in art but never completely breaks its connection with, and relevance to, reality—unless in wholly meaningless and abstract "productions" which sometimes pass as "art." That the meanings from which both truth and error grow are creations of our own minds is a fundamental interpretation in whose light the various contributions of the arts toward knowledge, understanding, or insight become intelligible. Once we realize that *all* the meanings of a picture—just as those of a perceived landscape—are brought to it by the mind itself we are in a position to realize why, for example, the meanings attributed to a musical composition can be so various and even contradictory. We earlier spoke of "attached" meanings imparted into a symphony or a nocturne by mere association of ideas. Moussorgsky's series of compositions each of which purports to describe a certain picture seen in a gallery rarely abides experimental test in any single case. The reason for this emerges from the fact that so far no traditional or otherwise satisfactory meanings have become associated with the melodies, harmonies and so forth, adequate to serve so elaborate an interpretation. Simpler standards of reference have been in process of development, however, in the (individually and socially) acceptable traditions of "ascending" and "descending" melodies, the more "serious" import of "slow" motion and close harmony, the "aspiring" nature of progressions, and confident serenity of many whole cadences, the "strife" of

many themes in counterpoint and their peaceful resolution. The list could be indefinitely extended into meanings for which criteria of interpretation become increasingly unsatisfactory. Individuals also differ greatly in their education toward the realization of these meanings. Such criteria present nothing distinctive in art. Traditional systems, religious meanings and interpretations to which new ideas are referred provide even better examples. So indeed do our current scientific interpretations which are in large part inaccessible to the great majority of men and by no means secure to the competent as valid criteria. In all cases they exhibit growth and decay as functions of education. Interpretations of the allotropic forms of sulphur or of matter in general, presuppose accepted criteria which have not yet emerged in multitudes of men. So too the interpretations of many a work of art, which since they are all indefeasibly personal cannot take refuge (as with science) in the judgment of some better-informed authority.

They who conceive of the arts as agencies of deception giving expression to false intuitions, illusions of perception, and ideas known to be, or assumed to be, contrary to fact, clearly mistake the function of imagination and that of representation as well. Is it deception on the part of a scientist to make drawings of objects under investigation? His drawings are not the objects themselves but merely lines and colors; but do they for that reason involve falsification even when he extends his interpretation to what is invisible, or merely a matter of theory? The painter who makes use of perspective, or of bold suggestion—as when an impressionist by a few brush strokes and dots of bright color makes us perceive a castle on a mountain-side—does not necessarily falsify or deceive in thus appealing to imagination. The assumption that any extension by imagination of what one accepts as normal perception into what may be improbable or impossible, is falsification, grows from a fundamental misunderstanding of the arts. The only “true” or “genuine” art on this

assumption is an actual reduplication of the object, or (if representation by symbols be permitted) an impeccably realistic "copy." But neither of these can be called art since imagination is, by hypothesis, not involved. To deceive, moreover, is not the distinctive function of imagination, as will shortly appear.

There are various forms of art-as-illusion theories. Since we have in an earlier chapter considered the one which describes certain techniques, such as perspective and foreshortening, or the depiction of three dimensions on a flat surface, as deception and falsehood, we need not here revert to it. Conrad Lange's play-theory presents an interpretation which describes the function of the arts as throughout one of "illusion." "Art is the partly innate and partly acquired capacity of man to give himself and others a pleasure based on illusion . . .". "All art is illusion play." And this is "To be something which he is not, to do something which he does not do, to feel something which he does not feel." Lange obviously uses the term "illusion" in a sense much wider than that employed by psychologists, namely a mistaken sense-interpretation which usually cannot be corrected. He includes delusions (or persistently misleading ideas) also hallucinations (imagery projected into "normal" perception which appears to have no basis in sensory stimuli). Delusions and hallucinations are characteristic of mental disease, although many normal minds suffer from the former in their milder forms. But Lange does not call art-experience a disease, even though his descriptions of aesthetic illusions seem at times to imply it.

Lange assumed that certain resemblances and analogies between games and the arts present the best means of interpreting the latter. Children's (and animals') playfulness resembles art-experience with respect to its spontaneity, freedom and happiness. Analysis of the former should therefore throw light on the real character of the arts; the most distinctive thing about "sense-games" (such as growling like bears, hissing like snakes, or imagining as visible what is not there,) about "motion-play" (danc-

ing), games of impersonation, hunting, fighting, as well as about games of competition, such as chess, card games, bowling, billiards, and tennis is their "conscious self-illusion." Analogy presents us with the key to a true understanding. One and all the arts are "conscious self-illusions." The love lyric imagines a lady or qualities of soul which the poet and his reader alike know full well do not exist. A tragedy presents wholly fictitious struggle, heroism, love and death. The enjoyment of sculpture is no different from the child's pleasure in a doll or tin-soldier. So too in the picture "game," "the child cannot possibly think of the figures he has drawn as actually living"—nor can adults. We do not learn how he conceived of music or of architecture in terms of "pleasure in conscious self-illusion." But that he did so is clearly indicated by his differentiation of art-play from play in general by "the distinguishing feature of illusion." Thus all meanings and interpretations of the arts are self-deceptions, false and devoid of truth. Even the feelings linked with them are false sentiments, make-believe—"to feel something which we really do not feel."

This strange, destructive and mostly fallacious interpretation of the arts naïvely assumes that all representation by symbols (e. g. lines and colors in a picture) is false, a "conscious self-illusion." "The child cannot possibly think of the figures he has drawn as actually living." The scientist too may be presumed to deceive himself when he draws pictures of imagined configurations of atoms to explain, say, the allotropic forms of sulphur or the process of transmutation! Linguistic symbols must also be included among the self-illusions in a sense to confound all semantics. But even assuming the media of the arts to be honest and widely understood means and conventions to express our meanings, the game-analogies present mostly irrelevant conclusions. There are, of course, resemblances and common qualities among the various kinds of perceptions, pleasures, attitudes, or ideas by virtue of which we describe them as perceptions, pleasures, attitudes or ideas. But one such common quality need not

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involve any other. That travel, friendship, financial success, and a skillful game of billiards bring us pleasure, as music also does, provides no reason for assuming that we can learn about music by financial success or a study of billiards. That some games involve conscious self-deception and make-believe which bring pleasure is no reason for assuming that any art involves them because it too brings pleasure by representation. Our motives and attitudes in most games involve competition—which is wholly foreign to the appreciation of art. But even more glaringly fallacious is the assumption that imagination in art is always false and never a source of knowledge or truth. Not only does it fly in the face of an immense body of evidence to the contrary, it fantastically distorts the function of imagination itself. The artist does not feel what he purports to feel in his music; the intuitions he presents on his canvas are without exception conscious and deliberate deceptions—which likewise deceive all those who enjoy them; the ideas to which he gives expression in his poetry are always lies—and recognized as such by all who appreciate them!

The function of imagination in the arts is a complex one. We have seen how it can transform perceptions and ideas from pale and lifeless things to matters of high import. It can concentrate the mind on some small item (or a larger field) to the exclusion of nearly everything else. It can play with imagery aimlessly, as in fancy—not, of course, in violation of psychological laws or independently of previous experience. The most irrational and silliest structures of fancy exhibit associations which illustrate the regular operations of human minds and are always linked with their past experience. Both in scientific work and in works of art imagination may be perceptual extension of what we accept as representation or expression of reality. It may be a truth-getting, truth-clarifying process, linked with inference and intuition in the sciences, and chiefly with intuition in the arts. Among the latter it does not limit itself to delineation

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of actual or perceived appearances. But such a work need not lose its character as source of insight, knowledge, or truth, by the addition of unrealistic imagery. Much depends upon the relations which such imagery may have to the intuitions expressed. In Van Gogh's *Portrait of Dr. Gachet*, for example, the character of the doctor is clearly the dominant insight and meaning of the work. That he is here presented in a fantastically impossible background of lights, energies and colors, harsh and even mechanical, or that he sits at a table with a cloth and fox-gloves such as never entered into our experience before, may nevertheless serve to enhance our intuition of the kindly, skillful, humane and poignantly devoted asylum doctor who is himself but a step removed from the nervous tension of his patients. Seemingly irrelevant imagery may in this way attain a kind of logical relationship to a picture's meaning. But even where, as in many a great poem, much of its imagery bears no significant relationship to the ideas given expression there, imagination may serve to add sensuous charm without being in any way deceptive or illusory. There are, of course, many extant examples of deliberately deceptive imagination. Picture-puzzles in which you find the lady, or the castle, only after a long search; trick sculpture presenting a saint or a sinner according to your position in relation to it; the verse of affectation and pretense; in architecture, wood made to imitate blocks of stone or plaster columns painted to resemble rare and costly marbles—these illustrate deliberate deception though not always "conscious self-illusion." But in such works we are clearly concerned with degenerate pseudo-art, the make-believe, false, imitations of art. The poet, sculptor, or painter not only avoids dishonest feeling, he seldom falsifies imagination in the sense of presenting for contemplation anything which might lead to sentimentality. His imagination is never purely scientific; but whatever he adds to his intuitions of reality by way of imagery and its coordination is honest, in giving expression to an intended free, spontaneous, natural,

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purpose, not to an inwardly disruptive deception, or false and lying one. No artist sticks his tongue in his cheek, or watches for the effects of his "tricks"—much less knowingly or intentionally deceives himself.

Other negative interpretations of the knowledge process in the arts, such as those of Nietzsche and of Freud, present no less self-destructive assumptions. If as Nietzsche holds, all so-called sources of knowledge, from metaphysics and religion to morality and science, are offshoots of man's will to art, which is a will to falsehood, a means of overcoming reality with lies, then his own philosophy, on his own assumptions, cannot avoid being an expression of his "genius in prevarication." Even while he argues that all the matters with which we are concerned in the arts are but subtle forms of self-deception he glories in "Art and nothing else! Art is the great means of making life possible, the great seducer to life, the great stimulus to life." It is the counter-agent to all that he detests—especially the Buddhist and Christian conceptions of life and any ideas of an ordered cosmos. This radically pessimistic point of view in the *Birth of Tragedy* (Sec. 9, A & B), one which he claims has not hitherto been equaled in its degree of malice, regards the will to illusion and deception as more profound, as more primeval, as more metaphysical, than the will to truth. In the *Will to Power*, however, pessimistic art is described as a self-contradiction. "The essential feature of art is its power of perfecting existence, its production of perfection in plenitude; art is essentially the affirmation, the blessing and deification of existence" (Sec. 5). Falsity, deception, and illusion here seem to have retired into romanticism and pseudo-art, an art badly acquainted with reality.

The logic here calls for no discussion. We can best consider both points of view in the light of available empirical evidence. There is not a little radically pessimistic Dionysian art which glories in a will to power, even in a malicious will to power, and is sublimely indifferent to despair, to logic, and to the

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assumed irrational melee of uncoordinated cosmic forces. There are also hypotheses in science (here said to grow from man's "will to art") which give expression to somewhat similar ideas, though without deliberate intention of "overcoming" reality with lies and falsehood. There is much Apollonian art as well, in general more optimistic in its interpretations of men and things, aiming to give expression to what it holds to be true; serene, self-integrated and devoid of malice, finding satisfaction in order, refinement and perfection, often assuming beauty to be significant or integral to the course of nature itself. We need hardly note that Apollonian art also has its philosophical, religious and scientific parallels of interpretation. But does it follow from the *art* character of these or other ideas of ourselves and of our world, that any one of them is true or false? Does it follow from the rhythm, sensuous charm, euphony or balance of a sentence that it is a "lie," a "will to falsehood"? Can one add to the truth of a proposition by rendering it more ecstatic and masterful in the "feeling of power" it engenders? Does the expression of resignation, sympathy or of any other feeling which is said to soften and weaken the "instinct to life" have anything to do with the truth or falsity of the interpretations involved? Nietzsche holds art to be *par excellence* the "anti-Christian, the anti-Buddhist, the anti-nihilist force." As such it must give expression to ideas and interpretations which are hostile to them. But if art were the "will to falsehood" or even a "subtle form of self-deception . . ." might it then be "clear that in this book, pessimism, or better still, nihilism, stands for truth"? (*Birth of Tragedy*, Sec. 9, C)

History presents us with pessimistic and optimistic; life-furthering and life-depressing; Buddhist, nihilist, Christian; Greek, Chinese, Indian; formally restrained and sublime; relatively objective or abstract and intense in feeling; dominantly ideal (ideas) and dominantly perceptual; "dangerous, problematic and alluring"; dithyrambic, bright, gracious, darkly ro-

mantic, dimly symbolic, and many other species of art works. Some of these strongly assert the "instinct to live," heroically embracing pain and terror growing out of a hopeless struggle—as in tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles. Others give expression to resignation and sympathy awakened in gentler and, it may be, less penetrating minds. But these, along with other motives and feelings, have as little bearing upon the truth or falsity of the interpretations involved as do the meter, or the given tongue, in which they may be expressed. The self-assertion of a "*blonde Bestie*"-Künstler might, by modern means of sound production, conceivably step up the power of his voice and of his "will to yea-saying" so that it reverberated magnificently, joyfully, terribly, to all parts of the earth—and yet gave expression to little which could be called true or even significant. It might utter "lies." Indeed that is just what it would do, according to Nietzsche's *pronunciamento*, as a life-affirming, reality-denying, "will to art."

A parallel case is presented in Freud's interpretation of the arts as products of day-dreaming, phantasy-making imagination. Under the stimulus of instinctive drives, chiefly that of sex, they provide substitutes for man's generally unsatisfactory, bare, drab, commonplace and weak existence. Unable in actual life to attain gratification of his desires for honor, power, or the love of women, man takes refuge in imagery, fancies, day-dreams, "sublimations" of his actual wishes, which he substitutes for reality. Imagination is thus a turning away from reality, just as with Nietzsche, but without implying nihilism, the denial of any possible truth. Both, however, describe the arts as products of life-forces which have no essential or necessary relation to the knowledge process. That there are numerous examples among works of art which illustrate wish-fulfillment, a yearning for what is not, might easily mislead us into supposing that *all* works of art exhibit it. But there are many others which show no trace of gratifying personal desires. What "drive" for in-

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dividual fame, honor or love of women, is satisfied to-day by enjoyment of Rheims Cathedral or conceivably motivated its nameless builders seven centuries ago? Do such drives explain the composer of the third *Brandenburg Concerto*? The painter of the Sistine *Last Judgment* or the creator of *Zeus* for Olympia? It is true that the gratification of personal desires may also be linked with the quest for perfection. But this is not our present problem, and does not bear upon the fact that for both Nietzsche and Freud art-experience is no possible source of knowledge or truth, either in its creation or appreciation.

XVI

PHILOSOPHY AND ART — II

The wide variety of the arts and the many sorts of possible truth and error make *pronunciamentoes* concerning their relationships collectively, highly dubious ventures, even when made by the strongest wills to power. The verbal arts provide scope for the expression of propositional truth or error comparable to that of any other use of language. In realistic painting perceptual truth, the setting forth of what is commonly accepted as the actual appearance of things, is sometimes approximated. True that as an art, painting always intrigues imagination. Its imagery may be quite at variance with habitually accepted perceptions. Yet even so it may provide insight into previously unperceived relationships, or bring new ideas and valid intuitions. The same is, of course, true of sculpture: "This is Niobe. Thus her mind and heart are manifest in her body as she faces Apollo's cruelty." Or: "This is man the machine, his 'soul' a nothingness, his body an amorphous, meaningless abstraction, a little clay and slag cast up in sardonic ruthlessness." Or, *in extremis*, "This is nothing, nothing but lines, angles, surfaces set forth in three dimensions." That sculpture, along with the other arts, may give expression to some wholly ineffable significance fraught with profound feelings is in no need of restatement. We are here concerned with what is sayable in language. In architecture perceived meanings internal to the structures themselves are relatively few and most of them seem to be awareness of aesthetic qualities—stability, harmony, upward thrusts (Gothic), richness, refinement, interest-eliciting perspectives, fitness, serenity, strength, and so forth. There are others growing out of the relationships between buildings and human purposes—e. g. as

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reflecting the character of an individual builder or of a given group. How far from rational to damn all these as "self-deceptions" and "falsifications"—or, on the other hand, to hold that they body forth some transcendent truth concerning the cosmos! Surely every such interpretation stands or falls by the evidence which experience may provide. That the perceived inherent meanings of music (like those of architecture) are few in kind but rich and variegated, becomes clear when one endeavors to describe them. We earlier mentioned some of those which through cadences, progressions, given tempo and character of the harmony, tone-color, rhythm, massiveness and "motions" give expression to grandeur, delicacy, aspiration, inner integration (or disruption), exquisiteness, security, resolution, adventure (melodies), as well as many feelings from ecstatic bliss to deep despair. There are in music too many "attached" or "adherent" meanings growing out of its relationships to other life interests. Human labor may be transformed from an unpleasant, mechanical and unsocial drudgery into purposive, happy and sympathetic work by the influence of music even when superficially enjoyed. Religious ideas and beliefs attain greater pervasiveness and importance, human relationships too may acquire a greater satisfaction and intimacy, and even our physiological functions gain a healthier activity by the power of musical sounds. These, however, are not meanings inherent in the art itself but effects growing out of its interplay with other activities. They permit many valid conclusions to be drawn *about* music, but none *by* it. The absence of any but perceptual (auditory) meanings in music is also exhibited by "program" music in which efforts are made to make music conceptually significant or to interpret it by percepts from other senses. These last appear indeed to be examples of "deliberate self-deception." But they do not stem from the art itself. The many arbitrary symbolic "meanings" which have come to expression in all of the arts also belong to the attached or adherent ones. As it is possible for anyone to make the figure H stand for Justice, or the outstretched fingers of a hand in front of one's face to mean,—"you jailbird!"; so

various arts have made a fish to stand for Christ, a snake to symbolize both the fall and the redemption of man, and various other animals from doves to elephants to mean "Deity." Symbolisms such as these throw little light on the possible meanings or the truth and falsity mediated by the arts. But all adherent meanings clearly show that the arts are not isolated from the rest of our experience. The wide variability of such meanings in different individuals and varying contexts tends to obscure this relationship. We aim to be exact and secure in our statements and reject the variable ones as no meanings at all! Yet we have to admit that even single words and the simplest of propositions have widely variable meanings according to their contexts, their manner of expression and the individuals who utter them; also that our poetry may exhibit considerable fluidity of meaning. In music that fluidity is far greater. A given composition, or even melody, may at one time express with nebulous vagueness and little feeling some ill-defined aspiration and yearning for it knows not what. At another time the same composition may glorify a plighted troth with overwhelming power and definiteness. Such variableness of adherent meanings clearly shows that the quest for truth (in any one of the senses we have considered) is not, and can never be, a distinctive function of music. The presence of irresponsible fancy along with concerted imagination having its own "logic" of fitness or propriety, and fact-assuming memory, perception, intuition, and sometimes even a little inference, manifested in aesthetic experience generally, should have made us look for something more—or something less—than truth there. But analysis has probably also made it clear that the "sweetness of poetry," or more generally the means employed by the arts to quicken our feelings and heighten the meanings of what they present, neither add validity to nor destroy the inherent truth (or falsity) of the possible knowledge they may offer. Truth may become immensely more impressive, more potent, more pleasurable by the forms and sensuous satisfactions of artistry. But wonderful as such results may be, nothing warrants us to ascribe an esoteric, miraculous or superhuman source of knowledge to the arts.

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What shall be said then about the various metaphysical and religious interpretations which figure so largely in the history of aesthetics? Must an empirical account of art-experience ignore the speculations which have postulated superhuman functions and transcendent entities, in order to explain how and why we enjoy the arts or by what means from age to age they provide the patterns for human life? To do so would be dogmatism. For there is no more reason to deny unseen (or more generally nonsensuous) entities or functions in aesthetics than there is in physics. But no less certainly there must be reasons for postulating a particular entity or function as cause or explanation of an experience. And it must be said that in this respect aesthetic theory has sometimes resembled irresponsible fancy.

Perhaps the most direct way of realizing the possible advantages and disadvantages of metaphysics as interpreter of the arts will be to consider the basic ideas and conclusions of some distinctive examples. Plotinus, the great neo-Platonic mystic of the third century, offers one of the most remarkable of these. There is, according to him, a primal and absolutely unified One (or God), Source of all the variegated and changing things, material and nonmaterial, Source of all energies in the universe. From the perfection of the primal One a divine Intelligence emanates in which our separate individual intelligences participate. From the primal One also emanates the World Soul, a third divinity. The World Soul creates the material world which we experience through our sensations, the source of all that is changeable, irrational, disordered and evil in the world. Emanation is thus a degradation process from the perfection of the primal One as respects all material things. They resist any tendency to return to their Source—an urge and desire which is exhibited by human minds and other nonmaterial realities to regain that “dear country” “over yonder” where all is perfection, goodness and beauty. Physical things nevertheless may exhibit beauty when they are given form, charm and meaning by the activity of spirit, or intelligence. In Nature this is brought about by the World Soul; in the arts, by the aspiring intuitions of human souls “homewards.” No work of art quite succeeds in

embodying the perfection of beauty which in its purity exists only in the (Platonic) Ideas of the divine Intelligence and the primal One. Yet by his "vision-seeing faculty" man recognizes that Beauty instantly and with transports of joy as belonging to the world of true reality. "But what likeness can there be between the beauties of this world and divine beauties?" asks Plotinus. And he answers that the former participate, have an essential character in common with divine beauties; they lose—in varying degrees—their ugliness, discord, formlessness and irrationality in the unity, concord, and ideal perfection of the divine. By this special faculty the "soul" or "life" of a work is instantly seen as kindred to the divine Intelligence. This recognition comes not by deliberate reasoning—which "occurs in our mortal life when the soul is uncertain and troubled and not at its best"—but rather by imagination devoid of a hitch. Beauty for Plotinus is something nonphysical and metaphysical in the sense of a postulated "essence" or "soul" which "enters into" bodies to animate their "bulk." It exists in "conceiving minds" and, of course, in divine Intelligence before it manifests itself in physical things. It is not dependent upon our senses, or upon symmetry, proportion (and presumably other formal qualities) by themselves, but upon "essential character" a "spiritual" agency of "life" which acts as a world force in Nature as well as in the individual minds of men. It is a moral and religious force as well as an aesthetic one. In varying degrees it draws all men toward the Source of Light and Goodness and Truth by virtue of the divine and spiritual in themselves and the urge of a kind of metaphysical homesickness.

Nearly all of these interpretations, both intuitions and inferences, stand in sharp antithesis to the dominant early Christian and Mediaeval conceptions of the arts. St. Paul condemned art (presumably painting and sculpture) as "the lust of the eyes." Tertullian described the pleasures of sense as estrangement from God. St. Augustine lamented the "road to Hell" provided by the poets, especially by Homer. Boethius rebuked the Muses as "unholy maidens" who offered "sweet poison" to kill the fruitful

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seed of reason by the unfruitful thorns of the passions. St. Bernard tried to make himself blind to the beauties of nature "for Christ's sake." St. Francis claimed that God had chosen him to tread the beauty of the world under foot in order to show that every grace must come from the Lord. To the beginnings of the Early Renaissance prevailing conceptions of the arts were in most respects contradictory to those of Plotinus. There were indeed strong cross currents as well, in St. Augustine and in the Aristotelian backgrounds of St. Thomas' thought. But since no new principle appears in them to clarify the relations of religion and metaphysics to the interpretation of the arts there would be little advantage in their rehearsal.

Among modern metaphysical theories of art that of Hegel will perhaps be most illuminating for our purpose, both for its method and on account of its general assumptions and conclusions. The most fundamental of his postulates (which he also undertook to demonstrate) is that whatever is, is rational, as organic part of a world order, or Absolute, in which and by which all the particular items, qualities, events in nature and in our experience become intelligible. Only when seen as a whole does ultimate truth emerge, and the thinking process is an ever-widening approximation to this universality. It takes the form of a dialectic in which some proposition is confronted with its contradictory or opposite, and a new one is found to do justice to both. Hence the "triadic" character of the dialectic—thesis, anti-thesis, synthesis. For example, if one thinks about indeterminate being—something imagined to exist totally devoid of any qualities such as shape, color, taste, weight, etc.—he quickly realizes this is nothing, it does not exist, it is not-being.

The anti-thesis then is: All being is determinate, *i. e.*, everything manifests certain qualities. But *ultimate* being which embraces, holds together, *all* these (often contradictory) items cannot be so particularized. It must therefore combine, somehow synthesize, being and not-being. Or, from another angle, we say a certain thing is permanent, it exists. But it also grows, decays, changes into what it was not before. *Becoming* is there-

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fore more fundamental than existing or not-existing and indeed embraces both.

Hegel employs this method to interpret the development exhibited in the course of natural events, so that like Heraclitus of old, he finds energy, movement, change, activity, rather than anything static, the key to the order of nature. He employs it in his philosophy of human history, for example, in tracing the synthesis of Greek and Roman in modern civilization. He uses it in his interpretation of philosophy as related to religion and art. He applies it to the arts themselves—as synthesis of sense-experience and reason, as reconciliation of what is and what ought to be, as a union (but always *free*) between duty and desire. He also uses it to explain the interrelationships of the arts themselves, and to relate the great periods in the development of the arts to one another, e. g. the Symbolic, the Classical and the Romantic; which are also linked with parallel developments in the history of religion. The triad reappears in the synthesis of theoretical and practical in contemplation, in the expression and mitigation of the passions by free delight, in the capacity (which only man possesses) of objectifying nature, of impressing upon things the stamp of his own inner nature, and then rediscovering his own character in them, thus making nature an outward embodiment of himself. Most fundamental of all the conclusions reached by the widely varied use of the dialectic is the one which postulates that the function of all the arts is the revelation of truth. They do this not didactically, as instruments to an ulterior purpose, but freely and spontaneously. The subject matter of art is spiritual reality; its form the sensuous image; the work of art reconciles these two in an independent whole of mutually necessary parts. But great differences obtain in the degrees to which this is possible. Early and Symbolic art only vaguely gives expression to ideas and spiritual reality because the sensuous images which are made to stand for the former are not adequate and generally arbitrary. The human form in classical Greek sculpture, on the other hand, fully and concretely gives expression to the indwelling spirit, even that of a god—because Greek gods were not remote from human beings. The Christian God being

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wholly spiritual and hence to be apprehended only spiritually, is above and beyond any sensuous imagery and hence no subject to be represented by external natural form. In Romantic art, which tries to present sensuously what in reality cannot be so represented, there is a reversion to the vagueness and ineptitude of Symbolic art. With it too there must follow the lingering death-in-life of art. For philosophy, by its grasp of reality in pure thought free from sense imagery, far more successfully gives expression to truth than art does. The reason of philosophy has also lost the emotional subjectivity of religion. So that by the dialectic of human development itself philosophy is destined to supplant both art and religion. Croce correctly describes Hegel's philosophy of art as an extended funeral discourse.

We shall best realize the limitations of metaphysics as interpreter of art by examining somewhat more closely the most fundamental of these general assumptions, hypotheses and conclusions. Let us first consider Hegel's conception of *truth*. When he wrote: "Art has the function of revealing truth in the form of sensuous artistic shapes and of presenting to us the reconciliation of the contradiction" he may have had in mind (as most of us probably would) some great expressions of truth, or propositions held to agree with reality as embodied for example in poetry. But Hegel means very much more than propositional truth by the term. This is clear from merely substituting a specific art for art in general in the passage quoted. Music "has the function of revealing truth in the form of sensuous artistic shapes and of presenting to us the reconciliation of the contradiction." (Let us for the time being by-pass the question of *how*, in its "dialectic," music "reconciles the contradiction," and hold to the single question "What sort of truth?") As "revealed in sensuous shapes" truth might appear (in the nonverbal arts) to be merely perception, the immediate, unspoken, interpretation of our sensations. But Hegel clearly regards sense-matter as a hindrance to truth, something which itself foredooms art to failure and death. When he links art with religion and philosophy in a common quest he declares the two latter have divested themselves of such "objective" "impedimenta." "Pure" and

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“free” Reason is the real source of truth. The term most frequently used to describe it is “spiritual”—not only as arising in mind, but as expressing the character of the universe itself. For Spirit is the central term in the Hegelian philosophy. It connotes a World Intelligence, the complete organic Unity of all in the Absolute, the World Spirit, and the entire range of finite human minds in which the absolute Mind, the ultimate Reality manifests itself. So completely does the idea of Spirit dominate the Hegelian philosophy that he holds it to be the one and only subject with which it is concerned. In fact he *identifies* the absolute Spirit with Truth. So that the latter is not something said or otherwise expressed *about* anything and which *accords* with reality. Truth is the very substance and essence of things, that which makes them what they are. The nearest Hegel comes to recognizing sensuous matter is when he describes Spirit as somehow contagious in “spiritualizing” material things, thus making them too possible sources of truth. “Spiritual” also connotes for Hegel, having high and noble qualities, so that “spiritual truth” is not to be confused with the mundane or ordinary variety. Spiritual truth is concerned with life’s most vital and important matters, with the divine Ideas, with the Absolute, the World Spirit, and other exalted subjects which may indeed be ineffable. While all truth has its source in the mind or spirit of man, and ultimately in the World Mind, it also has its finite kinds and degrees. This is illustrated even within the range of spiritual truth itself by the differences noted between the “imaginative concepts” of religion, the “sensuous shapes” of art, and the “pure concepts” of “speculative reason” in philosophy which has God, the most perfect kind of truth, for its subject matter.

Now if we take account of actual works of art and of beauty (which Hegel identifies with art,) we shall note that not all of them are devoted to the “spiritual” matter, divine ideas and so forth, which he sets up as their metaphysical criterion. Many artists have sought to give expression to what seemed to them most exalted in human life and in the scheme of things. We

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have before observed how close is the relationship between various historical religions and the beginnings of artistry. The arts will probably long continue to give expression to religious ideas and ideals. But to limit them to this and other exalted matter, as it also appears in philosophy, is merely to ignore the wide range of secular art which seems to bear no conceivable relationship to Hegel's cosmic and transcendent ideas. How does Rembrandt in the *Portrait of His Father*, or Titian in *Bacchus and Ariadne* give expression to a "purely conceptive or plastic grasp of the Infinite"? In what sense is Velasquez's *Maids of Honor* "the portrayal of the Divine by concepts which appeal to sense-perception"—in which terms Hegel maintains "thought has long ago defined art and passed its verdict upon it"? Many masterpieces of painting well illustrate how the lesser, local and even trivial matters of human experience may be made significant and beautiful by the power of artistry. But examples of great poetry might also be cited to show how "purely conceptive or plastic grasp of the Infinite" is hardly a correct general description of that art. "The portrayal of the Divine by concepts which appeal to sense-perception" is no less inadequate as a definition of music. For, in the first place, there are no concepts—counters which can be dealt with in conception, thought, or inference—in music, and, in the second place, music *portrays*—stands for, represents, depicts—nothing directly. When we describe certain music as "divine" (or other kinds as less so) we conceive of a resemblance between the *perceived* meanings and satisfactions of the work and our ideas of divine qualities. But even if music could "portray" (as painting does) or by "concepts" (in the medium of poetry) set forth the most perfect Divinity ever conceived by theology or philosophy, it would probably be able and willing to do some other things as well. The history of the art also testifies to this. Would Hegel himself, howsoever strongly convinced he might be that as a philosopher he is thinking the divine Ideas, be quite secure in naming Schumann, Berlioz, Stravinsky or Schönberg as examples in point?

The efforts of many other philosophers to interpret the arts in terms of metaphysics have been far from successful. But

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Hegel's incorporation of art into his system of ultimate knowledge is perhaps our most instructive example. However imperfect he conceives its "revelation" to be, art is linked to cosmic agencies, and cosmic agencies in their turn are held to make the arts intelligible. The first part of this conclusion grows from the general thesis that the essential function of art is the revelation of *truth*. But the variety of meanings connoted by this term in Hegel leads to irrelevant and even contradictory conclusions. Interpretations of the arts in metaphysical terms, on the other hand, contribute little to their understanding or appreciation. The term "art" is fairly clear, even though we do not know where a particular work begins to be art or where it may break off as failure, or perhaps among the "isms" which Croce later called "anti-art." These, of course, are our problems as well. Even Hegel's repudiation of dancing as an art need not seriously affect our common understanding of "art" as the general body of works commonly denoted by the term. But the term "truth" with the variegated, ambiguous, and self-contradictory meanings which appear in his basic conclusions, make the undertaking highly dubious, if not futile.

We have seen how the interpretation of art as revealer of "spiritual" (only exalted and noble) truth is one more example of taking a part for the whole. Truth is also *identified* with the Absolute. This seems to describe it as some sort of substance or existent reality—not merely the sum of all statements *about* reality, large and small, which have certain characteristic earmarks. Hegel is indeed not the only one to use the term truth in a substantive sense. How often have we not heard that "God is Truth." But when one enquires more specifically what that means the statement resolves itself into a laudatory epithet, or perhaps "God is truthful," or "a lover of truth." By no conceivable stretch of imagination can anything real, be it a world system, an atom, or a mind, be *identified* with truth. "Henry is truth" is a metaphor like saying "Henry is gold." To infer anything about Henry from an analysis of gold or about gold from our knowledge of Henry, is nonsense. Hegel's identification

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of the Absolute, or World Spirit, with Truth, presents a parallel case—except that the Absolute as a concept of pure reason, is “free from any admixture of sensuous matter,” and for that reason as well, different from the truth of classical art, as described by himself. Worse still, the particular arts themselves provide no support for the doctrine. Does music reveal the actual substance, the real being and essence of the Absolute? Or architecture, even in its most successful symbolisms?

The identification of meaning with truth is in like case. Many items of our sensuous experience—natural objects, lines, tones, designs, movements—provide our minds with means toward the awareness of meanings which can be expressed as true propositions, that is in accord with reality, or, better said, with our accepted relevant knowledge. Probably most of our meanings imply such a relationship to reality at some point. The poet's wildly fanciful picture of how:

The blessed damosel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven . . .

through all its vague
mystery gives expression to cosmic and religious intuitions by which it keeps contact at certain points with assumed realities. She had “three lilies in her hand, And the stars in her hair were seven.” She stood on “the rampart of God's house . . . so high that looking downward thence, She scarce could see the sun.” In her love for the poet: “We two,” she said “will seek the groves, Where the lady Mary is.”

Herself shall bring us, hand in hand
To him round whom all souls
Kneel . . .

A few of Hegel's own “symbolic truths” which it is the function of architecture to reveal will also be instructive here. The eight superimposed towers and seven platform areas of the ancient temple of Belus

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symbolized not only "security" (by their cubiform shapes) but also "the seven planets and spheres of heaven." In the temples of Egypt "the positions of columns and passageways have relation to the days of the year, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the seven planets, the great periods of the lunar cycle, and other phenomena." The list could be indefinitely extended to the cruciform shapes, the spires, the interior lines, the indirect meanings of sculptured fish, lambs, snakes, doves and other animals incorporated into the fabric of great Christian churches. The glass of Gothic cathedrals according to Hegel presents "another light than that of nature . . ." Associations of ideas such as these often intrigue imagination and arouse deep feelings. But they can be described as "revelations of truth" only if *all* our projected meanings, the fanciful and fantastic as well as those taken to be accounts of some reality (including immediate intuitions and perceptual meanings), are alike valid and true.

Still another conception of truth, not unlike the one we earlier characterized by the phrases "true-to," "harmonious with character," or "honest," appears in Hegel's interpretations of the "romantic" arts, especially music. In these arts the Mind, Conscious Subject, Ego, Spirit, or Soul is liberated from the objective world to a creative awareness of its own independent self-identity. The meanings, significance, truths expressed by music are wholly inward and spiritual matters which come to the Ego through creative self-realization as a "self-knowing and self-willing subject." The latter supersedes the external world as object of knowledge. Music has for its content "the most intimate, personal, and free life and essence of the Soul." In the discovery of absolute (or final and perfect) truth made actual by Spirit, man "the self-knowing one . . . reveals what Spirit, what the Eternal and Infinite in their veritable truth are." Being "conscious of the Divine Mind visible to the subject of consciousness" he discovers himself to be "the only universal God Himself." Yet Time, as "the essential element in which tone secures existence in respect to its validity as music," is also "the being of the conscious subject itself." This is the reason why "tone . . . by means of motion in Time and its rhythm places the Ego in move-

ment." As each moment of Time effaces the preceding one, so tones annul those which have gone before, and by their various configurations also enrich the unity of consciousness by expression of emotions. The truth revealed by music thus exhibits the Divine Mind in self-revelation. Though expressed in the free initiative of a conscious subject it is also governed by laws, such as those of harmony, melody, rhythm and others, some of which indeed are mathematical. This combination of freedom and "necessity," however, does not limit the complete self-sufficiency of Spirit in the "romantic" arts. Spirit enjoys its freedom and infinity by the very discovery of its own existence and selfhood as Spirit—which it also creates in the process. Religion (by which Hegel means the Christian religion) is the essential premise of the Romantic arts. Spirit cannot trust "the external show." The latter is forever "beneath the sphere of blessedness."

The "truth" exemplified by such interpretations is clearly not based upon any objective, or commonly accessible data, or inferences drawn from evidence. It is based upon congruity and similarities of qualities by virtue of which we can speak of it as "true-to-character" or "self-coherent." As freely "self-created," "inward," "spiritual," "self-initiated," above the "unblessed" limitations of sensory experience, expressing themselves in the ideal beauty of the Christian religion (as described by Hegel), such interpretations of music do in fact attain no little self-consistency of character. Yet there is also no little room for doubt whether any second Ego, Subject, Mind or Soul, even in the most intense enjoyment of music, has ever become aware of itself as "the only universal God, Himself" who thus "reveals what Spirit, what the Eternal and Infinite in their veritable truth are." For Schopenhauer's description of great music as "life of the gods," by virtue of the inner freedom, and superiority both to desires and carking cares in its enjoyment, is *metaphorical*,—not Hegel's *apotheosis*. Other metaphysicians—including Schopenhauer—have, to be sure, described aesthetic intuitions as direct revelation of a *Ding-an-sich*, or ultimate Reality not otherwise accessible. But Hegel's self-identification

with Deity is probably unique. What is most surprising, however, in the thought of many metaphysicians concerning art is the combination of penetrating and exact empirical descriptions of the factors which enter into works of art and our experience of them, with traditional or fanciful theories concerning cosmogony, the Trinity, the "life, death, and resurrection of Christ" (Hegel), the urge of the human soul to return to the Primal One, the actions and reactions of opposing cosmic forces, or human blessedness and the incorrigible evil of sensory experience. How strange that one who, like Hegel, had a wide knowledge of our Western arts, should have undertaken to interpret them by concepts which the wildest fancies of imagination fail to make relevant. What has the resurrection of Christ to do with any poem or painting not concerned with this subject matter? (*Philosophy of Art*, Vol. II, Subsection 3, Chapter 1 (a)). How do the *Suites*, *Concertos*, *Partitas*, or the *St. Matthew Passion* of Bach identify us with the Absolute so that we become aware of being (by self-creation) the "only universal God, Himself"? Or why is the "true Sublime" to be found only in the "view that the entire created world is limited in time and space with no independent stability or consistency and, as such, an adventitious product which exists solely to celebrate the praise of Almighty God?" (*Ibid.*, Vol. II, Subsection I, Chapter 2).

Our answers to these questions need not forthwith repudiate religious and metaphysical ideas in relation to interpretations of art. They do, however, assume that evidence is called for to make inferences of this kind valid, or even plausible. Without evidence to support them, theories are hardly to be differentiated from propositions embodying fanciful associations of ideas, whether new and original, or habitual and traditional ones. Such evidence need not be wholly empirical, based ultimately upon sense-perception. Large portions of our most secure and simple knowledge, as well as the more comprehensive and exact conclusions of science, derive from inferences of reason more than from sense-perceptions. But all too frequently a metaphysic of art has lacked *both* empirical evidence and valid—even rele-

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vant—inference. Hegel's theory of art as in essence revelation of "truth" is a good example in point. Many works of art, which all men would recognize as such, give expression to "truth" in at least one of several senses in which he used the term. But many more do not by any connotation of the word; and those which do cannot be assembled under a single one of these meanings. All the arts build upon the media of sense-perception. This, according to Hegel, is a serious limitation, an impediment to their revelation of truth. The deep realization of music rises superior to what we *hear*, as a great painting raises the mind beyond what eyes perceive. Sense-perception is an *evil* thwarting the soul's development, its freedom, its creativity, its self-realization as pure Spirit!

The ancient religious dogma here is easily recognized. But one learns of no evidence whatsoever to show *why* or *how* sense-perception hinders any knowledge process whether in the arts, in the sciences, or in philosophy. It is difficult, if not impossible, to imagine or conceive what "perfect" or "ideal" knowledge, completely dissociated from sense-perception, might be. Spiritual life under sensory anaesthesia appears to be an uncertain quantity so far as the evidence of psychology can show us. From all that we know about our minds and their activities it seems improbable that consciousness could long endure deprivation of all sense-experience. So intimately, moreover, are certain of our senses linked with the knowing process that much knowledge is impossible without them. How much should we know about all that light reveals, without vision? How far should we get in our scientific knowledge and theory without observation and experiment? What special wisdom in the *dicta* of partially (or even wholly) anaesthetized philosophers? Sensory experience may therefore be useful, even indispensable, to scientific and philosophical, as well as to artistic truth-finding. The history of thought also shows how easily, in the absence of empirical data, "truth" may be confused with inferences drawn from the meanings of words and their implications. Hegel's conclusions about the inferiority of the arts

as "revealers of truth" because of their sensuous qualities are not only unsupported, but contradicted, by the evidence of the sciences and philosophy themselves. Whereby the prophecy drawn from the dogma foretelling the impending doom of the arts among men also becomes somewhat suspect.

The dialectic, finally, presents an example of metaphysical architectonics which shows how dubious and misleading abstract schemes of procedure can be as guides to our thought in these matters. The "reconciliation of the contradiction" (*thesis* against *antithesis* into *synthesis*) which the "truth revealed by art," no less than that attained by philosophy, exhibits, is not stressed in Hegel's *Aesthetics*. But as we saw, it is everywhere presupposed. Not only periods of art (Symbolic, Classical, Romantic) but the various arts among themselves (painting, music, poetry) illustrate the same triadic scheme in some general way. But when we try to make this more specific by enquiring in what sense the Egyptian temple of Denderah can be described as a *thesis* to which the Phidian figure of Zeus is an *antithesis*, and certain Gregorian music a *synthesis*, imagination itself is quite as baffled as when "Greek civilization" is to be "contradicted" by the Roman, and both "synthesized" in the "modern." Not only contrasting but similar qualities are found when one compares the Parthenon with the Temple of Denderah. Roman civilization was indeed very different from the Greek, but also had much in common with it; and many factors other than the Greco-Roman, from the Hebrew-Christian religion to the Philistine's lure of economic power, have entered into the making of the "modern." How can the truths of any two "contradictory" works of art be "reconciled" in a third? Or how can the "truth" revealed by a whole period of music become "reconciled" so that there is no longer any "contradiction" with that of another period—or with "truth" derived from a given period of sculpture? The search for possible "reconciliations of contradictions," whether of one art with another, or of a whole period with a contrasting one, becomes increasingly dubious, even otiose, when one learns how rarely

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it is the function of any but the verbal arts to assert a truth which *can* be contradicted.

Are the resources and methods of metaphysics of slight avail then, toward a comprehensive and penetrating interpretation of the arts? If by metaphysics we mean rigorously consistent reasoning based upon our various relevant kinds of inwardly and outwardly directed experience concerning what is beyond experience, there would seem to be no more reason for denying it here than anywhere else—provided the arts present any data of experience. This they assuredly do, both inwardly and outwardly. The creation or appreciation of a poem or a painting yields meanings, insights, satisfactions and other inner experiences, as well as sensory perceptions, from which rigorously consistent inferences may sometimes be drawn. But metaphysicians of art have generally linked their inferences with the dogmatic assumptions of a given religion, and often based their conclusions upon them. Thus when Schelling inferred that "God is the immediate cause of all art, because it [art] represents Ideas, which as 'eternal conceptions' reside in God," and then explained that artistic creation is due to the "eternal Ideas of man in God who is linked up and united with the soul" (*Philosophie der Kunst*, p. 458), he made theology the prior assumption and foundation of art-interpretation. His theology is, indeed, not wholly Christian. It is charitably polytheistic. Vulcan is the formative principle embodied in iron; Neptune, the formless principle presented in water. A Greek statue (of the classical period) reveals both a real God and an aspect of the universe. Greek and Christian faiths are wedded in a revelation of God in history. "It is as if Christ, the Infinite embodied in Finitude, offering himself in human shape to God were bringing the old epoch to a close. He is only there to mark a limit as the last God. After him comes the Spirit, the ideal principle, the ruling Soul of the modern world." (*Ibid.*, p. 432). The church under the rule of the Spirit becomes "the all-comprehensive work of art," and every artistic creation, present and future, is to be

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regarded as exhibiting the Gods of History transforming themselves into the Gods of Nature.

How can the philosophy of art be freed from what is irrelevant to it? Only by rigorously examining the assumptions, data, and inferences by which its conclusions are attained. Perhaps the simplest and most direct way of illustrating this will be to enquire: What does Hegel mean by the conclusion, "The World-Spirit manifests itself in the historical course of the arts"? Does the statement mean that the World-Spirit is to-day manifesting itself in Surrealism, Nihilism, Futurism, Fauvism, Abstractionism, and all the other variegated schools of painting? Does the same manifestation appear in *World-Spirit-denying* Communist art? If no dialectical self-contradiction was intended, we have further to enquire: Does the World-Spirit manifest itself in the work of *every* artist who puts color to canvas, or notes to a staff? And does it occur in his partial successes and failures, as well as in his masterpieces? This difficulty is not obviated by softening the statement (as Hegel does elsewhere) to say that "moods" of the World-Spirit are manifested in the arts. For *something* recognizable in all the arts must bear the mark of what can only be attributed to a World-Spirit. Thus the inevitable question becomes: What are the specific qualities, characters, agencies, operations, or effects, by which it can be recognized as such a manifestation?

Strangely enough the kind of evidence and inference implied by such questions seems already to have been exhibited in the thought of Pythagoras and his followers. Noting the order and mathematical relationships in the structures and processes of nature they concluded that *Forms* not unlike those found in human arts, and especially musical modes and relationships, were exhibited there. The Pythagoreans (whose interest in cosmological phenomena suggested a heliocentric system many centuries before Copernicus) concluded that these myriad Forms attest widespread artistic tendencies in the course of external nature as well as in human actions and ideas. Plato further extended the scope of such investigations. He saw evi-

dence of Patterns or Forms not only in what we call organic structures but in the different sorts of inorganic matter—imagining geometrical shapes for them, in principle somewhat as physical chemists do for the elements to-day. But Forms are not merely the visible shapes of things. They are in fact invisible. Living structures come and go. The Forms they exhibit continue in new generations. Nor are they material: Something in a petunia seed brings about not a mustard or a portulaca plant, though (what we call) the chemical structure be the same in all their seeds. The Forms again cannot be tasted, smelled, heard, or handled—in short they are nonsensuous and can be realized only by thought. Perhaps it was for this reason that he preferred the word *Idea* to designate them, though he also uses the older term. As form-giving, Ideas are *causes* giving shapes, patterns and aesthetic character to things. But examination discloses that the actual structures of things never quite approximate the *Ideas* of them. Nothing is perfect; the flower invariably has its defect, no individual man can be set up as physical or mental embodiment of perfect humanity. He is always a more or less poor “imitation” of that. The *Ideas* are ideals. Yet it is in terms of ideals that we measure our knowledge. The true “man” is not the crippled, malformed, or mentally unbalanced one. The points, lines and figures dealt with in our geometry are not the ones visibly depicted for us. The latter are merely symbols by which we more easily realize the ideal ones—which actually determine our conclusions.

No less remarkable is the fact that, both in external things and in our minds, Forms or Ideas build up patterns and structures among themselves, so that the whole external world seems to be a *Cosmos*, or single order with universal laws. In human minds Ideas get concatenated in such ways that they actually parallel, represent and express the outside world by logical structures which we call truth. Our mental patterns and operations also give promise of more comprehensive if not universal truth, if and when they are all harmoniously related. It is thus upon the basis of evidence from experience that Plato endeavors to draw his metaphysical conclusions. What we have called positive aes-

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thetic qualities—harmony, symmetry, balance, unity in variety—characterize the order of our minds' Ideas when we attain to even our imperfect truth. Perfect truth would therefore seem to imply beauty. In the patterns of nature aesthetic qualities show urges toward what in men we call artistry. Natural forces in their operation often "imitate" definitely discernible Forms or Ideas bringing into existence what is very like, and often surpasses, the creations of human minds. Plato did not, of course, possess the data afforded by microscopes and modern experiments. He did not have access to researches which have almost endlessly extended his realm of patterns and aesthetic forms in nature. These however would not have turned his mind to dogmatic theology. They would rather have reinforced his determination to base his conclusions upon relevant evidence—and when he could no longer be sure of its support, to explain that he was expressing an "opinion." "God only knows if what I say is correct." How different all this from the dogmatic assumptions, historical, psychological, ethical, as well as theological, of some modern metaphysicians of art! The same respect for "the long and difficult language of facts" is shown in Plato's thought concerning Deity, the destiny of human minds, the significance of change, of time, of good and evil in the scheme of things, and other metaphysical problems. But these do not concern us here.

Our hopes and fears for the future of the arts will hardly depend upon assumptions that they must become, or do, what is not within their power to become, or to do. It signifies little that their histories, or their relationships one to another, cannot be construed to fit some methodology, some dialectic which elsewhere may work very well. No foreboding of impending doom confronts music because of its inability to deal with proof either inductively or deductively. Nor should counsels of despair blight our enjoyment of sculpture because a dogma declares our senses to be evil, and material things somehow opposed to the World Spirit. If we cannot always find a piece of architecture "spiritual," or a painting "twice-born" in one of the variegated meanings of these terms, it is still possible that other high qualities

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may be experienced in them. Even though "the most romantic of the arts" were seen to be no longer dependent upon the tenets of a given religion, poetry might still present no real basis for sorrow, or despair for its future.

Far more important factors are presented in common experience: what we can learn about the nature and history of the arts, our knowledge of ourselves as their appreciators and creators, and of the many forces in our environment, both mental and material, which thwart or foster them. Perhaps the most significant of these are the *ideas themselves* which we entertain about them. Where the arts are regarded as an idle pastime, mere frills and decorations of the fringe of life, there will clearly be no hope for a golden age. Where artistry is thought to be a function of mental disease it is little honored by men in their senses. Where the arts are held to be "lying deceptions," "self-conscious illusions," "expressions of what we do not feel," men rightly fear—and hope for less of them. The same is true of those esoteric abstractions which dissociate the arts from life itself, cutting them off from all its meanings, interests, and emotions. Imagine a Renaissance of painting, growing out of methodologies of color, line, and mass arrangements, or of "pure" poetry based upon syllabic sequences in an arithmetic (or possibly geometric) series! The idea of many well-meaning people that the arts best serve to "benefit" some worthy cause is also destructive to them, whether the ulterior object be political, economic, or religious. For by nature, art is no servitor, and when misused as a tool, it loses not only its importance but its character. Another conception, a strait jacket which too often limits the development of our aesthetic life, is the supposition that the arts are far beyond the scope of common humanity to understand or to enjoy. This idea sometimes makes for their neglect, and even oblivion, in whole communities. Yet few who intelligently seek fail to find the joy of art, and something of its lifelong satisfaction. Modesty, to be sure, well befits even the most enlightened creators themselves, in the presence of many a masterpiece. But this only points to the seemingly endless possibilities of new insights and pleasures to be derived from our

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heritage. Our study has throughout shown how indefeasibly aesthetic human nature is, not indeed in the sense that "Man is born a poet" but rather because he spontaneously appreciates aesthetic qualities, enjoying (or suffering) them as naturally as he eats or breathes. It would be inaccurate to say that their absence would degrade him to an animal existence; for many, even lower, animals clearly show appreciation of aesthetic qualities. But not of arts—as is also the case with many humans. The distinction, as we shall shortly see, has important bearings upon aesthetic education.

We cannot here pass in review the many fateful ideas presented by the "isms" of the various arts. As we have seen in earlier chapters, many of these are parasitical and hostile to the very life they would express. Hope lies in their death, not by violence, but by the expulsive power of enlightened ideas. In our day, the "arts" of deliberate idiocy and self-induced insanity are happily being more widely recognized for what they are. With the further development of our aesthetic life, originality is no more likely to depend upon monstrosities than it did in the great ages; and stupidity will probably not be of its essence. Such education, both in appreciation and creation, will surely profit by more intimate knowledge of the functions and natures of the arts, and especially of the qualities which go into their making and growth. Although the realization of aesthetic qualities is not yet that of art, it is of basic importance to aesthetic education. Recall the many ways in which they can enhance, even glorify, our work, our speech, our houses, our religion, in fact nearly every aspect and conscious function of our lives. Education to aesthetic values through them ("from below" we may call it) gives larger promise of enriching our lives than the study of great masterpieces "from above," which, if it lacks relationships to its own fundamental processes, may remain external, unnatural and even stilted. Here is where, following Plato, we might give our children from their early years, more abundant opportunities to express themselves in the making of objects which delight them. For thus "the love of excellence will grow in human minds." Even isolated qualities, like the

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symmetry of a balanced design, the curves of an intriguing line, a winged word, new meaning in a modeled hand, or the charm of blended colors in a vase, spontaneously incline the generous mind to love of perfection.

A further distinction of aesthetic education is its psychological comprehensiveness. Intuition, imagination and feeling are indeed primary, both in appreciation and creation. But all of our other mental functions may be involved in artistry. Memory, perception, thinking (including inference,) volition, and the wide variety of instinctive (affective) actions—all come to expression in our aesthetic life. They are, in fact, all linked together, howsoever we may differentiate them. Perception has much in common with intuition, and both depend upon memory. Volition is present in all of them in so far as we are interested or pay attention to a thing. What is remarkable, however, in our experience of art (and to a lesser degree in our enjoyment of aesthetic qualities) is the organization of our mental functions which then takes place. Our emotions, howsoever keen they may be, are never violent; they are never out of relationship to reason (as in isolation they easily are). Volition, interest, attention, are always active, but, again, never so resolutely as to close our eyes to perceived facts. Reason loses its abstractness by its links with imagery, creative imagination, and feeling. Imagination in turn is never irresponsible, wholly dissociated from the "real" world of our knowledge. In short, our mental functions are harmoniously integrated, so that we attain (in varying degrees) the sense of unity with ourselves which in its higher ranges may be so happy as to challenge comparison. Our vexations, ideas, habitual fears and persistent angers, our humiliations and even physical pains can then for a time be wholly out of mind, even as negative aesthetic qualities may, by the "alchemy" of a painter, be merged with others into a delightful whole. From ancient days to the present, scores of philosophers and other writers have described the human life at its best as most like a great work of art having unity with itself in a rich variety.

No less striking is the social character of the arts. Their com-

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mon enjoyment not only in kindred groups but among people of different nations, races and forms of government, brings with it a major bond of sympathy. Even where the negro is detested, his spirituals are sung with incipient sense of brotherhood. Across the very trenches of hate and blood the fraternity of song during the world wars led brave and patriotic men to lay down their arms for a season, and to take them up again with reluctance. To-day the most potent harmonizer is music. But all the other arts have power spontaneously to elicit sympathy which will increasingly be realized when education—"leading out" and developing our distinctively human and disinterested functions—is made possible for larger numbers. Here is where a chief hope for civilization itself resides. Other factors contribute to common understanding, good will, and rational sympathy—the various exact and descriptive sciences, technological advances, honorable trade, common religious traditions, enlightened government "machinery" for peace—but most potent of all is the common realization and enjoyment of the liberal arts. Nothing can take their place in the long process of education to generosity and rational sympathy, upon which eventual peace among mankind also depends.

Although metaphysical theories and theological dogmas do not often provide enlightening interpretations of the arts, and sometimes obscure their nature and function even to mystification and a kind of magic, must it not be said that the arts themselves provide us with a great deal of insight into the nature of things, the cosmic scheme, the characters and destiny of men, and many other matters? Do not the least of an artist's perceptions, intuitions or ideas—the dewdrop on the chalice of a lily, the resolution of a yearning suspension—bring illuminating knowledge? Does he not disclose us to ourselves in our most intimate selfhood? Does he not dispel the mists that separate us from our friends, and open our eyes to unsuspected and yet actual things? Is he not indeed a creator, in the sense of making real for us the unguessed wealth of the world and its seemingly boundless sources of happiness? Yes, and more; for he can re-

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valuate the feeling we have for home and country, for the lesser celandine or the "Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous, beastie," and the stranger that is within our gates. But herein lies the nub of the "ancient quarrel between poetry and philosophy." For the arts often claim a special dispensation, a revelation of superior wisdom and insight, not unlike a "plenary inspiration"; while the philosopher has from of old maintained that, howsoever glorious or beautiful a claim to truth, it must abide by the verdict of evidence.

There is surely no incongruity in the poet's wish that ultimate truth may have perfect beauty of expression. Psychologists (like J. M. Baldwin) and epistemologists (e.g. F. H. Bradley) have argued that completely adequate truth must have many aesthetic qualities common to works of beautiful art. Among these are unity, internal self-consistency, a harmony which exhibits all the items in the "picture" as an organic whole, with subordination of lesser to greater ones. So perfect truth is characterized by clarity, balance, proportion, perspective and other formal qualities. But it cannot be maintained that artistry is a measure of validity. The truth of a verbal intuition assuredly does not depend upon the rhythm, sensuous charm, or aptness of its expression; and only as the arts provide meanings cut off from others and peculiar to themselves, can they be said to yield a basis for a distinctive and exclusive philosophy of art. But, as we have seen, there is no segregation between the "artistic" and "normal" vision; the artist shares his more gifted imagination with the rest of us; his intuitions and ideas are subject to the same tests which we elsewhere employ. So that it is of the utmost importance to any adequate interpretation of the arts to free them from ideas of special, or authoritarian, revelation.

What is true of our psychology or epistemology, and, as we have seen, of ethics and religion, namely, that their several particularized sources of knowledge are parts—and where relevant to one another inseparable parts—of one great body of knowledge, is no less true of an adequate philosophy of art. The assumption that only in the creations of human minds can one

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find evidence of aesthetic functions, or artistry, is an esoteric isolationism which does not abide the test either of simple observation or of reason. As functions of perception, intuition, imagination or feeling, the sensuous and formal qualities or meanings experienced in a painted landscape do not differ qualitatively from those enjoyed in the actual landscape. The evidence of psychology (which here anticipates any philosophy of the matter) shows how the differences are those of purity, concentration, organization, power, and the intensity of emotions. The limitation of art and even aesthetic experience to human "spirits" also ignores the inevitable question: Are human "spirits" (or minds) part and parcel of the order of nature, or separate "special creations" above or outside of the organic and inorganic world? No one with incipient knowledge of biology and psychology denies man his place in the order of nature, both as body and as mind. Whatever else may need to be said it is a fundamental problem to interpret his aesthetic life in relation to what appears to be similar in the lives of other animals. From the standpoint of evolution and genetics the problem will not down: How does man's urge for perfection, his insatiable desire for beauty (and truth) emerge from the slime? And how significant are the primordial urges toward apparently anticipated purposes manifested in myriad forms of animal and vegetable life? How ignore the patterns and Platonic Ideas of even the inorganic world?

A philosophy of art adequate to interpret the significance of the arts in their far-reaching relationships would clearly involve the nature of reality itself—all the data which seem to point to a Cosmic Artist delighting in his creations, or else to a seemingly ruthless mechanism unaware of the distinction between life and death, happiness and sorrow, hideousness and beauty. It is not our intention to discuss the many challenging problems which might here lead on to a new volume. Suffice it to say that despite the gloom, as well as the glory, presented to any philosophic eye and sensitive heart by our hopes and

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fears for the arts, their wider understanding, practice and enjoyment present a promise of high importance to human life. The very qualities and characters of a thing of beauty best describe for us the most nearly perfect and happy life.

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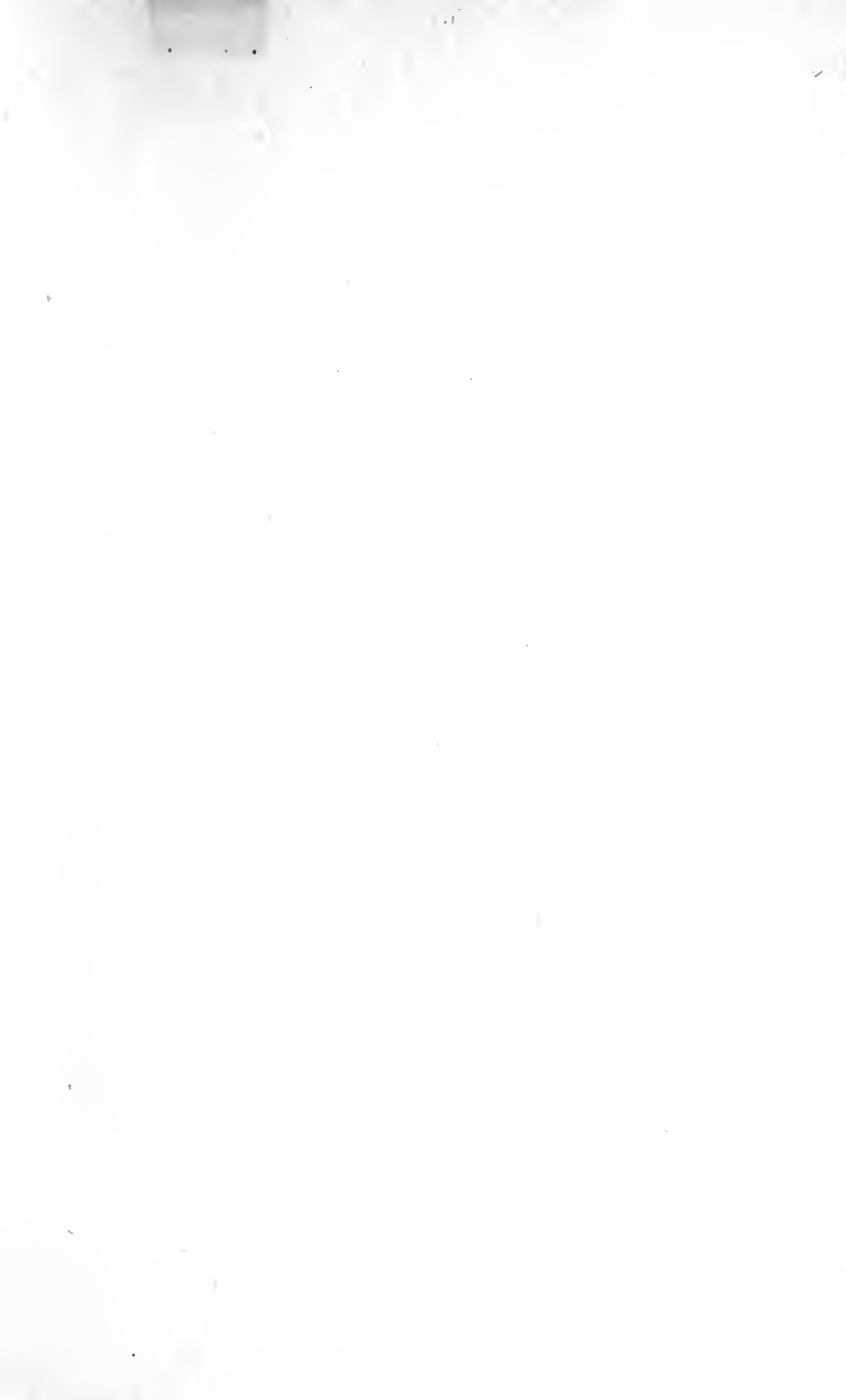
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